



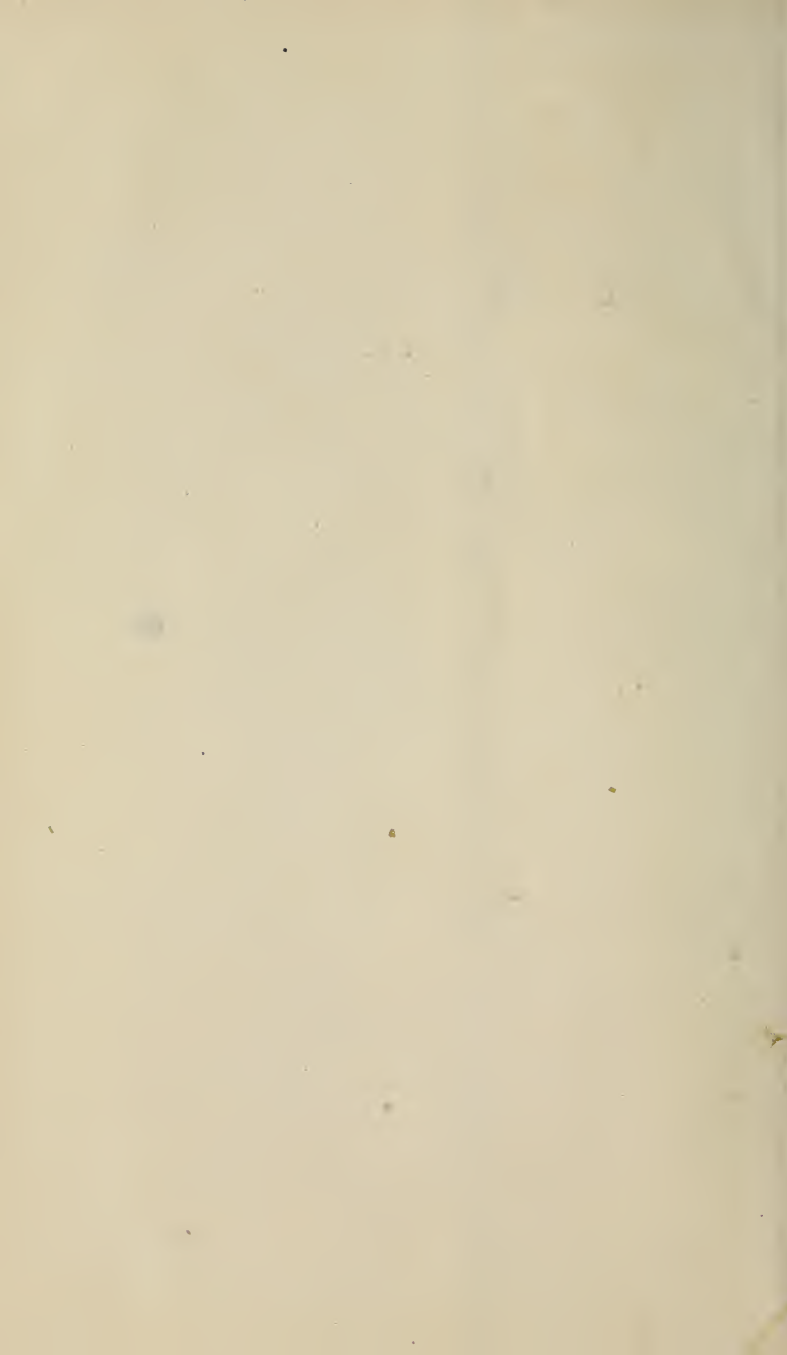
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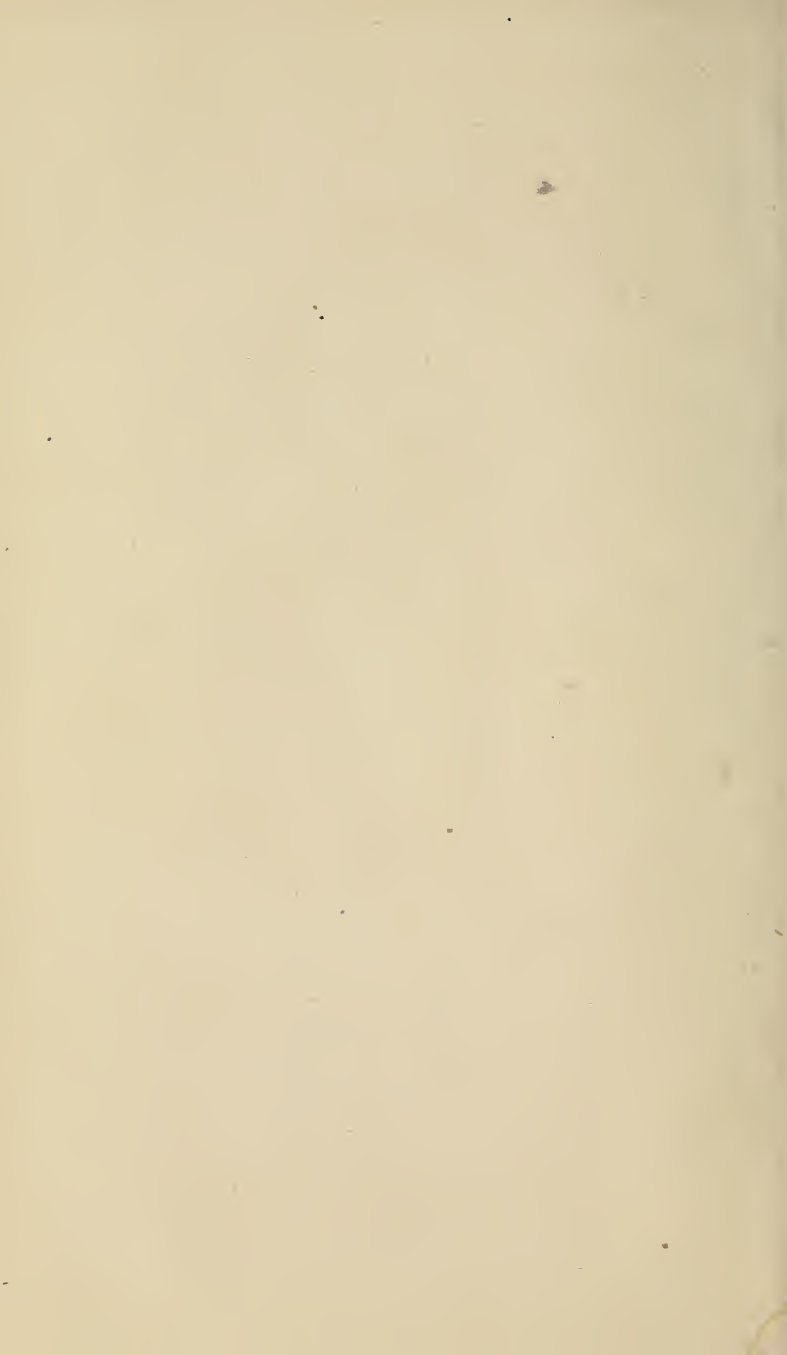
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.















*S Rembert.*

THE  
PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

AS EVOLVED BY  
MODERN SCIENCE:

LECTURE  
DELIVERED IN TEXAS, IN 1860,  
BY

S. S. REMBERT.

---

This earth of ours is a mighty organ,  
Of strings without end, keys numberless,  
And notes innumerable : some resound  
Deep-toned and grand, like ocean in the storm,  
And thunder on its chariot of cloud ;  
Others sing silence as their sweetest strain  
To melodice the ear of intellect ;  
But all the million tongues of this organ  
Grand, peal out the mind of God omnific ;  
And nature's vast omniferous design,  
To people the spheres with immortal man.  
The typic cross, the crescent and the scroll,  
Symbols of faith, of passion and of soul ;  
Unfurl the lettered scroll ! Angel emblem  
Of the grand spiritual philosophy ;  
Unrolling life around the starry spheres,  
Unfolding angels of immortal love,  
And op'ning the destinies of heaven.

MEMPHIS :  
PRINTED BY BLELOCK & CO., 315 MAIN STREET.  
1866.

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## ERRORS AND CORRECTIONS.

Without attempting to rectify all the promiscuous jumbling, of paragraphs and sections, on

- i (title) page, for "melodice," read melodize
- i " page, after "omnific" omit the semicolon
- i " page, after "man" and before "The" should be hyphen or dash
- vi page, for "mayhaps" read mayhap
- vi page, for "portals" read portal
- vii page, for "rapsody" read rhapsody
- vii page, the words "Le Lieu near" should be enclosed in parenthesis
- x page, after "confidently" read have
- 17 page, after "topic" omit the comma
- 17 page, after "theme" should be colon instead of period
- 18 page, for "beings" read being
- 19 page, for "Yudisathira" read Yudisthira
- 20 page, for "inwith" read within
- 24 page, between the words "may" and "not" insert comma
- 32 page, for "principal" read principle
- 35 page, for "requires" read require
- 35 page, for "its" read it is
- 47 page, for "lies" read lives
- 68 page, for "assimulated" read assimilated
- 77 page, for "remain" read remains
- 87 page, after the word "pant" omit semicolon
- 91 page, for "consist" read consists
- 103 page, for "appetite" read appetites
- 103 page, for "in" read into
- 104 page, for "Zephirs" read zephirs
- 105 page, for "a" read the
- 105 page, between the words "forever" and "Thus" should be space for distinct paragraph
- 112 page, after word "later" substitute comma for period
- 118 page, for "larger, stouter," read coarser, grosser
- 122 page, after "current" substitute comma for semicolon
- 122 page, after "charcoal" insert semicolon
- 132 page, after "antidote" insert colon
- 128 page, for "atmosphere" read atoms
- 128 page, for "irons" read iron
- 129 page, after "accuracy" substitute comma instead of semicolon
- 129 page, for "suspicious" read suspicious
- 133 page, after "sea" omit the dash
- 137 page, between the words "latter" and "in" should be space for distinct paragraph or section
- 139 page, for "denizen" read denizens
- 145 page, between "answer" and "These" should be space for separate paragraph
- 146 page, after "he will" insert be
- 162 page, for "acatalapsie" read acatalepsy
- 181 page, for "Geheuma" read Gehenna
- 187 page, between the words "philosophy" and "I" should be blank line for separate section
- 198 page, after "man" substitute comma for semicolon
- 215 page, for "verticle" read vertical
- 216 page, for "emenations" read emanations
- 232 page, for "mark" read mask
- 236 page, for "eclipse" read ellipse
- 244 page, for "assay" read essay
- 245 page, for "incondensed" read incandescence
- 251 page, for "58 degrees F" read —58 degrees F
- 260 page, for "analyze the deep" read annalize &c
- 270 page, after "in any" insert manner
- 279 page, for "beatified" read beatified
- 286 page, between the words "softly" and "Now" should be blank for distinct paragraph
- 286 page, for "bitterly" read literally
- 302 page, for "potent" read patent





# NOTE,

EXPLANATORY AND MEMORIAL,

BY THE AUTHOR.

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Since the following lecture was written out from my scattered notes and prepared for the press—considerably extended with more copious quotations and free digressions—the wild wave of internecine war hath rolled over our land and whelmed beneath its bloody surges many a thousand of our truest men and most promising youth—innocent victims to popular ignorance and public demagogueism.

Before this dire calamity, I had concluded, against the importunity of friends, to let my lecture rest in silence as not perhaps specially demanded by the times. But since my country has become one wide waste of woe and of weeping—every household draped in the habiliments of mourning, every hearthstone crimsoned with the best blood of the family, and all my countrymen and countrywomen gloomed in the grief of bitter memories of sons slain and loved ones lost—amid all this sad scene of sorrow, I can but feel it a sacred duty and specially called for, to publish this glorious philosophy of our life as the best panacea in my power, the only healing balm for the bleeding hearts around me that I can offer. And it is enough,

if proved and applied, believed and embraced, in the plenitude of heaven's name it ~~is~~ enough, to ease the aching heart, to turn the streaming tears of sorrow into gushing fountains of delight, and gild in golden sheen the darkest clouds that ever lowered around the human soul. I can truly condole and sympathize, for I, too, have lost the right arm of my life, and would bleed my heart away, but for this heavenly healing balm ; it is my comfort, my succor, my very palladium of life. Should I withhold it from others bleeding like myself?

When Marshal Lannes fell, Napoleon exclaimed "I have lost the right arm of my empire." So when my eldest son, Andrew, fell, scarcely yet eighteen, I lost the right arm of my little empire on earth. Kind, gentle, generous, chivalric and true—truth his preeminent characteristic—with the highest order of intellect, an innate nobleness of soul, a manly mien, faultless physical frame, and spirit and patience, impetuosity and prudence, passion and self-control, ambition and self-abnegation so beautifully blended. O, he had few equals and no superiors this side of heaven ! Certainly in everything, young as he was, he was a head and shoulders above his sorrowing sire. He fell where fall the obedient and brave, the good and the true, in the front of his friends, battling for liberty, contending for the great principle of self government, and vindicating with his blood, and hallowing with his life the great political evangel of government founded on the consent of the governed and love of the people ; though he was, like many, if not most of those who breasted the deadly bullet, free from the guilt of precipitating the bloody tragedy ; nor was his father an early advocate

of the sanguinary conflict. He was among the first to fall in his first and last battle. But fate favored him, for it was his kind destiny to sever the mystic chord of immortal birth without a pang, so quick and kind was the fatal bullet; a perfect euthanasia, he felt not the throes of death, nor knew it, until he awoke on those bright shores of his new and more congenial home. Already ripe, he was plucked like many others, to fruit the spheres of splendid spirits. His friends found him where he fell—

“With his back to the field and his feet to the foe,  
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
Looking proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame!”

The reader will pardon this true tribute to his memory, for he was the pride of my manhood to whom I looked, and the staff of my life on whom I leaned. His memory is now my shrine, and I would embalm it forever in this grand destiny of the highest types of man, and record it in the archives of the angel world.

And many another youth as promising, perhaps, as he, and many a thousand as dear to others as he to me, have offered up themselves as a holy holocaust in this mighty human hetacomb to the modern moloch of blood and fanaticism.

My main stay now, my only hope that lends to life a gleam of light, is the glorious philosophy which I've tried to unfold in the following pages. It is the sun of my soul that keeps flowing its fast freezing fountains.—Stricken sires! Mourning mothers of my country! yet bleeding from an ordeal of blood unparalleled in human annals for its causeless cruelty and wicked wantonness: shall I longer withhold from you this sweet solace of again meeting your loved and lost

beyond the reach of bloody despots, where the glare and gloom of battles are no more and where the disgusting pæans of prurient praise by the obsequious parasites of power and truculent fools of fanaticism shall no longer echo to the moloch of a million murders nor swell congratulations to the diabolic and gigantic Armageddon!

Should I not contribute to spread the sunshine of this sublime philosophy that opens the portals of those splendid spheres of pure and spotless spirituality, and shows us our noble sons and brothers clothed in the angel uniforms of immortality? In imagination I see them a band of brothers baptized with the best blood of the world, in solid phalanx unbroken marching to the music of celestial symphonies not understood by craven hearts or carnal ears! *Not dead* but risen to the sublime altitudes of their grand destiny and true glory!

With all its imperfections—for my facilities at command were few and small, and the incorporation of the addenda already alluded to, have rendered it somewhat fragmentary if not desultory—with many scientific facts adduced and the philosophy educes as new, now become old to the posted and progressive student, with, mayhaps, the cynic's sneer and the critic's satire, the malediction of bigots and anathemas of priests, I publish it in my country, and for my countrymen, and leave it as a happy heritage for my remaining children long after I shall have passed the mystic portals. My business agents shall be directed to let those who are not able to pay its cost, and whose inability is not the result of indolence, have it gratis; others who are able will pay enough to reimburse me in all but the labor, which is one of love, not pelf, and will not be lost.

Also as appropriate and possessing merit in the estimation of my friends, I republish a couple of little poems. Others I also publish because it is my desire thus to preserve them, for which I alone am responsible and indifferent to public condemnation or commendation. The natural intensity of my hopes and feelings, still more intensified by scenes of sorrow witnessed and experienced, may invest my work with the semblance of transcendentalism and extravagance and rapsody; be it even so, without hoping or caring to please a stolidified chastity, the creed-cursed bigot, or the snarling cynic, I publish it nevertheless. Defiant and free like the mountain eagle soaring in his native empyrean and bathing in God's free sunshine, unmindful of the sluggish birds below him, I, breaking the cage of despotism woven around the human heart for sixty centuries, soar in the empyrean of mind and bask in the blaze of God's free truth regardless of the antiquated sluggards who plod their old path of prejudice, ignorance and superstition on the primitive plains of earth.

S. S. R.

LELIEU, near MEMPHIS, TENN, 1865.



# INTRODUCTION.

BY A FRIEND.

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Not long ago it was remarked by a shrewd observer of human nature, and one, too, who himself makes some pretensions to the character of a philosopher, that there was a vast wealth of undeveloped PHILOSOPHY in the Southern mind, which would yet make the literature and the genius of the South famous through the world. This mine of PHILOSOPHIC wealth, owing to peculiar circumstances, but mostly to the hitherto easy, and even wealthy, condition of our most cultivated people, has been but little worked. Had the "conditions" surrounding them been the same as in GERMANY or NEW ENGLAND, the rich ore and the rare 'gems of purest ray serene' from the diamond minds of SOUTHERN PHILOSOPHY would long ago have been seen in the book-shelves of every civilized capital, and would by this time have been translated and "set" in every polite language of EUROPE, and worn upon the brows of all the princes and leaders of THOUGHT.

Hereafter, the "conditions" referred to, will be altered. The war has swept away most of the hereditary fortunes of the SOUTH; and SOUTHERN thinkers must now come forth from their *dolce far niente*, and make literary labor and PHILOSOPHICAL research something more than a mere pastime. They must learn to extract money as well as pleasure and "glory" from their thoughts. Being thus compelled, in a measure,



to apply themselves assiduously and continuously to scholastic pursuits and PHILOSOPHICAL exercises in the grand gymnasium of intellect, we may well believe that our literary leaders will speedily strike out something "the world shall not willingly let die"—something that shall parallel, if not transcend, the miracles of BACON, SHAKSPEARE, MILTON. Before the Century has grown to be an Octogenarian, let us hope that we or our children shall see this glory come to pass!

The work before us, may be regarded as a pioneer in the great, the boundless field of SOUTHERN PHILOSOPHY. The writer is a gentleman of fortune, a native of GEORGIA, reared in the lap of affluence though a working man, a hard student, and has never been dependent upon his pen or his brains for a support, although, as will be seen from the style of his PHILOSOPHIC lucubrations, and his fugitive poetical pieces, some of which are appended to this volume, he might very confidently relied upon them had there been any need. In the State of TEXAS, where he resided for some years, and where he is better known for his intellectual efforts, he enjoys a reputation of which he may justly be proud, both as a writer, and orator, and as a gentlemen of high social distinction. But as this reputation is mostly confined to TEXAS, and as this volume is intended for circulation in other States—of the SOUTH especially—as well as in TEXAS, it may not be improper to reproduce in this place, some of the public testimonials in his behalf which have appeared in the PRESS OF TEXAS, as a fitting INTRODUCTION to the work before us; for, most readers desire, at least, a partial acquaintance with their author, his character, standing and antecedents.



THE TEXAS "STATE GAZETTE," published at AUSTIN, the State capital, a leading journal of an opposite political party to that of which Mr. REMBERT has ever been a member, speaks of him as "*a talented and high-toned gentleman, and leading orator of the ——— party.*"

THE VICTORIA "ADVOCATE," an equally able paper of the same State, not of his party in politics, speaks of his removal from that section to another, "where he will probably pursue the profession of law, for which he is well qualified, or cultivate the soil, for which he is equally well prepared." "Mr. REMBERT," continues the ADVOCATE, "*is a beautiful speaker, and would become eminent by practice.* Although courteous and gentlemanly in his manner, he is frank and fearless in the expression of his opinions. He became very popular during his residence here, and we, together with his numerous friends, regret that he thought it expedient to leave."

After a short residence at his new location, Mr. REMBERT was urged for the STATE SENATE, but declined, not having that *penchant* for office so characteristic of modern "patriots." Referring to a series of articles, then appearing in the columns of THE GALVESTON "NEWS," from his pen, and entitled, "*The Delta of the Trinity as paralleled with the Delta of the Mississippi,*" that journal said — "*They are well written, as indeed everything is that comes from the pen of that accomplished writer.*"

A popular jurist and elegant writer of the SOUTHWEST, Judge PALMER, spoke of one of his efforts as "*full of poetry and of genius, couched in glowing language, and replete with argument and PHILOSOPHY.*"

Gov. LUBBOCK, of Texas, in a warm political discussion with him, during a time of great excitement, said that he "*knew the gentleman (Mr. S. S. REMBERT) as a finished speaker, and would caution his auditors not to be carried away by his eloquence,*" &c.

THE GOLIAD "EXPRESS," speaking of Mr. REMBERT'S participation in one of these political discussions, pronounced him "*an able orator and champion of the ——— party.*"

A well known writer in a Southern periodical, calls him "A GREAT THINKER;" and says, "*his soul is in sympathy with a large class of intelligent men,*" and "*may his soul expand and his intellect brighten, until he reaches that HAVEN OF LIGHT whose splendor is reflected from the wings of his imagination, as he soars in the regions of POESY.*"

These extracts are sufficient, without quoting from the organs of his own party, whose praises might now sound like fulsome adulation. But whether any of his productions are superior or even equal to this; or, whether he has now reached that "haven of light" referred to by one of his Southern admirers, is not perhaps proper for us to pronounce. We may safely say, however, and without committing ourselves to his PHILOSOPHY, or to his peculiar religious belief—which, indeed, we must here expressly disclaim—that thousands of liberal minded readers will doubtless thank him for this honest, able and well-timed effort to vindicate our FATHER'S love for HIS children, and the immortality of HIS children'S love toward HIM and one another in an inseperable re-union hereafter. Such vindication is certainly not uncalled for, at this time

when so many of our brothers and sons have so lately been suddenly called away from the scenes of earth—perishing far away upon hundreds of battlefields—and is, indeed, greatly needed to relume the flickering hopes of many fast dying out under the baneful, blighting influence of so-called, but misnamed, “Christian” Churches on one hand, and the ponderous blows of a dreary, hopeless “materialism” on the other.

Let not the reverent reader be startled by the bold freedom with which our author expresses his thought, almost at the outset of the discussion. His pen, it is true, is free—far more so, indeed, than we could have wished, for his own fame and usefulness—but his religion is LOVE, and his heart is in the right place. The fatalist has concluded that we are but the playthings of Destiny. The Christian, with a soul and a mind full of the innate and revealed evidences of the truth of his Religion, believes in an all-wise, all-merciful, loving PROVIDENCE, who controls alike the destinies of men and of empires. To this grand central AGENCY—the GOD of the Christian—our author, who is neither fatalist nor infidel, attributes the whole course and direction of human events. But he does not—*will not*—CANNOT believe in a cruel GOD. His religion is a compound of charity toward man, and love toward the Father of all!

Without doing more than merely to allude to our author’s apparent skepticism or “free thinking” here, we would remind him and all who read his book, that many things in the Great Creator’s plan, *and in His Revelation*, must of necessity, appear inscrutable to us *now*; we cannot judge with certainty of the whole by

a part; and not until the last trump has sounded, shall we, poor mortals, be able fully to vindicate the ways of God to man.

To the Stoic, Mr. Rembert may appear extravagant; to many of the clergy heretical; and to the critic desultory;—but ardent minds are never to the stoic's taste; original thinkers seldom please a dogmatical clergy, and it is the critic's vocation to find fault. THE "LECTURE," of which the work under notice is but an elaboration, may be charged with egotism; but it should be remembered that it was a Farewell Address to cherished friends, with many of whom the author was intimate, and with all popular in both his public reputation and private character. It is also more or less desultory; but how could this well be avoided in a Lecture covering so wide a field? Its variety, too, both in style and sentiment, the pervading vein of quiet, subdued humor that occasionally crops out; the combination of the argumentative and ornamental, and the historic allusions and scientific illustrations; should amply atone for all desultoriness.

At all events, and in spite of every criticism, it is a bold and well sustained advance, in one respect at least, in the right direction; for, it strikes the first blow—breaks ground—in the grand enterprize of developing the wealth, uncovering the minds, of SOUTHERN PHILOSOPHY. In this direction, lies a California little dreamed of by those unfamiliar with the true character and potentialities of the Southern mind. But, in no great while, we may now confidently expect to see this new gold region in process of successful development by a little army of delvers and workers, the result of

whose labors shall greatly redound to the increase of the treasured stores and immortal honors of our beloved, native Southern land! To have been the pioneer in the conquest of such an El Dorado—an El Dorado surpassing all those of mere material gold and gems—will be “honor immortal,” enough for one man. That honor will be Mr. S. S. REMBERT’S—the author of the unique and interesting and eloquent work, for which we bespeak a thorough and not partial perusal, and to which we here introduce the reader, and respectfully take our leave.

J. P.

MEMPHIS, OCT. 1st, 1865.



# PRELECTION

ON THE

## PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

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It is owing alone to the voice of friendship and love that I address you to-day. Not a political harrangue, sparkling with sprightly anecdote and rich in popular eloquence, or exciting gladiatorial contest of keen wit and cutting repartee imbued with bitterness of party spirit determined only to triumph, to rule or ruin, to be Cæsar or nothing; nor yet a jejune disquisition or vapid homily on regeneration, transubstantiation, mode of baptism, final perseverance of the saints, and other ductile dogmatics of clerical scholasticism; but a higher and holier and happier theme, a sublimer subject, engages us now. The philosophy of human life, of our lives, so long the sealed book of human history and human hope, just being unfolded to our view and understanding by modern science, is our topic, aspiration and inspiration at this time, and all the time; and it is more glorious than our imaginations can possibly conceive.

You ask it, and I give it—not, however, without feeling conscious of my utter inability to do justice to the sublime theme.



That man is the ultimate of the material creation below him, a microcosm of the universe; that his body, a mere outside shell, or carnal caseing, adapted to this, his infantile condition of life, is elaborated from the rocks, and will decompose into its original elements; that his spirit or soul, in actuality *the* man, the divine principle which makes the conscious man of thought, feeling, intellect, affection, and angel aspirations, will live on immortal in endless progression of wisdom, and boundless succession of altitudes in love and glory, maintaining intact and unchanged his distinct identity and conscious individuality and personality, throughout the vast multitude of angelic beings, and infinite cycles of eternity: and that these excarnated spirits eliminated from perishable mundane matter, but retaining their hæceity, can and do, under certain conditions, communicate with us, and hover around and uphold us, and will recognize and greet us at our coming on the very threshold of their pure pavilions.

This in few words is the new philosophy as developed and established by modern science, whose investigations have penetrated as well the internal structure of the earth and traced its hoary age, as the spiritual spheres that engirdle the globe with ethereal realms of peopled intelligencies in beatitude of being.

It is to diffuse a cheering hope if not a certain knowledge of this glorious destiny, and impart to my friends at least a portion of the pleasure I have derived from its study, that I make this effort: for certainly it has proved to me the greatest source of the purest pleasure and extatic delight and serene comfort that I have ever found amid all the creeds of theology and religion and



systems of ethics and philosophy, from the days of Socrates, and yet earlier, of the Hindo Rama and Yudisathira. It weaves a woof of hope around the heart of despair, and winds its warp within the storied temple of immortality. It sheds celestial sunshine around the cold and cheerless chambers of the soul; and amid all the anguish accumulated from untold sorrows and afflictions, and wailings without end, for our loved and lost, this should be our consolation, and a consolation fraught with the full fruition of immortal aspirations beyond the sweep of sorrow's wing, where we shall meet our loved and lost in a realm untarnished with a tear, where the dirge of death shall never start an echo, and where the memory of a hell without hope and separation without end, shall never awaken a wail of woe to sound upon its shores. God's multitude of matured children and developed angels, now full-fledged sons of immortality, soar up round the concentric spheres in rainbow realms of seraphim; and their choral melodies reverberate along the vocal voids until lost in distant echo amid the misty embryonic nebula of uncreated worlds, floating in the far-off ether, awaiting the development and maturity of their destiny. Planet speaks with neighboring planet, star telegraphs to distant star, world resounds to world nature's grand oratorio that fills the universe with melody; and scintillant suns without number spin out their myriad threads of light that fill creation, and weave the luminous mantle to clothe in robes of radiant corruscations all this bright and burnished blazonry of God!

But it is not my purpose to deal alone in declamation, poetic pictures, or high-wrought hyberbole; nor indulge

solely in the sublime; you ask for the philosophy and science, and to the best of my ability, inwith the limits of a lecture not to exceed two or three hours, for longer than that I shall not be able in my usual, rapid, impassioned manner to speak, nor you willing to hear, I cheerfully give them. I am truly glad to see so much interest and solicitude evinced, and by such an auditory, in this grand and glorious science. I would that I had ability and opportunity commensurate with its vast import and amplitude.

The philosophy of life involves not only its origin, but, and principally, its object, and this object involves our duty and our destiny; hence to consider these we must necessarily trench more or less on all systems of religion, which originally was called philosophy, but I shall treat alone of that in vogue with us and enlightened christendom.

In following the bent of my inclinations, unlike Goethe, the early years of my manhood were devoted mainly to the study of physical, and the later to psychological science; and being endued by nature with large religiosity, or what phrenology calls spirituality and veneration, the older I grow the more devoted I become to the science of the soul. My humble career has also been to some extent the contrary of Coleridge, who commenced life an infidel and closed it a christian, according to some biographers. I was early rocked in the plastic cradle of mesmeric Methodism, but from scientific investigation, if not from intuition, found its contracted confines could not contain the true philosophy of human life, the true scheme of creation, and exalted ideas or proper conceptions of the Creator; and

these contracted confines are large to many sister or brother denominations. Though not an infidel in its literal import, yet if refusing to take the bible or any other book on faith in toto, and rejecting it as the infallible word of God, *regardless of His philosophy*, make me infidel, then I am such; but if accepting this wonderful book of antiquity on a rational interpretation subject to the philosophic explanations and corrections, or general exegesis of science, which is the organum of nature, and throwing out its evident fables and supervenient interpolations, make me a Christian, then I am a rational and rationalistic Christian. Whether my progressive change, or the change of Coleridge, be the result of mental maturity or mental senility or moral degeneracy, for Coleridge let his aberrations and plagiarisms, for me let my philosophy and life, and for both, let science, the organon of God, answer. I believe in the cardinal truths of the bible as founded in philosophy, approved by science and sustained by the laws of nature and the light of reason and common sense; but I cannot believe the whole bible with its palpable contradictions and absurdities, immanities and inhumanities, as founded in faith, disproved by science and refuted by well-known laws of nature, and obnoxious to reason and common sense. And you will find that my philosophy supports and it is the only philosophy that does sustain the truths of the bible, and without it the bible must fall; under the modern march of mind this thaumaturgical book cannot stand on mere faith, it must have the support of science and philosophy or fall like fabulous myth. The bible is a record of Spiritualism or it is record of fable. My opinions on this great

subject are not the mushroom growth of a moment; they have matured from profound investigation, laborious research and assiduous study; honestly, independently, defiantly, for the threat of eternal torment has not terrified me, nor am I intimidated by popular or unpopular opinion as you well know. Public opinion can have nothing to do with me in striving to learn my duty and my destiny; and if there is truth in eternal torment, certainly it can not be intended for one sincerely seeking truth and striving faithfully to do his duty and learn his destiny. With science as the unerring touchstone and reason the guide, one, the book of nature's God, and the other, the God-gifted light to read it by, I seek and vindicate truth, and shun and combat error, whether under the name of infidel, Christian, Spiritualist, or Pagan; whether in the bible or Koran, or the code of Menu.

“At this time, in the maturity of mankind, as with man in the maturity of his powers, the great lever which moves the world is knowledge, the great force is the intellect. So valuable, even above all things, (excepting only godliness,) is clear thought, that the labors of the statesman are far below those of the philosopher, in duration, in power, and in beneficial results. Thought is now higher than action, unless action be inspired with the very breath of Heaven. For we are now men, governed by principles if governed at all, and cannot rely any longer on the impulses of youth, or the discipline of childhood.” Thus writes Dr. Temple. Another distinguished orthodox writer says:—“Every day makes it more and more evident that the thorough study of the Bible, the investigation of what it teaches

and what it does not teach, the determination of the limits of what we mean by its inspiration, the determination of the degree of authority to be ascribed to the different books, if any degrees are to be admitted, must take leave of all other studies. He is guilty of high treason against the faith who fears the result of any investigation, whether philosophical, or scientific, or historical. And therefore, nothing should be more welcome than the extension of knowledge of any and of every kind—for every increase in our accumulations of knowledge throws fresh light upon the real problems of the day. If geology proves to us that we must not interpret the first chapter of Genesis literally; if historical investigation shall show us that inspiration, however it may protect the doctrine, yet was not empowered to protect the narrative of the inspired writers from occasional inaccuracy; if careful criticism shall prove that there have been occasionally interpolations and forgeries in that book, as in many others; the results should still be welcome—as clearing away blunders which may have been fastened on it by human interpretation.” “If we have made mistakes, careful study may teach us better.” A christian periodical of this country, “Inquirer,” thus quotes from an English “Country Parson;” “It must be admitted, with great regret, that people who make a considerable profession of religion, have succeeded in making themselves more thoroughly disagreeable than almost any other human beings—extremely uncharitable, unamiable, repulsive, stupid, and intensely opinionated and self-satisfied. I have seen more deliberate malice, more lying and cheating, more back-biting and slandering, denser stupidity and greater self-



sufficiency, among bad-hearted and wrong-headed religionists than among any other human beings. I have known more malignity and slander conveyed in the form of prayers, than should have consigned an ordinary slanderer to the pillory."

Thus you see I am sustained in my rationalism, or if you prefer, iconoclasm, by high church authority, without quoting Bishop Colenzo, whose mind has bounded an age beyond his generation, and his numerous sympathizers in England. And I may not without just pride, say of myself that my opinions were formed independent and without knowledge of these authorities. My reading too on the subject of religion has been confined to orthodox (so claimed) christian authors. But of all this anon.

The greatest study of mankind is man, the greatest lesson of our lives is to learn ourselves, which is in fact the sum total of all learning; a lesson unlearned, all other learning's naught. Our duty and our destiny, the end, and aim, and object and origin of our existence have always absorbed and always will absorb and monopolize the brightest intellects that shed radiance over the dark precincts of time. All the great minds that have graced the annals of all the ages have devoted their energies to solve this mighty problem of themselves. To men of mind, in contradistinction to men of matter, it is *the* problem, our *only* problem.

"Man, know thyself—there all wisdom centers," says Dr. Young. Thales said "the most difficult thing in nature is to know ourselves, the most easy to advise others." Chilo had engraved in letters of gold in the Temple of Apollo, at Delphi, this aphorism: "Know thyself."

I shall first give a short account of the constituent elements and composition of man's corporeal casket,—its origin and end.

I'll next show from history both sacred and profane, that mankind in all ages have witnessed Spiritual Manifestations in various forms, but without understanding them. I shall here offer some arguments on our immortality.

I shall cite to your notice some of the developments of modern science; and after showing the utter inadequacy of the bible and all past revelations to satisfy and stabilitate the modern materialist, your minds will be prepared to expect and receive the new philosophy.

I shall then endeavor to explain this philosophy as evolved by modern science; and with a brief peroration, or appeal to men of science to inspect its muniments, will conclude my discourse;—happy if in the most sententious and summary manner I may succeed within three hours. And I would ask to be distinctly understood and impressed upon your minds, that everything human, every intelligence below God and perhaps his highest arch-angels, is fallible; that, except to cheer the heart without hope,—and isn't this enough? I do not wish you to be influenced by my opinions in renouncing other and perhaps safer creeds beyond the renunciation of exclusiveness, intolerance, bigotry, cruelty and all ecclesiastical despotism, for I would not incur such responsibility on such momentous interests. I would reverently invoke the grand and governing spirit whose ubiquitous presence permeates the universe, to stop my tongue ere it utter a cardinal error, or essay to shake the faith of the truly happy, if there be such; I would

not propagate a fatal delusion for the sake of a temporary comfort, nor do I stoop to the vocation of proselyting; but I counsel you to investigate for yourselves as I have done for myself; and if you find a philosophy like an adamantine pillar upon which to lean your tottering spirit and become convinced and satisfied of its sublime truth, you will derive ineffable comfort and unfailing support, and add a new and higher charm to life than ever it possessed before; and if not, you will certainly have lost nothing by the labor.

Enlightened intellect, a strong clear mind with true philosophy, must always believe a truth that is demonstrable, whether all the abstract or concrete principles of that truth be understood and comprehended or not. This latter (comprehension) cannot enter into a question of mere credence or credibility; understanding, properly has nothing to do with believing. As the sequel will prove, this is not said from conscious weakness, with the view to beg in the beginning, as the preachers are wont to do, skillfully preparing specious premises in order to lead with facility into false conclusions.

How frequent it is for us to say, "we believe it but don't understand it." Can we say of a fact that we understand but don't believe? We may believe without understanding, but cannot understand a fact or truth without believing, for this very understanding of a truth or fact necessitates the truth or fact. But in this we are liable to the error of mistaking a false theory for a true philosophy. We may always detect and avoid this error however, by remembering that theory is derived from the fallible mind of man, while philosophy is derived from and founded on the infallible phenomena



of nature. Now, when to the eye of reason and common sense science evolves a philosophy founded on these infallible criteria, are we not bound to embrace the philosophy if we believe the phenomena? And are we not bound to believe the phenomena if they are in accordance with known laws of nature and other cognate facts? But believing is not knowing—a truce to this Spencerian style—absolute positive knowledge is what we want; and our only source of positive knowledge is science, which is made up of collected and collated experiences, and developed and systemized facts and phenomena, all which we may obtain by careful study and energetic effort. These and these alone, constitute certain satisfactory knowledge. As a striking, but not very elegant illustration, you may tell me, an athletic man, that Mr. B., a delicate man, can knock me down. I may not believe it. You will affirm and bring many credible witnesses to prove that Mr. B. has knocked them down and many other stouter men than I, and of course can easily do the same with me. I may then be induced to BELIEVE it by the great amount of credible testimony you bring; but do not and can not KNOW it until Mr. B. actually performs the operation visibly and tangibly, and palpably and unmistakably, *id est*, knocks me down. Then, and not till then, I positively *know* it. It would be, or ought to be impossible then to make me doubt, by representing that I was mistaken, that it was some other man, or some other cause that knocked me down, or that I was not knocked down at all, that the ground flew up and struck me and not I that fell to the ground. This is what I would call a knock-down argument and

carries both the irresistible, physical force and moral demonstration of absolute knowledge. Now as applied to this new Philosophy of Life, I frankly confess that no such knock-down demonstration has occurred to my personal cognition, and I cannot therefore aver that I know it to be true; but the numbers and reputable character of the testimony and the amount and scientific nature of the evidence in its support, to say nothing of my intuition of its goodness, its grandeur and its glory, are vastly superior to that supporting any other religion, or philosophy of life, or system of ethics, and irresistibly compels me to BELIEVE it, and embrace it, and throw the anchor of my hope within the storied temple of its splendid pavilions.

Again, we reject many truths when first presented, which afterwards upon investigation command our credence. For example, it seems anomalous and incredible to assert that more men die in a healthy country than in a sickly one; but such is a demonstrable truth which will command not only our credence but absolute knowledge when we investigate it by the light of science and submit it to that great gift of the Creator, common sense or reason. A thousand people placed in a sickly country would, in a hundred years increase but little, perhaps decrease; but the same number placed in a healthy country would multiply rapidly, and in a few generations the deaths from this dense population would of course greatly outnumber the deaths from the comparatively sparse population of the unhealthy region, for men must necessarily die everywhere from decrepitude or by disease. Thus it is demonstrable that in the course of a century or of several generations, a greater

number of people die in a salubrious than in an insalubrious country, however, at first thought we may have rejected the truth as absurd and impossible. And it appears false to say that there is water in dry inflammable gunpowder, and that much the largest portion of the human body is water instead of solid matter; but such are facts proved by science.

Hence, from these illustrations let us learn first, last, and all the time, not to reject or accept anything without thorough and patient investigation, and not dogmatically even then, for this investigation though seeming thorough and patient to us, may prove partial and incomplete from prejudice, predilection, ignorance, or indolence. This is specially and particularly and emphatically applicable to the great and momentous subject of our duty and destiny, which is our religion. Enough of this prolusion.

That part of the subject which relates only to our perishing bodies shall be disposed of in few words. I said man's corporeal frame is elaborated from the rocks. I will read from a popular writer on modern chemistry, Yeomans:

"We are accustomed to conceive of the creation of man as a dim, miraculous event of the most ancient time, half forgetting that God's scheme of managing the living world is one of perpetual creation. Had our earth been formed of an eternal adamant, subject to no vicissitudes of change through all the cycles of duration, we might perhaps well refer to the act of bringing it into existence, as especially illustrative of creative power. But where all is changing, transitory, and incessantly dissolving away, so that nothing remains

immutable but God's conception of being, which the whole universe is forever hastening to realize, we can not escape the conviction of his immediate, living, omnipresent, constructive agency. The truth is, we are hourly and momentarily created, and it is impossible to imagine in what respect the first act of creative power was more wonderful or glorious, or afforded any more conspicuous display of omnipotent wisdom than that august procession of phenomena by which man and the entire living world are now and continually called into being. Those material atoms which are to-day interposed between us and destruction, are recent from chaos; they were but yesterday formless dust of the earth, corroded and pulverized rocks, or fleeting and viewless gases of the air. These, through the vast enginery of astronomic systems, whose impulses of movement spring directly from the Almighty Will, have entered a world of organic order, are wrought into new states, and made capable of nourishing the animal body. The mingled gases and mineral dust have become vital aliment. The test-miracle which the Tempter of old demanded as evidence of God-like Power, is disclosed to the eye of science, as a result of natural laws; for in the most literal sense, 'stones are made bread.' That it was designed for us to understand what goes on within the body, we are not at liberty to doubt. Instead of being the theatre of a mysterious power which defies investigation, we find the living system acting under allegiance to invariable laws, and entirely amenable to investigation. The whole course of physiological discovery has consisted in showing that the human constitution is an embodiment and illustration of reason. The victory

of research is to understand a thing; that is, to bring it into agreement with reason. The mechanism of the eye was a mystery until its optical adaptations and purposes were discovered; that is the reason of its construction.

The heart was an object of mere curious wonder and superstitious speculations, until the circulation was discovered, when the reasonable uses of its parts were at once understood. The whole scope and drift of past inquiry, and all the considerations which cluster around the subject, lead us to expect and demand a rational explanation of living processes. Not many years ago the most acute and distinguished physicians regarded the stomach as the abode of a conjurer, who, if respectfully treated, and in good humor, can change thistles, hay, roots, fruits and seeds into blood and flesh; but when angry, despises or spoils the best food! Chemistry has dispelled these crude fancies, and enabled us to understand how such marvelous transformations occur. We are getting, daily, clews to the profounder secrets of the organism; knowledge is here as rapidly progressing as in any other department of science."

Says another distinguished contemporary, Tiffony:

"Were I to enquire what is the apparent design of every thing we behold, we must see that it is pointing to the ultimating of an individualized, immortal, intelligent being, who should be capable of understanding all truth, and being perfected in every true affection. Every thing tends to bring about that great result—the unfolding of an immortal being. God and the material universe seem to be laboring to beget an individualized being in the image of both God and the universe—God



as the absolute and infinite, and matter as the finite, uniting, produce a being which partakes of both the absolute or infinite, and the finite. When viewed from one plain he is infinite; when viewed from another plain he is finite: so that between God and matter man is mediate. I would say, then, in simple language, God is the father of the spirit, and matter the mother of his form. The first step in the path of unfolding, as taught by nature, is that of individualizing form. The next step is that of individualizing life, of producing individuality. The last step is that of producing personality—making the individual a personal being. If we can suppose that matter shall be divested from all connection with media which can impress upon it a condition, we speak of it as being amorphous matter, or matter without form. If we unite it then with one medium, as electricity, we find it tending to produce the gaseous condition, the nebular condition. Form is not yet attained. If we unite with it still another medium which is a little different from electricity, forms of the mineral kingdom are produced. We have here the first degree of form, but as yet there is not life or individuality. Now the next advance is to induce in that form a condition which shall make it receptive of life, for that which is to be individualized is life. So, then, in passing through the elaborating influence of the mineral kingdom, it arrives at a certain point, a sort of culminating point, where it joins upon the vegetable kingdom. When the principal known as the life-force is introduced, then it is understood that mineral has passed, and the vegetable is commenced. As soon as this is unfolded, we have a second advance of form:

organic life in its first degree; or in other words, individualization commences. Form passed to its second degree, and goes on elaborating degree after degree, producing diverse organic forms, until it is prepared to receive another and a more interior principle—consciousness—until, by imperceptible degrees, we arrive at the animal kingdom. We have then the animal form, the third or finishing degree of form, and the second degree of life, and the first degree of consciousness. Man in his animal nature is the completion of the highest form. Life has yet one more degree to pass through; consciousness has yet two more degrees to pass through before it is complete. The next advance is to a higher principle of consciousness, to a more enduring principle of life, without the material form, and that is to the spiritual degree of unfolding. Man becomes to us the highest type of form and life in the finite; and becomes immortal by his relation to the divine—to that which is self-existent and self-sufficient, and has that condition brought into him by induction.”

Again, from another, —“Reveries of a Student:”

“Man is the apex of earth creation and the basis of all heavenly life—the foundation of all spiritual existence. Standing thus in a middle plain, as the highest thing of earth and the lowest of heaven, he holds magnetic relationship to both; the earth not only supplying the physical requirements of his being, such as food, drink and air, but he absorbs impalpable nourishment from all his surroundings: the aroma from flowers, and trees and fruit, as well as the magnetic emanations from people intuitively appreciating harmonious influences—feeling an instinctive repulsion when under



those that are inharmonious. This antagonism we call antipathy; and biography abounds with strange stories of its individual action. An animal is but a highly organized combination of the chemical forces of the earth, returning to the earth when death ensues; the only good resulting from its life is that gross matter has been changed into a little higher condition by the combination. Man regarded as the animal, possesses nothing after his death but the spiritual attributes he has received, corresponding to the physical things he sought in his earthly life; if that was low and sensual, his spiritual condition will be the same; for the spirit land is as much a spiritual condition as it is a place. As man's external form grows from appropriating substance from earth, so are thoughts and sentiments, all things relating to the soul, appropriated from the spirit world. Take the earth from man and he ceases to exist as a physical being; take the spirit world from him and he ceases to exist as an immortal being."

When a youth, a mere boy, in my mental ruminations and cogitations to which I've ever been addicted, I traced every thing to the earth; and since then I have seen it recorded as a sapient observation of Thomas Jefferson, that he had arrived at the same conclusion, that every thing comes from the earth. But Jefferson, as well as the boy, was in egregious error, for all things are dependent on actinic and other astronomic influences, and the spiritual development of man is effectuated through supernal or spiritual agencies and elements. The earth is but a negative female repository of physical elements which are fecundated and vitalized by solar and other supernal cognate elements

of inchoate life. Among the many theories of the wise men of the ancients, for the principle of all things, of Thales, of Bias, Epimenides, Anaxagoras, Heraclitus, Democritus, Aristotle, Zeno, and others, that of Arche-laüs ascribing all things to matter and spirit, is the most true, and the only true, as confirmed by science.

Says Agassiz, in which Prof. Owen, another high authority, concurs: "The aim of the Creator in forming the earth, in allowing it to undergo the successive changes which geology has pointed out, and in creating successively all the different types of animals which have passed away, was to introduce man upon the surface of our globe. Man is the end toward which all the animal creation has tended from the first appearance of the first palaeozoic fishes."

All nature is in motion—there is nothing still, nothing passive. Motion, evolution, progress, is the primordial law of creation and the insignia of destiny. Every thing, from the apparently inert elements of the primitive rocks which requires centuries to work a perceptible change, to the vivid lightning's flash that annihilates all idea of time and the computation of a moment for its almost instantaneous work; from the most minute atom to the vast orbs that sail the ethereal ocean; is moving, evolving, progressing. This philosophy underlies the theory of spontaneous production, which, with all deference to its late opponents, is as beautiful as its true. And while all nature is thus laboring, laboring always to elaborate higher forms and higher life, man can not stand still—he must either progress or retrograde. It is an organic law of his life to labor, to work, mentally and physically—the

latter for the former—and all for what? For the simple gratification of his animal appetencies—eating and drinking? This is cold comfort even for the epicure, to labor twelve hours and get hungry for the poor pleasure of eating less than one hour. The monkey would fulfill the condition as well. What then? to labor for life merely to gratify a curiosity to see what we shall see, or hear what we shall hear? for curiosity or a love of the marvelous is a powerful impulse in ignorant minds. It were beneath the dignity and unworthy the wisdom of a God to implant this instinct for such ignoble purposes. No; here is the philosophy in terse and sententious and significant words: we labor for food to be transmuted into a germinal condition for the physiological development of an organism on which a higher cerebral differentiation may be superinduced, receptive of a supernal fecundation, and which will extend and ultimately people the higher spheres with happy beings, clothed in immortality and love. This is worthy of all human instincts and aspirations, and of creative beneficence; and this is the philosophy of human life as unfolded by facts, observed and systemized, which constitute the organon of science.

Chemical science proves that our mortal tenement, upon the cessation of its functions called death, decomposes and settles back into its original elements. These elements are divided into metallic and non-metallic substances. The metallic are Potassium, Sodium, Calcium, Magnesium, Aluminum, Iron, Manganese, and Copper. The non-metallic substances are Oxygen, Hydrogen, Carbon, Nitrogen, Silicium, Phosphorus, Sulphur, Chlorine, and perhaps others, both metallic and non-metallic.

And these become scattered, diffused, blended, and enter again into other combinations, ultimating in conscious life; and thus the process continues *ad infinitum*. Eighty per centum of the human body is water, and a large proportion is composed of and returns to, invisible gases, leaving but a small amount of mineral residuum. The ultimate materials of the average human body, according to Dr. Lardner, are 14 lbs. charcoal, 10 lbs. lime, 120 lbs. water and 14 lbs. of the gases which form air and water, that is, oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen. These recognized elements may yet be reduced by science to one, viz.: electricity.

An eccentric gentleman of devoted affection in France, adopting the old Greek and Roman method of cremation, so succeeded in condensing and reducing the mineral remains of his deceased wife, by repeated processes of incineration, as to be contained in a locket which he wore on his finger.

I read from Dr. Draper: "Since it is given us to know our own existence, and be conscious of our own individuality, we may rest assured that we have what is in reality a far more wonderful power, the capacity of comprehending all the conditions of our life. God has formed our understanding to grasp all these things. For my own part I have no sympathy with those who say of this or that physiological problem, it is above our reason. My faith in the power of the intellect of man is profound. Far from supposing that there are many things in the structure and functions of the body which we can never comprehend, I believe there is nothing in it that we shall not at last explain. Then, and not till then, will man be a perfect monument of

the wisdom and power of his maker; a created being, knowing his own existence, and capable of explaining it."

How different is this from Solomon, who, under the title of preacher, wrote, "As thou knowest not what is the way of the spirit, nor how the bones do grow," &c., (Ecc. XI.) verily,

"As wise as" Solomon "might justly stand  
The definition of a modern fool."

But being a *wise* man, I presume he adopted the title to excuse his *ignorance*.

Now for our angel immortalities; and we shall find upon proper investigation, that our circumambient airy ocean is redolent with the incense of angels, and has ever been vocal with the anthems of immortal organs hymning the Eternal Father.

Ere science first unfurled her starry wing, or midnight melted into dewy morn—the moral midnight of the human mind—or man had learned to soar in certain flight from earth, his infant cradle of immortal life, the faint effulgence of this innate hope of immortality, with healing in its rays, had risen and thrown its first feeble flood-lights athwart the glimmering sky. Ever and anon, amid the multiplied, multiform and multifarious events and vicissitudes of life, its varied and various conditions and altitudes of intellection, its mutations and trans-mutations, metamorphoses and mayhap metempsychoses, the ever-living and ever-glowing hope of the human heart, like the sunlight that fringes the mountain tops, flings its radiance along the heights of history, past, present and prospective, and robes all human annals in the attire of angelic immortality.



Let us look into the annals of the past ages; and first, sacred history, as it purports to be the oldest record. We are told that an angel appeared to Hager, Gen. XVI; three to Abraham, XXII; one spoke to Jacob in a dream, Gen. XXXI; one to Moses, in Ex. III; one to the camp of Israel, Ex. XIV; one met Balaam, Num. XXII; one spoke to the children of Israel, Judges II; one to Gideon, Judges VI; one appeared to Manoah's wife, Judges XIII; Samuel appeared and conversed with Saul and two men, and the woman of Endor, 1st Sam. XXVIII;—which is the first intimation of human immortality, I believe, in the Bible, after a chronological record of 3000 years. Indeed, Moses, as far as the Pentateuch teaches, seems to have had no aspiration, or even thought, of hereafter, seeking only the extermination of all opposing him,—good land and cattle, and I presume, plenty of potatoes and pigs. There is many a Moses among us now;—one to Elijah, 1st Kings, XIX; one stood on the threshing floor of Onan, 1st Chron. XXI; one talked with Zechariah, in Zech. 1st; one to the two Marys at the sepulchre, in Mathew XXVIII; one foretold the birth of John the Baptist, in Luke I; one appeared to the virgin Mary, Luke I; one to the two shepherds, Luke II; one opened the doors of Peter's prison, Acts V; two spoke to Jesus, Peter, James and John, Luke IX; one to John, some to Paul, and many appeared in Jerusalem at the crucifixion, and to others, and numbers at divers times and places as recorded. Many of these angels also explicitly avowed themselves to be fellow-servants, who formerly lived in the flesh. This is enough from the records of Christian theology.

And nearly, if not all, the early Christian Fathers immediately succeeding the apostolic age, cherished the belief of the ministering spirits of their former friends deceased; and ancient Buddhism and medieval Montanism is modern Spiritualism without its philosophy or science. Tertullian, an old and recognized authority, called them "angelified flesh."

Religion is the strongest principle that actuates the human heart, as I well know from my own experience, as well as from observation and history. From the latter we learn that in the "Holy" (?) Wars of the Cross *vs.* the Crescent—may the sacred symbol of the lettered scroll never stain with human blood its celestial sheen—the Crusades, two million men were killed, and a pyramid was erected from their bones from one battlefield near Niece, by Solyman, as a monument to their fanaticism; and the Saracens drank beer out of their skulls. History tells us that in the religious Christian conflicts following the reformation of Luther—at which time the Popes were the legitimate despots of the whole world, and made kings and national rulers their abject vassals and suppliant slaves, subject to their tyranic caprices, which they exercised in the most diabolical manner, and all by *divine appointment*,—fifty millions were slain—making a grand aggregate of perhaps a hundred millions who, in the history of mankind, have victimized themselves to their religion. The skeletons of these victims of religion if linked together, would pave a path with human bones more than a hundred thousand miles long, would girdle the world more than four times round, would build a structure larger than Colossus, Colisseum or Pyramid. What



else can impel a man to throw himself under the car of Juggernaut to be instantly crushed? What else impel a mother to sacrifice her child, as the Africans to the Ganges? or the Chaldean to the Hierapolis? Man in every age is a devout religionist: it is an innate and ineradicable principle in his nature to conceive of and imagine a higher mind, to hope for immortality and yearn for glory. Let us leave the Bible and range a wider field.

Fetishism, which is the lowest form of worship, and Brahmanism, with Avator, Vishnu and Llama, and the three million deities and angels of Asia, and the unknown number of Africa, who are all claimed as ministering spirits around their friends in mortal tenements, all are teeming with the hope of hereafter and replete with the faith of the future. In our occidental hemisphere the aboriginal Indians cherished the tradition of a Great Spirit and endless hunting grounds hereafter. The old Aztec empire of the South had their "Eagle mountain," on which they burnt incense as a holy holocaust, and their gods Huitzilopothille and Quetzatcoate to whom they sacrificed their thousands; and the Totonac temples that resounded with the shrieks of victims to propitiate the ire of their avenging deities. If we turn again to the fertile fields of the Oriental world, we see the nomadic wanderers of the desert, the wild Bedouin, paying devout oblations to his adored Allah; the refined dwellers of imperial Rome and classic Greece erecting pantheons and temples to some great unknown and to all the gods; while the Talmud of the Mischna and Gemara, the Zend Avesta of the Persian, the Veda and Shaster of the Hindoo, the Koran of the

Moslem, the Guadana of the Burmesee, the Xaca Amida of the Japanese, the Tien and Changti of the Chinese and the legends of Confucius, the runic Edda of the Scythian, and the whole theology, or rather mythology, of all the Scandinavian nations, except the Huns, all seek to centre the minds of their millions upon some object of homage and adoration as a panacea for their ills, a haven of rest for their tumultuated hopes. The atheistic European, the polytheistic Asiatic, and the spiritual American, all—save perhaps the priesthood in the time of Leo X, according to Erasmus—believe in and yearn for a hereafter. And it is worthy remark that the only people who never had an organized priesthood, viz: the aboriginal Americans, are the possessors of the most true, the most simple, the most natural and the most philosophical religion.

Rev. Mr. Gogerly in his translation of the *Damini Parida* written in Pali, makes Buddha repeatedly speak of a future life. Hear Buddha: "The sinner suffers in this world, and he will suffer in the next world—in both worlds he suffers. The virtuous man rejoices in this world, and he will rejoice in the next world—in both worlds he has joy." This great Hindoo prophet, "whose code of ethics equals that of any other religion," in the words of the scholar who published the *Ushtakas* of the *Rig Vede*, flourished eight centuries before the advent of Jesus Christ, and the contemporaneous Gymnosophists of India were wont to send messages to their departed friends by those who were about to die. Confucius, who lived five centuries before Christ, is said to have proclaimed the golden rule of doing unto others as we would have others do unto us; and so did Hillel, the Jew.

Let us turn also from these dim legends and traditions and look to those illustrious characters that loom up along the pathway of the past like lights from eternity. Come forth, soul of Socrates, and awaken once more your mighty memories that give a glory to philosophy! "The 'cause of this is that which you have often and in many places heard me mention; because I am moved by a certain divine and spiritual influence, which also Melitus, through mockery, has set out in the indictment. This began with me from childhood, being a kind of voice which, when present, always diverts me from what I am about to do, but never urges me on. But this duty, as I said, has been enjoined me by the Deity, by oracles, by dreams, and by every other mode by which any other divine decree has ever enjoined any thing for man to do." Toward the close of his last address before his judges, Socrates said, speaking of his death and the future life, "If this be true, O, my judges, what greater good can there be than this? At what rate would not either of you purchase a conference with Orpheus and Musaeus, with Hesiod and Homer, or with Ulysses or Sisyphus, or ten thousand others, both male and female, that might be mentioned? For to converse and associate with them would be an inestimable felicity. Truly, I should be willing to die often if these things are true." His friend Crito inquired of him how he would be buried. "Just as you please," said he, "i. e. if you can find me;" at the same time smiling and saying, "Crito thinks that I am he whom he will shortly see dead, whereas I, Socrates, shall have then departed to the joys of the blessed." "Unless I thought," said he, "that I should

depart to other gods who are wise and good, and to the society of men who have gone from this life and are better now than when among us, I might well be troubled at death. But now I believe assuredly that I shall go to the gods who are perfectly good, and I hope to dwell with wise and good men, so that I cannot be afflicted at the thought of dying; believing that death is not the end of us, and that it will be much better for the good than the evil." He claimed an ever present demon, so called by the Greeks, or tutelary genius as termed by the Latins, or presiding or ministering angel with us, who always faithfully warned or wooed him every day, and as this was omitted on the day of his death, he hence considered his death no evil. His last words, when sinking under the fatal Hemlock, were a charge to pay a debt he had overlooked, and "not neglect it."

Speak, spirit of Plato! who rent the curtain that binds the future of other men's visions and read through the vista of unborn years! "The soul is *self-motive*. That which is self-motive inherently and perpetually moves. But that which always moves with an inward motion always lives. Hence the soul is immortal. Again, if the soul is self-motive, it is itself the principal of motion, but the principal of motion must be unbegotten, and of course immortal. Again, nothing foreign to itself can ever destroy it; and its own evils, such as injustice and wickedness, can not destroy it, since they render it, if possible, more alive and sensible to suffering than before." And again, says Plato in the Phædrus: "We are then initiated into and made spectators of entire, simple, quietly stable and blessed

visions, resident in a pure light, being ourselves pure, and liberated from this surrounding vestment which we call body, and to which we are now bound like an oyster to his shell. Among the eternal emanations of which I have spoken were not only gods of different orders—the intelligible and intellectual, the super celestial and mundane—but also dæmons, heroes, and the souls of men. The dæmons were an order of beings superior to ourselves, some good and some bad, occupying a sort of middle between gods and men.” While Plato thus perceived a germ or principle in man which was to unfold into future perfections, he also had a just conception of the average of mankind on the inceptive earth-plane, as is evidenced by his remark that “man is a biped without feathers.”

Lend us another echo of your eloquence, O Cicero, and proclaim to mortal man the immortality of his human soul divine. “I look forward with pleasure to the glorious day when I shall go into the great assembly of spirits and shall be gathered to the best of mankind who have gone before me. I feel impelled by the desire of joining the society of my two departed friends, your illustrious fathers, whom I revered and loved. Oh, illustrious day, when I shall go hence to that divine council and assembly of souls, when I shall escape from this crowd and rabble; for I shall go not only to those illustrious men of whom I have before spoken, but also to my Cato, than whom one more excellent in goodness was never born.”

Æschilus, in his *Persæ*, represents the soul of Darius, deceased, as still possessing the thoughts and feelings of his former life. The dying Plotinus exclaimed “I am



struggling to liberate the divinity within me!" Proculus, a Senator, took an oath to the Roman Senate that the spirit of Romulus, founder of the Roman Empire, appeared to him and communicated. This oath was considered by the Romans a binding and solemn pledge of truth, and was called "*religion*."

Let us listen to the great Persian Shah, cotemporaneous with some of the early writers of bible history, who cared not for immortal life and love: Cyrus, whose domestic and parental affections were as great as his genius and energy are famous, as the conqueror of the rich Cræsus of Lydia, and for taking the greatest city of antiquity with solid walls of massive masonry a hundred feet high, and nearly as thick, and about a hundred miles in circumference, by turning the river Euphrates, which flowed through walls and city, thus effecting an easy and unsuspected entrance: the King of the countrymen of Zoroaster, from whom originated the idea of a vicarious atonement, and who first taught the existence of an evil spirit, Ahriman, from which the Jews, and thence we, have derived our present imaginary devil; which, however, according to Zoroaster, was to ultimately succumb to the good spirit Ormuzd. But hear Cyrus nearly six centuries before the advent of Christ:

"Think not, my dearest children, that when I depart from you I shall be no more; remember that my soul, even while I lived among you, was invisible: yet by my action you were sensible it existed in this body. Believe it therefore existing still, though it still be unseen. How quickly would the honors of illustrious men perish after death, if their souls performed nothing to preserve their fame! For my part, I could never think that the



soul, which, while in a mortal body lies, when departed from it, dies ; or that its consciousness is lost when it is discharged out of an unconscious habitation ; on the contrary, it most truly exists when it is freed from all corporeal alliance."

Josephus, in his "Antiquities," records "Galphira, the daughter of King Archelaus, after the death of her two first husbands, (being married to a third, who was a brother of her first husband,) had a very odd kind of a dream. She fancied that she saw her first husband come toward her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness ; when in the midst of the great pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner : ' Galphira, thou hast made good the old saying that women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity ? Have I not children by thee ? How couldst thou so far forget our loves as to enter into other marriages—nay to marry my own brother ? However, for the sake of our past loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach and make thee mine forever !' Galphira told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after. I thought the story might not be impertinent in this place, wherein I speak of those kings. Besides that, the example deserves to be taken notice of, as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of souls and of Divine Providence. If any man thinks these things incredible, let him enjoy his own opinion to himself, but let him not endeavor to disturb the belief of others, who, by instances of this nature, are excited to the study of virtue."

Again, Abercrombie, in his "Intellectual Philoso-

phy," which is the most able and honest attempt to vindicate the miracles of old theology—although but incidental to his subject—that I have found. After giving many instances of dreams, visions, etc., from Sir Walter Scott and other cotemporaneous literati, the most of which he explains very plausibly on principles of philosophy, records the following which he acknowledges can not be explained, and the truth of which he vouches for: "Two ladies, sisters, had been for several days in attendance upon their brother, who was ill of a common sore throat, severe and protracted, but not considered as attended with danger. At the same time one of them had borrowed a watch from a female friend, in consequence of her own being under repair. This watch was one to which particular value was attached, on account of some family associations, and some anxiety was expressed that it might not meet with any injury. The sisters were sleeping together in a room communicating with that of their brother, when the elder of them awoke in a state of great agitation, and having roused the other told her she had had a frightful dream. 'I dreamed,' said she, 'that Mary's watch stopped; and that when I told you of the circumstance, you replied much worse than that has happened, for ——'s breath has stopped also,'—naming their brother who was ill. To quiet her agitation the younger sister immediately got up, and found the brother sleeping quietly, and the watch, which had been carefully put by in a drawer, going correctly. The following night the very same dream occurred, followed by similar agitation, which was again composed in the same manner—the brother being again found in a quiet sleep and the watch going well. On

the following morning, soon after the family had breakfasted, one of the sisters was sitting by her brother, while the other was writing a note in the adjoining room. When her note was ready for being sealed, she was proceeding to take out for this purpose the watch alluded to, which had been put by in her writing desk, she was astonished to find it stopped. At the same instant she heard a scream of intense distress from her sister in the other room. Their brother, who had still been considered as going on favorably, had been seized with a sudden fit of suffocation and had just breathed his last."

Says Addison, "At the same time I think a person who is terrified by the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the report of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could I not give myself up to the testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I may here add that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity, have favored this opinion." Johnson writes "'That the dead are seen no more,' said Imiac, I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages and all nations. There is no people, rude or learned among whom apparitions of the dead are not believed. This opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth. Those who never heard of one another would not have agreed in a

tale which nothing but experience can make credible; that it is doubted by simple cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence, and some who deny it by their tongues confess it by their fears."

"Cornelius Agrippa," says D'Israeli, "before he wrote his 'Varieties of the Arts and Sciences,' intended to reduce into a system and method the secret of communication with spirits and demons. On good authority, that of Porphyrius, Plessus Plotinus, Jamblicus, and better were it necessary to allege it, he was well assured that the upper regions of the air swarmed with what the Greeks called demons, just as our lower atmosphere is full of birds, and waters of fish, and our earth of insects."

"The practice of religion is the object of life," said the elder Cato, after a long career of purity and philanthropy. "The proper study of mankind is man," said Pope. "My grief is but my grandeur in disguise, and discontent is immortality," said Edward Young. "Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth, both day and night, when we sleep and when we wake," said Milton. The pious Thomas Peyton, commemorating the translation of Enoch, in his "Glasse of Time," published in 1620, thus discourseth:

"The angels bright, and all the powers divine—  
Winged with fame to mount the highest heavens—  
Descending sweetely on thy lonely brest," etc.

"Imagination, that strongest, most imperious of our faculties, whose soarings from earth to heaven may be reckoned among the indications of power beyond the grave, delights in the bold, the commanding, the superb. What are these but the infant attributes of the disembodied spirit, the imperfect developments of a state of

being to which time and space are nothing, when man, shaking off the covering of the grave, shall be clothed with the might of angels, the splendid denizen of infinitude and eternity?" wrote the eloquent George Croly, though not canonized in biographical cyclopedias, one of the most brilliant minds that ever blazed or burned along the dark career of earth, as the extract proves, for a more splendid sentiment, more splendidly expressed, can not be found in any language. It is like an inspiration.

Cæsar's wife, Calpurnia, who lived above suspicion, had a premonition of Cæsar's fate, and exerted herself to dissuade him from going to the Senate that fatal day. He attended, however, and on being attacked fought courageously all the conspirators until he saw the blade of his friend Brutus glitter against him, when his proud heart failed, and covering his face in his mantle, with the exelamation, "And thou, too, Brutus!" the bloody despot yielded his body a victim to foul conspiracy, and fell at the feet of Pompey's statue. But after this it is recorded by Plutarch, his spirit appeared twice to Brutus, and spoke to him, promising to "meet him at Philippi, sword in hand." And sure enough Brutus there expiated his crime on his own sword.

Pilate's wife had a like premonition, in respect to Christ's crucifixion, and warned him to beware, which he in some measure regarded, to the extent at least of "washing his hands of the affair," in his own words.

Lord Byron was "superstitious;" he believed in the ill-luck of Friday, and was seriously disconcerted if any thing was to be done on that frightful day of the week. Yet he sometimes laughed at the idea of ghosts. Not



long after the death of Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott was engaged in his study, during the darkening twilight of an autumnal evening, in reading a sketch of Byron's form and habits, his manners and opinions. On a sudden he saw, as he laid down his book and passed into his hall, the *eidolon* of his departed friend before him. Lord Chedworth was an infidel and unbeliever in immortality. One morning at breakfast he exclaimed, "I had a strange visitor last night—my old friend B. came to me." "How?" asked his neice; "did he come after I retired?" "His spirit did," said Lord Chedworth, solemnly. "O, my dear Uncle, how could the spirit of a living man appear?" said the neice, smiling. "He is dead beyond doubt," replied his lordship. "Listen, and then laugh as much as you please. I had not entered my bed-room many minutes when he stood before me. Like you, I could not believe but that I was looking on the living man, and so accosted him, but he, the spirit, answered, 'Chedworth, I died this night at eight o'clock. I came to tell you there is another world beyond the grave; there is a righteous God that judgeth all.'" "Depend upon it, Uncle, it was only a dream;" but while Miss Wright was yet speaking, a groom on horseback rode up the avenue, and immediately delivered a letter to Lord Chedworth announcing the sudden death of his friend. The effect on the mind of Lord Chedworth was as happy as it was permanent; all his doubts were at once and forever removed.

Cardinal Wolsey and Fletcher, the Divine, had presentiments of their death. Lord Lyttleton, famous in law, was approached by the deceased mother of a young lady whom he had injured, and who tauntingly told



him the very day and hour of his death, which literally occurred. And he, in turn, appeared immediately after his death to his friend Andrews. Jeanne Darc, commonly called Joan of Arc, at thirteen years of age, had visions and was informed of her mission for the deliverance of France, which was fully and literally accomplished, according to the spiritual presages of her early life; and when she appeared at the head of the troops, her beautiful hair hanging in ringlets over her shoulders and streaming in the wind, her eyes flashing the radiance of a high inspiration, and her face beaming with the benignity of her heavenly mission, she seemed an incarnated angel on earth, and popular enthusiasm knew no bounds. Subsequently she was tried and condemned on the charge of sorcery, by the ecclesiastical party under the bishop of Beauvais. Bound in iron chains and condemned to death, this fair girl and heavenly heroine, baffled the crowd of subtle theologians, who had constituted themselves the cruel inquisition with prepared questions to entrap her. She declared her mission was from God, communicated by celestial agents, who appeared richly clothed and always accompanied with a brilliant light. To the question how they could speak, being pure spirits without members, she answered she knew not; she only knew their voices were sweet, their language beautiful and their counsel holy. It was again objected that they were appearances without reality. "Whether they be apparent or real, I have proved them, and I would rather lose my head than deny their being." After fulfilling all her preternatural inspirations and aspirations, from her thirteenth year of age, this virgin martyr of French liberty and angelic development of heavenly

truth, was in her twenty-first year burnt alive by the church !

Damascius, a stoic philosopher of Syria, who flourished in the time of Justinian, expressly says "that in a battle fought near Rome with the Scythians, commanded by Attila, in the time of Valentinian, who succeeded Honorius (in the year 425) the slaughter on both sides was so great, that none on either side escaped, except the generals and a few of their attendants. And, which is very strange, when the *bodies* were fallen, the *souls* stood upright and continued fighting three whole days and nights, nothing inferior to living men, either for the activity of their hands or the fierceness of their minds — they were both seen and heard fighting together and clashing with their armor." This, from a *stoic* philosopher, is singular, and would appear an apodictical fiction or exaggeration, though, according to the philosophy of nature, it, or at least its representation, is not absolutely impossible, for, like some stories in scripture, it may have been a psychometric, psychologic, or some sort of electric or spectral illusion ; or the result of mental malady, or cerebral disorder ; or a deliberately concocted fable and intentional falsehood ; yet I do not believe the story because it has no parallel in all the authenticated revelations of the past and present.

But in all these records of visions, inspirations and presentiments, as a just offset, we should remember that distance lends exaggeration, if not enchantment, to the view ; and that while many have been realized and fulfilled, many more doubtless have failed and proven fictitious and fallacious.

John Kepler, so little popularly known, who discovered the motion of the sun, the weight of the atmosphere, the elliptical orbits of the planets, and the great law that "the squares of the periodic times of the planets are to each other as the cubes of their mean distances from the sun," and other great principles in the philosophy of astronomy, and a most dutiful and devoted son, whose care, kindness and affection for his mother, who had causelessly contemned him and bestowed her favors on other sons, who afterwards neglected her in her old age, extorted the following words from her dying lips: "I wish that all mothers would take warning by my case and never show any preference to one child over another until they see good reason to do so. Above all, none should be harsh, but kind to the one that's anxious for knowledge." He thus speaks in his epitaph, written by himself: "I have measured the heavens; I now measure the shades of the earth. The intellect is celestial; here only the shadow of the body reposes." This great and good man had to prosecute his studies under the great incubus of extreme indigence, and his only instrument with which he measured the heavens, was constructed of three sticks of wood formed into a triangle and graduated, with goose quills for sights. And, like Milton, Maffitt, Bulwer, Lardner, and many of the finest intellects of the world, he was unfortunate in his matrimonial selection. What a clog, what a curse for such a man, measuring the machinery of the universe, or studying the springs of human hope and its deep arcana, soaring for the sublime and towering to the true, to be tied to a termagant whose cross, contracted, distorted, capricious ken never

reached beyond her poultry yard or goose-pond, whose viraginity is her religion, who quarrels at his every generous and noble deed, contemns his honorable impulses and efforts, abuses his lofty aspirations, sneers at his sensitiveness, and reviles his refinement. Thus the contumacious and contumelious wife (for genius can't brook contumely) and undutiful and ungrateful children, (for this gratitude is a motive for its efforts,) as in the case of Milton, treat him whose hand holds their heads above the wave, and whose efforts would weave a wreath around their names as fadeless as the flowers of his congenial paradise. Why is it that men of genius are nearly always thus unhappy in their conjugal connections? It is a well known truth and fact, and therefore must have a reason and a philosophy. Indulge a brief answer to this question, as it involves one of the most important relations of life. Genius is original, superb, bold, defiant, and disdains to follow the worn-out paths of others, whether it be or not a disease of the nerves, as declared by a learned doctor, hence the comparatively ignorant wife, and her more ignorant friends, and simple, conceited neighbors, ever eager to officiate, call this eccentricity, obduracy, imbecility.

"The moles and bats in full assembly find,  
On special search the keen-eyed eagle blind."

Genius also has its puerilities, and is subject to the greatest perturbations, like the streaming meteor, and these, its mere aberrations, are taken by the ignorant for its normal orbit and natural status. For instance, Sir Isaac Newton, I think it was, or some other great mind, on having his new barn completed, required the

workman to cut a hole in the door for cats to enter to drive off the rats. After the hole was made for the cat, which required but a few moments, he asked his workman also to cut some smaller ones for the kittens, as he wished them to multiply. "But," said the workman, "if a grown cat go through that hole so can the little kitttens." "Sure enough," rejoined the genius. There are many such ludicrous instances of absence of mind—for they are nothing else—recorded of great men, which silly people regard as the test of mentality. The great mind, after its herculean efforts on great subjects, becomes on these small trivialities quiescent, and is then comparatively asleep; and such active minds require more sleep than sluggish ones. Napoleon frequently slept on the field of battle, on the issue of which the fate of Empires trembled. It is the moral duty of genius to pity the weak and self-conceited simpleton; and some do, occasionally, but not invariably, for genius is generally unstable and erratic like the vivid lightning's gleam. There are many who attain renown through adventitious fortune; but few men of genius are known to the world compared to the many unknown.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its fragrance on the desert air,"

These lines, though trite, are so truthful and beautiful, so apposite and opportune, that I could not resist their recitation. As there are vain men who would feign sleep *a la* "Old Nap.," as he was called, to affect his genius, so I am aware he who quotes these familiar lines would be liable to the charge of self-application,



himself the buried gem and neglected flower; and before an auditory to whom I am not known, I should not thus venture to repeat them in this connection. But my reputation is in Texas, and with the Texans, and their opinions of myself and public efforts, as expressed through their leading journals, amply vindicate me from this charge, and fully gratify my highest aspirations in this regard; and here I'm content to leave it. Again: the man of genius and culture is capable of conceiving and is hence apt to fix a standard so high of female loveliness, that few women can "fill the bill," to use a quaint phrase; hence his frequent disappointments. And again, genius is high-spirited, full of passion, impatient of restraint, excitable and irritable, (which irritability is confounded by the vixen with her own irascibility); and therefore requires a wife of more than ordinary gentleness, patience and amiability. But genius, superb in its ideal, will have none other than a woman of superb beauty; and nature never lavishes all her gifts in one individual. I opine it would be as hard to find a beautiful woman who is amiable, as it is to find a great man who is pretty. And yet further, may it not sometimes happen that an invidious wife, and her still more invidious friends, seek to drag the husband from his towering altitude down to their own level, whom they can never otherwise hope to equal? To return: Goethe says, "I could in no wise dispense with the happiness of believing in our future existence, and could say with Lorenzo De Medici, that those are dead for this life even who have no hope of hereafter."

We might quote from Swedenborg, the illuminated seer of Germany, and the philosophic and scientific



Christian of the eighteenth century, who lived and moved in mind among the angels, and who predicted correctly the day and hour of his death; from Blackstone, the great legal philosopher of England, and his annotator, Chitty; from the epic Iliad of Homer, and the anterior Valmika, the Homer of Hindoostan; the rural Bucolics of Virgil; the plaintive pleas of Ossian, who sang "spirits ride on beams of fire;" the stately tones of Shelley; the original Chaucer; the dramatic life pictures of Shakespeare—all the inspired spirits of song along the stream of time hymn the hopes of the human heart to be beyond the dim horizon that bounds our visual organs. And the Wesleys, founders of modern Methodism, (in contradistinction to the Methodism, Popish, of France, several centuries previous,) with their whole families, witnessed in their houses for a long time strange and marvelous manifestations of spirit power, but, like all others, while fully believing, did not understand them or their mighty significance. And Adam Clark, their biographer, familiar with many languages, and author of popular and voluminous commentaries on the bible, acknowledged their superhuman and ultramundane origin. Wordsworth believed that prophets lived in all ages; Coleridge claimed supernal inspiration; and Raphael professed to derive the ideal of his splendid paragon of beauty from his immortalized mother.

We might go on and quote from Sir Matthew Hale, one of the founders of English jurisprudence, and St. Augustine, one of the fathers of the church, and a great many others of the most noted characters that illumine the pages of the past, from the earliest to the

latest ages. But for our limited time these must suffice to establish the fact that from the earliest ages to the present propitious period, mankind have cherished a vague belief in their immortality and ministering angels in the form of their friends who formerly lived among them in the flesh.

But the most illustrious of all those illuminated and some spiritually inspired characters is Jesus Christ.

I ask the Christian particularly to remark his words:

“Behold the kingdom of God is within you—ask and it shall be given you—seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you—and I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me—I have yet many things to say unto you, but you cannot bear them now—howbeit when he the spirit of truth shall come, he will guide you unto all truth—and he will show you things to come—for it is not ye that speak, but the spirit of your Father which speaketh in you—notwithstanding in this rejoice not that the spirits are subject to you—he that believeth in me,” that is as I understand it, in my life and philosophy, “the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do.” “But though he had done so many miracles before them, yet they believed not on him.” Hence he declared to his disciples with whom he had been so long familiar, that “they did not understand him, and could not until the spirit of truth should come to lead them into the truth of what he had taught.” It is also recorded in the new Testament, “and on the day of Pentacost suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing, mighty wind,

and it filled all the house where the apostles were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them: and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the spirit gave them utterance—for the promise is unto you and your children, and to all that are afar off." As prophesied of old, "I will pour of my spirit upon all flesh." We must not omit St. Paul, who was a man of recondite and profound erudition, and in spiritual endowments was perhaps second only to Jesus. You recollect his supernatural, no—there is no such thing as supernatural—his preternatural conversion. He says: "The manifestation of the spirit is given to every man to profit. For as many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For I reckon that the suffering of this present time is not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. Likewise the spirit also helpeth our infirmities. For we know not what we should pray for. Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? Follow after charity and desire spiritual gifts. For ye may all prophesy one by one, that all may learn and be comforted. It [man] is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. For there is a spiritual body, and there is a natural body. I knew a man, whether in the body or out of the body I can not tell, how that he was caught up into paradise and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter. If we live in the spirit let us walk in the spirit. Quench not the spirit. Despise not prophesying. Prove all things—hold fast that which is good." Good advice truly.

He also speaks of the "discerning of spirits," "gift of tongues," "gift of healing," etc.

Thus we have given the prevailing opinion and cherished hopes of mankind in every variety and without regard to chronologic order, extending over a period of 5865 years, (including the Mosaic record,) comprising billions of men, down to the present auspicious time.

But to this general and popular sentiment of the human family, which we trace through all the ages, there are many and powerful exceptions. Nationally the Huns, a numerous and warlike nation, who, under Attila and Alarie overran southern Europe, according to some historians rejected all religions, possessing and professing none. Individually Julius Cæsar, as an orator and a writer, statesman and warrior, one of the most famous of mankind, in a celebrated oration in the Roman Senate, on the punishment of Lentulus and other Catalinian conspirators, advocated incarceration for life on the ground that death is no punishment, but rather a cessation from toil and sorrow, as well as of joy. Napoleon Bonaparte, equally renowned in both civil and military annals, was so heartily disgusted with the simulations of the clergy, and the hypocrisy of all religions, that he believed none. On his narrow escape from the inflowing tide of the Red sea, on the spot where Pharaoh perished, he exclaimed, "If I had perished here like Pharaoh, what a text it would have furnished the preachers of all christendom." He never uttered a greater truth. It would have been seized upon and heralded from the pulpit as a grand providential speciality visited upon him for his manifold sins and transgressions, and iniquities, and ungodliness, and

special presumptuousness, for getting himself out safe from the same sea whose enraged waters had overwhelmed Pharaoh and his heathen host, by the special mandate of the Almighty. I sometimes more than half agree with Napoleon and Cæsar, to the extent at least that a large portion of the human family are not worthy of another and higher life, and indeed do not desire it. And Polibius, Pausanius, Simonides, Hobbes, Hume, Gibbons, Bolingbrooke, Lord Chat-ham, Byron, Burke, Voltaire, Paine, Franklin, Jeffer-son, and others of great intellect, were infidels, or skeptics, but whether on the divine origin of the Tal-mud, or Targum, or Bible, or Koran, or Veda, or Edda, or Sastra, or Geeta, or on the immortality of the soul, I do not know, not having studied nor even read them. Indeed, I never read an infidel author in my life, my information on this subject being derived from religious and miscellaneous reading of late scientific works. And in the living age I am personally acquainted with at least one master mind, a distin-guished gentleman now present, who has studied both physical and psychical science, particularly as involved in medicine, chemistry and physiology, who has no idea and no hope of another life beyond the scenes of this fitful, fevered drama—regarding man as only a high order of animal with the highest cerebral development. In the liberal laws of this enlightened commonwealth of Texas—and there is more intelligence among the masses than in any other State—a man's religion is not the test of eligibility to office, oath or emolument; and if it were, this gentleman would scorn concealment



under the cloak of hypocrisy. He charges me with superstition. According to Webster and Worcester, superstition means false religion, weak credulity. I have shown that mankind in all ages, the most literate and illiterate, have believed in a future life and spiritual or angelic intercourse of exarnated with incarnated men, amounting to an almost universal instinct. Now this belief must be founded in actual fact, or the result of instinct. If the former, the fact is established; if the latter, we must believe it will be realized hereafter as a glorious truth, for all instincts of all animals are gratified, or have the means of gratification. Thus man's superstition furnishes an argument for future life. With the sceptic it is at least consistent to entertain these views of spiritualism and all the religious isms; but with religionists of any class to reject spiritualism or supermundane manifestations of exarnated men in the form of angels, when all their religions and bibles are predicated upon this principle, and the Christian pre-eminently so, as it contains nearly two hundred such passages or references, it proves them, to use the mildest terms, to be either ignorant or insincere. It may be urged that my peculiar temperament or constitution of mind causes my incredulity of the fashionable orthodoxy. If so, I may reply that the constitution of the believer's mind is the cause of his credulity. Again, it may be said my mental peculiarity is the cause of my admiring and embracing the spiritual philosophy, to which I might retort the mental peculiarity of others prevents them from appreciating and embracing this philosophy; that they and mankind generally are so constituted or educated as to turn from



new lights, and reject improvements as innovations—creatures of education who can not sunder the shackles of early instillations. There are few, indeed, who can do this. Around men's hearts is a mail of prejudice and partiality, of religion and bigotry, that grows with their growth, which is as impervious to light as, and which they are generally no more able to break than, the tortoise can break its shell. It is not so much with them the God of truth, the God of nature, the God of their destiny, as the God of their fathers. Few can rend the veil and view the truth of God and God of truth. Well did Jesus say "few there be that find him."

Now, before we concern ourselves about our condition hereafter, or the conditions of that country, or in familiar figure the state of the road on the other side of Jordon, we should first find out whether there is any hereafter, any country, or any road at all beyond the terrene banks of this rugged shore.

Then let us reason this mighty question of human immortality a little for ourselves.

We can neither date our beginning nor our ending—not in a collective or generic sense—but individually and personally. Where and when did we become men? when and where did our individuality, our life if you please, commence? We can trace back, step by step, process after process, but no one point more prominent than others, until we arrive at the original elements of earth from which we have been elaborated. Here somewhere is the beginning of our genetic personal history, physically. Our spirituality, our mentality, our real conscious self, is afterwards superinduced as the grand result for which the physical casket is the fitting recep-

ticle and necessary vehicle or process for the spiritual elaboration, and gradually infused by those higher, more refined and supernal elements surrounding the atmosphere, and permeating the planets and planetary spaces of the universe. We can trace the gradual development of our spiritual self back to somewhere in childhood, ultimately, or rather primarily, to the super-ethereal elements; but who can date its exact beginning? The spirit, like the body, is of gradual growth and development; but we cannot date their precise beginning point. Here the analogy ends; for the body, after its maturity, fulfills its mission and decays; but the spirit continues to progress, to expand, to develop new capacities, new expansions, and new grandeurs, independent of the decaying body, unless suffering from essential organic lesion, as I shall presently show. This leads us to immortality, which we now investigate; and it is not more wonderful or incredible for an immortal and angelic being to spring from the highest types of man, than for those higher types of conscious life to spring from the inert elements of the unconscious rocks; but we know this latter to be a fact, hence we may believe the former to be a truth.

Wisdom to devise, power to execute, and will to exert them, are the essential attributes of a creator. Now man, and man alone, of all beings within the range of our knowledge, possesses these attributes. True, the brute, by instinct, constructs its bed, builds its nest, or forms its lair; but in them all we find nothing new, no original thought, or wisdom, or progressive improvement, or mental locomotion, or energetic, independent power of creation. In man we find

all these prominently displayed. As striking instances behold the majestic steamboat and locomotive carcering o'er the ocean or crossing the continent. And, as a more familiar and practical illustration, look at his garments before the days of Watt, and Savory of the steam engine, Arkwright and Cartwright of the spinning and weaving machine, and Howe, Moore, and others, of the sewing machine, when ten men, ten days with hard toil, would make about ten garments, rough, uncouth and uncomfortable. Now, by these, his creative energies, ten men in ten days, with light labor, can make near a thousand garments, beautiful, comfortable and durable. We know these things do not come by chance; that we create or make them before they exist, or can possibly have an existence. The aquatic indwellers of the sea, if they had reasoning powers, could not attribute the great steamship, with all intricate, harmonious and well-adjusted parts, to mere chance or accident; but must know that it is the work, the creation of some superior being, whom, however, they cannot find nor see. Now, if these little imperfect and perishable creations of the ephemeral pigmy, man, must be created before they can have an existence, how can this mighty and magnificent nature, from the plumed butterfly to the wonderful worlds of light rolling around us, have its grand and glorious existence without a creator commensurate in wisdom and power, magnificence and glory? whom, nevertheless, we may not find nor see. It is evident then there must be a creator—God. “I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!” says the great Russian poet. And man, inheriting the original creative energies of the Father, must be the child of God,

assimilated to him in mental development, but not perfection. And can it be that his children, so assimilated to him in these splendid faculties, were created but to be washed away with the current of time, and after a few fleeting years, to die out with death forever? Man being the only mundane being in possession of the splendid powers of original mental locomotion, which is a great distinguishing feature between him and the brute, that has no more original mental locomotion than the flower which instinctively opens its capsular petals to catch the night dew or passing shower, and then closes in the precious water drops for the approaching drought; and endowed with the God-like faculties of wisdom to devise, power to execute and will to exert them, must be in the image and reflects the attributes of his Maker—the chosen child of his Father, inheriting his nature. And if he inherit the nature of his God he cannot die unless God die; and God cannot die unless the universe die; but we know the universe of matter to be imperishable; therefore God cannot die, and man, inheriting his nature, is immortal.

Again, it appears evident that this terrestrial nature was created for man. All the zones of earth and kingdoms of organic life, as well as all inorganic matter, are adapted to him and to him alone. All this nature, in all its appointments, ministers unto him, and yields its treasures to his talismanic touch. Before his onward march and at his authoritative mandate oceans yield their treasures, and mountains melt away; and all earth with calm quiescence acknowledges his sway. Surely the world is made for man; he is, under God, its lordly

master. The bowels of the earth yield their iron chains, with which we bind the elements of fire and water, and make them the obedient servants of our will. In a car of our own construction we can sit at ease, and, by kindling a few bushels of coal, circumnavigate our world of twenty-five thousand miles circumference in less than forty days. We throw the plummet of our reason athwart the internal fiery ocean of this shell-crusted globe, and note the heaving, heated billows of its liquid fire. We track the earthquake's giant tread and analyze the palpitations of its mighty heart. Man is the master of his situation in all but the great law of mutation, which is another name of progression, from which he is not exempt, and of which he forms the principal part: objectively and subjectively he is the very spirit of progression. And hope springs exclusive in the human breast, and would fain have this earth a primitive garden in which to cultivate and prepare his faculties for a nobler theatre—a chrysalis state to develop the bud of immortal being ere his pinions plume for celestial flight. Why this constant living in the future, and for the future? Never in the present; nor for the present.

The brute, when its animal demands of hunger and thirst are satisfied, lies down contented and happy; it has no other desires—no unsatisfied aspirations. Is it thus with man? Not so. He has, after all his mere animal appetencies are satiated to the full, other desires that this initial earth plane cannot satisfy. Grant, as a postulate, that a creator cannot create a creature better than the creator, and I will prove conclusively my immortality. I assert for myself that I would not, would

never create any thing with desires to be ruthlessly denied, disappointed and frustrated. But God has created me with this intense desire of immortal love; now, therefore, He must endue me with this immortality, or else I, the creature am better than God the creator, which was postulated as impossible.

Again, God must have had a motive in the creation of man, and this motive must be either to please himself the creator, or to please man the creature. If the former, to please himself, he has failed in the object, if man consists alone in the animal and perishes with it; for where is the pleasure to make a creature with yearning desires just to perish without the gratification of those desires, unless he delight in the infliction of suffering upon his children, for this would be the merest mockery and the direst cruelty. Better have limited his creation to the brute which is endowed with no desires but those that are gratified. This would be pleasure. But if the latter, that is pleasure to man, he has here failed of his object too; for man can have no pleasure in a life of earnest desires never to be gratified, if so be that he dies with his body. He can have no pleasure without a pang, when he knows this very pleasure, no matter how exstatic, is to have an end, no matter how distant.

“A perpetuity of bliss alone is bliss.” Therefore, in either case, he must endow man with immortality to effect his object in his creation, whether that be to please the creator or creature. This is a strong inferential argument apart from demonstrative science. Man would become the most miserable, indeed the only miserable of all animated nature, inasmuch as he is the



only species endowed with desires never to be gratified, if he perish like all the balance of the animal creation.

But, as far as our animal observation extends, everything dies. We see men die continually like the brute creation, and never see more of them; we witness death everywhere in our world, but never witness any resurrection. According to this mere animal observation, men come into the world like brutes and go out like brutes, which is the end of them—utter annihilation. But man is capable of infinite expansion and exaltation, and this is proof that he is enabled to look beyond and above this mere experience or observation of his animal part, which is but his earthly organ, his temporal sensorium. Through the lights of science that he himself hath kindled, he sees that nothing is annihilated; that while change, mutation is nature's organic law, death or annihilation is unknown in her whole organism. Therefore man's body, with that of the brute, expires but to undergo some great change in the economy of nature, their constituent parts and original elements not to be destroyed, but to continue through their transmutation the grand omniferous design of nature's God.

But what becomes of man's immortal part—his mind or spirit? If his mere animal body is not extinguished, but merely changed its constitution and position in the grand process of nature, *a fortiori* we may believe, nay must conclude, that his spiritual part, that splendid emanation of the Deity, is not extinguished, nor dies, but is changed, transformed, metamorphosed in position, prospect and perfection. And the great improvement and progress while in this span of time

fully indicate the improvement and progress after this earthly elimination, this change of apparent death. If any part of nature perished or is annihilated, it might be allowable, as we have already shown, to suppose the soul may perish. But no part, parcel, or infinitesimal particle of nature is really destroyed. It may be changed, transformed, in fact is continually undergoing change and transformation in the elementary conditions, but absolute indestructibility is a fundamental law. Then can it be believed that the most important, masterly and God-like work, the mind of man for whom this nature was made, will be destroyed? The life of the mind is a positive fact; the *onus probandi* is upon him who asserts its death. But it may be said the proof of the life of the mind is in its living actions which we witness; *ergo* the proof of its death is in the fact that we no more witness these living actions. Hence the burden of proof is again on us affirming the life of the mind by these continued living actions. This we cannot do, simply because an impossibility, except through the new philosophy evolved by modern science. Nevertheless we infer a strong verisimilitude in accordance with the known laws of nature, that the spirit, which is an actuality the man, soon as eliminated from material organism, mounts by the law of attraction to its great, original, homogeneous source. From the general analogies of nature and our best intellections, we must indulge and cherish the hope of immortality for our loves, else whence these aspirations of the soul, these longings after glory?

"When 'reft of all you widowed sire appears  
 A lonely hermit in the vale of years;  
 Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow  
 To friendship weeping at the couch of woe?  
 No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—  
 Souls of impassioned mould she speaks to you!  
 Weep not she says at nature's transient pain,  
 Congenial spirits part to meet again."

"If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,  
 If that faint murmur be the last farewell,  
 If fate unite the faithful but to part,  
 Why is their memory sacred to the heart?"

"To have been and not to be is less than unborn."

Then man must be immortal or God cannot be good, inasmuch as goodness would never create and implant happy affections, cherished feelings of friendship, angelic love, and an irrepressible desire to live on with loved friends to demonstrate goodness, and then tear all these cherished ligaments asunder and lacerate the very heart of love with the relentless destiny of certain separation. But the very implantation of these holy, happy and hallowed affections proves goodness, unless we can imagine cruelty to be a predominating attribute to his character. Therefore, man is immortal, and by proper effort at a proper development, may attain the abodes of bliss and love as the heritage of his hopes.

"It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well!—  
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
 This longing after immortality?  
 Or whence this sacred dread and inward horror  
 Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
 Back on herself and startles at destruction?"

'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;  
 'Tis Heaven itself that points an hereafter  
 And intimates an eternity to man.—  
 —The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth  
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
 The wreck of matter and the crash of world."

But here is the problem: Is the thinking, spiritual part of man a distinct independent entity, or is it the result of his material organization generated by the brain as a voltaic battery generates electricity, or secreted as the stomach secretes the gastric juice, or as the liver secretes the bile. This is the great question of the age, and is worthy, as it commands the mightiest efforts of human science. Of course if it be a separate existence, the dissolution of the body can not affect it, only to dislodge it, to change its place or position; but if it be an inseparable result of the physical functions, of course it must cease upon the cessation of those functions, and expire with corporeal dissolution. Now the cerebellum is the seat or centre of physical vitality, and the cerebrum the seat of the mind. The brutes have large back brain, but no front brain; they have the body but not the spirit. The functions of the cerebellum are involuntary, of the cerebrum voluntary.

It should appear then from experiment that when the cerebellum is wounded the bodily functions cease, which is the fact, but what effect it has on the spirit of course we can not know, while, on the other hand, when the cerebrum is wounded the mind is affected, but the bodily functions not necessarily so. Again, the whole body may be sick and the spirit unimpaired, and *vice versa*, the mind may be deranged and the body unimpaired. If the spirit be a mere effect or result generated by the brain, how can it be sound while the brain is diseased? How can the effect be sound when the cause is unsound? I grant that the mind is frequently deranged in its actions when the

brain is diseased; but may not this result from, not the mind being necessarily diseased itself in a dependent connection with the brain as part of itself, but, the brain being merely its vehicle or agent through which it acts, and this vehicle being diseased its actions become deranged. This may also account for the great physical exhaustion consequent upon intense mental action. The greatest prostration I ever experienced was from mental effort. While the average human brain is but one-fortieth of the body in weight, it receives one-sixth of the blood, thus proving the mighty action of the mind upon this organ, and the exhaustion of the physical system from this action when intense and continued—on the same principle and philosophy precisely of the exhaustion of a medium after long continued spirit influence. This latter fact is proof of my philosophy of the former. And further, as the mind is the centre of sensation, that is, if a wound be inflicted on any part of the system, say the hand, the pain appears to be there in the hand; but it is not; you sever the nerve connecting the hand with the brain or mind, and the wound will not be felt at all. Then the brain should be a most sensitive organ, but it is not such. You may wound and even take out a portion of the cerebrum without pain, and without affecting the mind. Thus it appears the mind is the source of sensation, and independent of the brain. But the medulla oblongata, which is a small brain at the base of the cranium, connecting with the top of the spinal column, resembling the arbor vitæ, and so called, and the mediate seat where all the nerves collect and concentrate and cross to the opposite hemispheres of

the upper brain,—is so extremely sensitive that the slightest puncture will produce convulsions. I have a nearly constant and sometimes a severe pain on the left of the spinal column in the dorsal nerve, and in the right temple of the forehead; this decussation of the nerves in the medulla, I suppose, accounts for the connection. This medulla, which means the pith and quintessence of marrow, seems to be the very pith and quintessence of the whole brain, and is thought by Dr. Dodds to be the central seat of the mind. Of course, as a learned physician and physiologist, he must mean the animal mind, if you will allow such an expression, or animal instincts, if you prefer it: for the seat of man's mind or spirit is the cerebrum, which is a super-added differentiation or development above all other animals inhabiting this planet, and is alone adapted to the operations of mind or spirit as extraneous to itself, just as the optic apparatus or visual organs are adapted to light as extraneous to them. It is remarkable that when cut in any direction, at least that portion in the contiguous cerebellum, it presents the appearance of the *abor vitæ*, the tree of life; and if man is the only animal that has this tree of life in its cerebral structure, (having no work or access to any on comparative anatomy, I can not say,) it is singular and significant.\* And yet further: Geology teaches, according to Cuvier's classification, the first created species of animated nature on our globe were the fishes; next the reptiles; next the birds; next the mammalia; each

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\*Later investigation proves that man is not the only creature with the medulla oblongata, that this is only an essential organ of the animal organism; and that the frontal and coronal portion of the encephalon is the spot that spirituality stoops to touch with loftiest thought and immortal love.



species having their brain peculiar to themselves, but rising higher toward perfection in each successive development during those long and successive epochs of creation. Now, we learn from embryology, as first traced by Tiedeman, that in the successive developments of the foetal brain, it is first in the form of that of the fish; then of the reptile; then of the bird; then of the mammal; and last, when fully developed, it assumes the form of the human brain. Nor does this warrant the Lamarckian theory, which would make us all the great grand-children of the monkey. It shows conclusively, first, that man is the grand aggregate and ultimate of the universe below him, and the end and aim of this mundane creation; and second, that his high development of brain is intended for another purpose above and beyond all others below him, to be receptive of a higher endowment of which they are not capable. And what this purpose unless it be a spiritual life? and what the purpose of spiritual life without immortality? But the relative complexity of the cerebral convolutions in the higher types of man over the Aryan race and all the anthropoid animals, argues, if it does not prove, that mind is generated by this cerebral apparatus as common electricity is generated by a galvanic battery; and that the power of the mind is in direct ratio with these convolutions, which are estimated to present a superficies in the higher types of near 700 square inches; and also in connection and ratio with the character of the cineritious and vesicular matter. And though science teaches that nothing of ourselves remain permanent but our consciousness, or self-knowledge of existence, our *hæcceity*, yet when

we consider old age—when the brain has lost its power the mind ceases—the very existence of the man is unknown to himself. And when we further consider that in cases of cerebral injury of long standing, the mind on its recovery begins again and is cognizant only where it was made to leave off by the cerebral injury. As example, a British captain, while giving orders on the quarter-deck of his ship, at the battle of the Nile, was struck on the head by a shot and immediately became senseless. He was taken home and removed to Greenwich Hospital, where for fifteen months he evinced no sign of intelligence. He was then trephined, and immediately upon the operation being performed consciousness returned, and he instantly began busying himself to see the orders carried out that he had given during the battle fifteen months previously. The clock-work of the brain, unaware that it had stopped—so was the mind unaware—upon being set going again pointed to the exact minute at which it had left off. I say, when we consider cases like this, it seems almost positive that the mind or spirit is dependent on and generated by the brain; else why did the mind not have cognition of events transpiring during the brain's inanition? Or, why does the old man cease to be? Blumenbach, Sir Ashley Cooper, and others, have seen the human brain, when exposed, exhibit motion when the mind was in action, violent motion when the mind was excited, and perfect rest when the mind was quiescent: showing the mind to be the result of or dependent on the action of the brain. These portentous and gloomy facts of physiological science would prove the ruin of our hopes and

immortal aspirations, were it not for the grand developments of spiritual science. But this superior brain is the seat of consciousness of which all the lower brains are devoid. There is, there can be, no such thing as life without consciousness. As an old philosopher remarked that "all philosophy begins in the certainties of consciousness," so I affirm all true life begins only in the certainties of consciousness.

All other animated and organic nature is but active organization, not living being, for life must necessarily be conscious. Personal consciousness of living alone constitutes life, which involves a different and higher principle than organization, however active or refined it may be.

Pyrrho, the skeptic philosopher of Elis, asserted that no man can have certain knowledge of any thing. One of his friends reproved him in the following logical dilemma: "You either know what you say to be true, or you do not know it; if you do know it to be true, that very knowledge proves your assertion to be false, and you do wrong to make it; if you do not know it to be true, you do wrong to assert it, since no one has a right to assert what he does not know to be true; therefore, in either case, you do wrong to assert that no one can have a certain knowledge of any thing."

Now, I assert that, theoretically, all human knowledge except consciousness or knowledge of our own personal existence, may be the result of some sort of psychological illusion; but this personal identity or knowledge of conscious existence, admits of no doubt, theoretically or practically. If not so, we must doubt every thing, and doubt whether we doubted at all, and

finally doubt the existence of all these very doubts, and thus continue to doubt *ad indefinitum*.

Close the five senses of the animal, and it becomes at once mentally a mere inanity; close all these sensorial avenues to man, and he is still mentally a complete man with the same glowing and glorious aspirations, ever looking and longing for the time when he shall be gathered to his fathers and his friends. No other animal has these aspirations, and no other animal has man's cerebral development; and just so, many animals in the deep darkness of the Mammoth Cave, particularly of the piscatory tribe, have no visual organs because there is no light to act upon or develop them.

And yet still further—we are taught by physiology that no part of us is permanent except this consciousness; that our blood is replaced by new blood every two weeks; our flesh every six months; and our bones in from four to seven years are thrown off and replaced by new; that our very brain thus entirely passes away and is thus renewed; that nothing of ourself is permanent except consciousness and memory, and personal identity. In the words of Professor Erni, "When the son, after years of absence, again meets the hearty embraces of a tender mother, there is not an atom of matter on his body the same as formerly. The honest man adheres to his promise, though no trace remains of the tongue which uttered the binding word. The criminal is punished when already the hand which committed the evil is no longer the same in composition." Thus physical science teaches conclusively a higher and superior cerebral development in man alone of all terrestrial creation, capable of receiving a principle of permanence,

which remains indestructible and unchanged, but growing, expanding and progressing; while all else, including its own tenement, is unconscious of living personality and subject to the great circular current of mutation, ever and anon floating up in form, and sinking down in dust. This furnishes an argument of potent import, on which I might expatiate with profit, had I time, in justice to other views.

But even if spirit be the result of material organism it is something—whether perishable or imperishable, it is something. Now what becomes of this something? where does it go after dissolution? We know where all the constituents of the body go; but where the spirit? It may dissolve and dissipate throughout the vast body of ethereal electricity which surrounds and permeates all space and all things. If the spirit is only a function of the brain, this is doubtless the case.

But it seems to be a cause, else whence flow those thoughts that shoot out from the mind like light from the sun? I may now, though at a distance of many feet from most of you, make through the intervening medium of the atmosphere, impressions on some of your minds which may remain as indelible as the mental tablet itself. Then mind is a cause, and these impressions or thoughts the results or effects of this cause. But no cause in nature can perish; therefore, the soul, being a cause, cannot perish. I will illustrate this idea: The steam engine, made by the hands and body of James Watt, has perished or will perish, though made of iron; but the thought or idea of the steam engine, that originated in his mind will never perish. Now the causes which unite to form our body are imperish-



able, but the result, the body as a body, is not imperishable: then if the mental result be imperishable, *a fortiori*, is mind, the cause, imperishable. This would seem conclusive, especially when we consider that even the highest development of the mere animal, as the Chimpanzee, the Ourang Outang, or the Gorilla, never gives out such imperishable ideas or thoughts, though endowed with greater instinctive sagacity than the Cretins of the Alpine vallais, or the Shanghallerys of Abyssinia. But here again is a counter argument: Every thing that has always existed as essential in the economy of nature, must necessarily always continue to exist; but the mind of Watt which was the cause of the thought embodied in the steam engine, was but the birth of yesterday, — had no existence fifty years before, was not essential to the economy of nature, therefore is ephemeral. To this we may reply: Everything in nature serves its purpose before it perishes; that the purpose of every thing is to contribute its part toward the great end of unfolding and elaborating something higher; that every thing below man thus serves a purpose; but that man the highest earthly creation, for whom every thing was made, and to whose creation all things else conspire, serves no purpose whatever, if so be that he perish; that his creation is a failure, without purpose or wisdom, unless he too, unfold something higher; and that as he is the only creation that has a conscious hope of something higher, with conscious aspirations for undying love, the verisimilitude is that he himself, with all his conscious memories, will unfold into a higher future, — and thus continue nature's great chain of progression — else a huge hiatus here occurs.



Again: death throughout the wide domains of nature strikes nothing but what it can touch; effects nothing but what it can reach; kills nothing but what is tangible and material, and, therefore, susceptible of being killed. But soul, spirit, is intangible, immaterial, and therefore not susceptible of being killed. It cannot be touched, it cannot be reached, and therefore cannot be struck or affected by death; unless it can be proved that there is another and different kind of death in operation, or that the common known death can operate on any other than physical matter. But the former, that there is a different kind of death, is not known; on the contrary, all nature proves but one death, (called such) of which we have any knowledge. And as for the other only alternative that this known natural death can operate upon any other than physical matter, but may also extend to spirit, nature furnishes in all her ample range not one such instance.

And further, if death is not confined to physical matter, but may extend its ravages to the spiritual creation and spread its dread wing of desolation upon the universal ether, where shall the flight of its dark pinion be stayed? Where the limit to fold its sable wing? Where stops dread Azrael?

"If human souls, why not angelic too,  
Extinguished; and a solitary God  
O'er ghastly ruin frowning from his throne,"

through the desolate realms of a death-struck universe!

We are therefore led to conclude as an illative corollary, that man has an immortal spark within his bosom that natural death can no more affect than it can affect the Deity; that man is himself an immortal being temporarily incased in this casket of clay.

And again: man is endowed with religiosity, or spirituality and veneration, but the brute is not. Now where the wisdom in giving religiosity to man without immortal life, or in giving undying life to the brute without religiosity? And further, the love of the brute is as deep and intense for its young, while young and requiring protection, as that of the mother; but as its young grow up and matures beyond the necessity of maternal care, its love ceases and subsides entirely, all memory even is lost. Why so? Because its life is transitory; hence its love also is transitory; and *e converso*, because its love is transitory, its life also is transitory. For where is the object, the wisdom or goodness in giving immortal life, where there is no immortal love? or immortal love where there is no immortal life? We know that the love of the brute is not enduring, but ephemeral; and we know the love of the mother is immortal as her life. Hence the wisdom and goodness of giving her immortal life to enjoy this immortal love implanted in her breast.

The question now hinges on the goodness and greatness of our Creator, and to this point let us direct our argument. If God be good he has implanted these principles in us for our felicity and not punishment; and if his greatness be commensurate, he will effectuate our felicity. But we witness evil and suffering all around us—the innocent as well as the guilty (if indeed there be any such things as innocence and guilt in the sight of God) inherit evil and suffering as part of their patrimony.

Hence, it is evident that either his goodness or greatness is at fault, that either one is, or both are limited,

otherwise there would be no evil in existence. The existence of evil is incompatible with that of an infinitely perfect being ; for if he wills it he is not infinitely good ; and if he does not will it, his will is thwarted and consequently his power is frustrated, which leaves the inevitable corollary of limit. And how can infinite wisdom know all that is to come, and yet infinite goodness permit this immense amount of evil and suffering ? And how can infinite mercy forgive any sin, and infinite justice exact a rigid penalty ? The theory of Doctor Dods investing the Deity with a "voluntary" mind by which he creates, and an "involuntary" mind by which he governs, like man with voluntary and involuntary powers of cerebrum and cerebellum, involves the same difficulty, or rather fails to relieve it ; else he would not thus govern by those "involuntary" powers that permit imperfection, sorrow and suffering. This is axiomatic.

It is equally manifest that his greatness or power is limited, that he is not omnipotent in the full sense of the word. And I am glad to believe this, for it gives me greater hope of his infinite goodness at some time effectuating my felicity. All things are not possible with God. Among the impossibilities are what we term miracles ; indeed this word comprises every thing and *the only thing*, that is impossible with God, the greatest, highest power. There is no power can violate, suspend, contravene, or run counter to his fixed, unalterable and eternal laws. He cannot possibly make heat and cold, light and darkness co-exist together ; nor any two things antagonistic harmonize, or occupy the same place at the same time.

The Creator cannot suspend his great law of gravity

for an instant, as it is an organic, primordial implanted principle of his creation, for the suspension of which his universe would go to wreck and ruin, involving the utter destruction of all organic life. He can not abrogate laws which he has made necessary for his own purposes, and for the existence of his creation. He can not make a two-year old — anything, in an hour, — to use an inelegant and rather uncouth phrase, but in point full of potential significance,—you will pardon me; I am after the truth if I have to get it in vulgar garb; I seek the jewel if I have to dig it from dirty rubbish — if he could, then there is no excuse or reason why he does not make the high and happy angel of a centuries' development, immediately upon the creation of poor miserable man, as fabled Minerva sprung full-fledged from the brain of Jove.

It is no answer to say that it is necessary for this gradual growth and progressive development in order that we may be able to realize through contrast and enjoy future felicity; because the question recurs why are we so constituted as to require this ordeal of adversity before we can enjoy true prosperity? Why not have made us capacitated to appreciate and enjoy at once and forever all the beatitudes of heaven and eternity.

But, quoth the preacher, this is "contrary to the very nature of things." Ah! just what I said, for if "nature of things" means any thing, it means laws of God, it can mean nothing else, or what nature? and what things? But as positive science proves at least four long periods of creation in "nature's ages," as Agassiz calls them, each one of which comprised perhaps mil-

lions of years, before man, even in his present very imperfect and low condition, could be created, why should we expect any other process within the bounds of any power, than this gradual growth and development from lower to higher. And according to these wise and immutable laws, something irresistible will never come in contact with something immovable.

There can be nothing supernatural or infranatural—nothing beyond, above, below, or apart from his eternal organic laws. They constitute the wisdom, the power, aye, the very God; and to violate these would be to violate himself; which is impossible and simply absurd.

Hence, I conclude, our evils and sufferings are due, not so much to his deficiency of goodness as of power; that these evils are not more than he could avoid; that all his works are tending slowly (to us) but surely to perfection; that he could not reach the high point of perfection and felicity which our spirits picture and for which we pant; without this apparently slow, but really rapid, though patient process of progression, from the most imperfect monadic creation to the highest angelic development. His infinite goodness wills our happiness; and his vast, and to us incomprehensible, but not infinite power, is working to that end.

We are so constituted as to require a constant supply of those aliments necessary for our existence or sustentation. We require food to sustain life, whether that life be for weal or for woe. And herein is another of those impossibilities, viz.: that our life, as constituted, can be sustained or perpetuated without food or nourishment. But God's attribute of goodness is manifested

in the numberless pleasures and luxuries he has vouchsafed to us, and faculties of enjoyment with which he has endowed us, not at all essential to the mere perpetuation of our existence. Else whence this tenderness of feeling, this deep devotion of love, this bond of affection, this self-denying goodness, (rare I grant,) the milk of human kindness, we meet with in man? If it were otherwise how easily could he have made man without a spark of pleasure, without a pulse of bliss to beat amidst his world-wide mourning misery, The bare provision for our sustentation should not be cited as goodness on the part of Deity. This much is absolutely essential to maintain and perpetuate our existence, whether for weal or woe. If for woe, we should have been provided with nothing that was not necessary to sustain this existence of woe; if for weal other provisions besides these necessary for mere sustenance, and also capacity for their enjoyment, would have been provided.

But it is evident from nature that these extra provisions and capacities of enjoyment have been furnished, and that we are in the actual enjoyment of them; therefore the attribute of goodness in the Creator is proven. As to how much, or the extent of goodness, is another question. How easily, if void of goodness, could God have left us without these provisions of pleasure and enjoyment. Instead of this he has abundantly furnished us with innumerable luxuries from the teeming land and 'ocean's mighty spawn, the half of which is scarcely yet learned, to minister to our pleasures, and endowed us with keen perceptions through which to realize their enjoyment. The myrtle and the rose spring up



along his pathway, while love and virtue's splendid aureola throw their rainbow radiance across earth's stormy sky. The gift of conscience, the implantation of love, that happiest, holiest, highest principle, most exalted shrine of our being, heaven's sunbeam of the soul, is at once an indication of goodness in our Creator, and of the glory we may attain in realms where his ripened power will turn our turgid pools into chrysal streams, our stagnant eddies of disease into rapturous fountains of health, and will pour unbittered and pure the waters of perennial life around the sterile desolations of death.

Then we conclude man is immortal, or a good Creator would never have endowed him with these glorious aspirations to be ruthlessly crushed with the relentless destiny of certain death.

More especially, again, when we know that he has implanted within us no natural appetite or desire of our bodies, but for which he has also placed within our reach the means of its gratification. But we ardently desire an undying union of love and friendship; therefore, we infer, he will also give us this best and brightest boon.

But mere logic is exhausted and argument is at an end—we look to the facts of science. Rigid reasoning and abstruse argumentation should rather be studied in print than merely heard in speech. Let us look to the logic of science.

I intimated, parenthetically, a little while ago a doubt of moral guilt or innocence. Though not strictly called for in my subject perhaps, I would, nevertheless, like to

offer a few thoughts on this point, with as little delay as possible.

Man is impelled to every action by either internal impulse or external influence. External influence is that which he can control, or that which he cannot control. If the latter, of course he cannot be held responsible for it or guilty of its effects; if the former—that external influence which he can control—he either controls it or not, as he is prompted or enabled by his internal impulse or inherent power.

Hence, it is narrowed down to his internal impulse. Now this impulse impels him as the character of the impulse predominates. If evil predominates, he is impelled to evil; if good, then to good actions. These impulses are inherent in him and constitute as much his moral nature, as the form of his body or color of his skin constitutes his corporeal individuality. Now the question is, can he control his natural inherent impulses? I will answer this by asking can he control the natural form of his body or color of his skin? He certainly can, to a limited extent, at first, modify and improve his natural impulses, just as he can to a limited extent modify and improve the natural form of his body and beautify the complexion of his skin,—and no more, *at first*, while subject to the animal. To this extent and no more, in low undeveloped life, should we hold each other accountable, and visit a commensurate punishment for deliberate violation—this is the true rationale of crime,—this much and no more.

This certain penalty is the proper appliance to prevent crime in unprogressed men. Then if this strict justice be, as it should be, by all humane hearts, tem-

pered with mercy, little will be left to punish, Hence moral suasion, proper education, philosophic scientific development, is the great lever of human reform, the true principle of human progress. The more external influences are brought to bear — of which consist education — the more will the impulse be moulded and the conduct controlled. Hence the labors of the juriconsult, the salutary influence of penal law, and judicial and retributive example, and juridical learning from Bracton and Fleta to Storey and Taney, are not without their good results on the conduct of men; nor can we, indeed, in our present low rudimental condition of moral development, and dense population, live without these salutary influences and restraints.

And it is not inconsistent, though it may so appear, to aver that in the concrete if not in the abstract, in the aggregate if not in the segregate, — for God so governs through general and not special laws, — otherwise we should find no exceptions, — everything is just as it was designed to be by the Creator; and in this avowment there is philosophy enough to fill a book. Indeed, it would require a volume to fully unfold the philosophy and vindicate the assertion; for there is method in the conflicts of nature as there is in the conflicts of human laws. Nor is it necessary to exclude the “rare and exceptional phenomena of nature for the basis of analogy and argument,” as James Martineau said of Bishop Butler, whose “strained analogy” said William Pitt in a conversation with Wilberforce, “raised more doubts in my mind than it answered.” In fact some installed divines say that in every thing we do, we, though unconsciously, worship God. I do not think so. The

Creator has not decreed, nor designed, nor governed special isolated individual cases. He governs alone through his organic general laws; and to these general laws and not to special statutes, individual cases must be amenable. When man strikes down his brother man—is that worshiping God, their common Father? Religionists, Christian as well as, and even more than, Heathen, have always preached this strike-down principle of persecution, and practiced it to perfection, especially the former, when the victim is to them a non-conformist. And upon the same principle the victim or non-conformist, or heretic, should strike them down as non-conformist and heretic to *his* religion. And thus the wholesale human slaughter under religious dictation will be continued, unless rejected reason supplant fanatic faith, and spiritual love supplant carnal hate. Nor does my philosophy involve “fatalism” in its common acceptation, though some of the greatest intellects of the world, Napoleon Bonaparte among them, were decided fatalists. The celebrated argument of Milton, so universally accepted and adopted by old orthodoxy, to vindicate the Creator against the evil of man, by casting the blame for all our woes upon our first parents, is, for impotency and imbecility, unworthy of its source, and becoming only a third rate pedagogue, or pettifogger of the pulpit, if there be such an animal. He says man was created with “all he could have”—“sufficient to have stood though free to fall.” I ask could not man have been endowed with greater obedience and made with greater self-control? If not, then God’s plenipotent power is limited. What impelled Eve to eat the apple? Curiosity, or whatever

else you please. What operated to prevent and withhold her? The command of God. But the latter was not sufficient, therefore the former, her curiosity, or the whatever else you please, was stronger and predominated. But God made her just that way — she had no hand or even will in her making — “so was created” as Milton saith.

Then in justice the blame cannot be laid to her. And so Adam: What impelled him to partake? Love of Eve. What prevented? Command of God. Which predominated? The former. Why? Because it was stronger. Who made it stronger? His Creator. So chloride of nitrogen is quiescent until touched with the proper oil. What then? Explosion, or violation of its quiescence, just as nature made it. So our parents were obedient until touched with the proper temptation. What then? Explosion, or violation of their obedience, just as nature made them. But man is endowed with reason, and “reason also ’s choice,” says Milton, (though our preachers say we must n’t use it, and in justice to them I must say, they practice the precept, don’t use it much, as Artemus Ward might say.) Yet that does not change the question in principle, only in style and extent. Was reason strong enough? No! Who made reason not strong enough? God, the same Creator. Milton impersonating the Creator, thus discourseth, in his own original and obscure style:

“Whose fault?

Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me  
All he could have: I made him just and right,  
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall,  
Such I created all the ethereal powers,  
And spirits, both them that stood and them who failed,  
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.  
Not free what proof could they have given sincere,

Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,  
 Where only what they needs must do appeared,  
 Not what they would? What praise could they receive  
 What pleasure I from such obedience paid?  
 When will and reason (reason also 's choice)  
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoiled,  
 Made passive both, had served necessity,  
 Not me? They therefore, as to right belonged,  
 So were created, nor can justly accuse  
 Their maker, or their making, or their fate,  
 As if predestination overruled  
 Their will, disposed by absolute decree,  
 Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed  
 Their own revolt, not I; If I foreknew,  
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault  
 Which had no less proved certain unforeknown."

Young states the same argument in this wise:

"Blame not the bowels of the Deity,  
 Man shall be blessed as far as man permits;  
 Heaven but persuades, almighty man decrees;  
 Man is the maker of immortal fates;  
 Man falls by man if finally he falls."

This popular argument is, in brief, man stands or falls, as he pleases; if he falls, the blame is his; if he stands the praise is due his Creator; (Is this justice? Its sophism reminds me of the "divine rights of Kings" as elucidated (?) by Blackstone and others;) that his obedience is pleasing to God because voluntary; and his disobedience displeasing because also voluntary. (I'll continue the terms obedience and disobedience as good as any.) Now speaking for man I would thus retort: If the power or principle of obedience and disobedience were equally balanced in his constitution, and no extraneous influence brought to bear, what would he do? Who can answer? Or if his obedience be expressed by ten, and his disobedience by twenty, while extraneous influence neutralized or countervailed ten of the latter, what would he do? Who can answer?



But here is the practical view : If his obedience prevail, he could well praise his Creator for it, inasmuch as God in goodness thus created him, or the necessity which caused this obedience that brings him happiness ; but if God did not thus create him, and his obedience is the result of his own volition and effort, independent of his Creator, then he could not sincerely give all the praise to God for it, but must praise himself as “ the maker of immortal fates,” in the words of Young.

There is great good sense in the reply of the man who fell from a house and caught in a scaffolding : His friends said to him, “ You ought to feel thankful to God for having thus saved you from death.” “ I do ; but wasn’t I cute too !” It may be replied that this anecdote illustrates free-agency, makes against me, militates against my position—the argument seems swung around, in cant phrase. To which I would thus replicate : this ability and disposition to catch the scaffold to save himself, this “ cuteness ” which is a trite word, signifying smartness, was either inherent in his creation, that is, the gift of God, or the acquisition of his own exertions. If the former, of course he is not entitled to the credit—it is all due to the Creator ; if the latter, whence did he get the will and energy to put forth the efforts, and the opportunities to acquire this “ cuteness,” this sagacity, and the ability and disposition to save himself ? Now it might be rejoined that it was owing to his own volition that he exerted them. To which I put the surrejoinder in this interrogatory : How came his volition to act in that way unless predisposed, and prebiased and prompted by some pre-existing inherent cause ? And the argument might thus go

on, to what the lawyers call rebutter and surrebutter, and extended indefinitely, but ending always, if ever ending, in something inherent, something antevenient, or intervenient, or supervenient, over which he could have no control whatever.

But, (to return,) if man's disobedience prevail, how could he do otherwise than "blame his maker, or his making, or his fate?" of education and surrounding circumstances over which he could have no absolute control? If our disobedience be our own act and we suffer for it, so if our obedience be our own act we should get the credit for it, and the Creator have no title to homage for that which we ourselves perform voluntarily. But if God has so constituted us to obedience, then all the homage and praise are justly due to him. Here, indeed, is something for which we may sincerely adore him. And if we be contrarily constituted or influenced he cannot in justice hold us responsible. And again: if our obedience be voluntary, what is the motive to its performance? Promised reward and threatened punishment; thus making selfishness the main spring of our obedience, and covering deceit and hypocrisy with the cloak of homage and adoration—for the Creator hath done nothing to claim our sincere adoration if so be that we are left to "decree" and our own course. But we repeat if God himself hath constituted our obedience and its natural correlative and sequence of happiness here or hereafter, then we have cause for the grandest gratitude and purest principle of homage and adoration. Isn't this the more rational view? the more logical argument? Nay, by the old orthodox argument God

himself is made the being of selfishness, inasmuch as he creates unnumbered millions in whom he foresaw their disobedience would prevail and endless misery be their lot, for the selfish purpose of a comparatively few being selfish enough to profess obedience, which a prescient God must know cannot be sincere, as he has done nothing in this special behalf to make it such. Whether "predestination overruled their will disposed by absolute decree of foreknowledge" or not, he foreknew — whether "foreknowledge had any influence on their fault which had no less proved certain unforeknown" or not, he nevertheless foreknew and created them, the many for misery, the few for praising him disingenuously and selfishly. All that comparatively small portion of the human family, Jew and Christian, Catholic and Protestant, must renounce this antiquated argument of old orthodoxy, or else renounce the attribute of goodness, or even justice in God, and of sincerity in man.

Watson, the learned author of "Institutes," says God's foreknowledge is "contingent;" and Adam Clark says God did not choose to foreknow. This may clear the mist, or explain the dilemma; but it appears reasonable—and reason carrying in her hand the lights of science which herself hath gathered, is our God-gifted guide—that the Creator knew as well what would be the performance of his works, of his vast machinery, physical and psychical, as man, what will be the performance of the little machinery of his own construction—that God foreknew as well what man would do, as man foreknows what the steam engine will do.

I cannot conceive of a Creator without prescience, when I see the creature possessing a partial prescience.

As for me, I repudiate the entire argument as absurd, and would vindicate our Creator from this myth of mock goodness and justice. And there are many such myths to be cleared up under the weird of progressive reason and science. Old orthodoxy never had a truth but that its priests warped and wove it into error, and terror and horror. They would turn, distort, pervert and convert a healing heavenly ray of celestial light, direct from the angel world, into a burning, blasting, shaft of diabolic darkness direct from Pandemonium. If an excarnated human form appear in the character of an angel, luminous in resplendence of perfection, they instantly shout God! clothed in fire, and probably bright blazes of burning brimstone. If one appear from the shades of Sheol, darkling in the habiliments and frowning face of unprogressed humanity in the spiritual form, forthwith they proclaim Devil! with cornuted and caudated appendages bifurcated horribly, roaring round seeking whom he may devour—somebody.

On this subject of free-agency it was a sapient theoretical remark of Johnson that "all theory is against it, and all practice in favor of it." But these views, as well as that of Johnson, no doubt, are confined to our initial principium of life, to our earliest efforts at improvement in this our first sphere of existence. It is evident to reason that this view must be thus limited, or we never could progress to any considerable extent, would be little more or better than the brute. But science, or experience as well as reason, teaches us that

while our ability to improve our bodies, or the susceptibility of our bodies to improvement, is limited like the brute; our ability to improve our spiritual nature, or the susceptibility of our real self to progress, is unlimited; and that the more we improve and progress, the easier and greater and more successful becomes the improvement; and the more permanent also becomes the facility and the susceptibility of improvement: thus leaving the plane of the animal and entering that of spirit, where progress in an accelerated ratio is both the theory and the practice of undying life. And though there are some persons in this animal world who seem to have no capacity and no desire (for they go together) for improvement, the animal so predominating; yet the germ is there and under proper influences will unfold to its destiny as certain as the needle settles to its pole. Then proper influences and appliances are necessary to the direction and development of this germ so various in mankind; some the good predominating and some the bad. For the latter, penal codes are absolutely essential, and for the former, simply a freedom or absence from malign influences, which would deteriorate them as punishment would ameliorate the other.

This fully accords with M. Guizot, one of the greatest political economists and jurists and publicists of the times, and a man of master mind: "The truth as to the nature of man is in the Christian faith; it is in man himself that evil dwells; man is inclined to evil. The doctrine of original sin is the religious expression and explanation of a natural fact — the innate inclination of man to disobedience and license. I hold this fact to be evident in the eyes of whoever observes himself with



sincerity. To overcome it man wants two restraints—an inward restraint, faith in God and in his moral laws—an outward restraint, human laws and an authority able to enforce obedience to them. Where one of these restraints is wanting, the other does not suffice. The force of human laws alone is powerless in regulating and keeping within bounds men who want the moral law; and in order to preserve its empire over man, the moral law needs that human laws should come to its aid. Given up to itself and to its inclinations, either with or without, the human heart escapes and is lost.” Yes, and take away attraction of either cohesion or gravitation, and the worlds would be lost.

But these influences are in constant operation: We have for the wicked, penal laws, both human and divine,—and nature’s punishments for violations are more certain than man’s—and there are other, moral, or supernal influences, whether from spiritual friends gone on before us, or from a vicarious God, or the Holy Ghost, or from the very Deity, nevertheless these supernal influences are in continual operation to develop this immortal germ into angelic perfections. And when disencumbered from the gross animal instincts of this life and its malign temptations inseparable from its sphere, those supernal influences will exert more powerfully and successfully, for the certain development of inexorable destiny. Theoretically man has control of his life; that is, has the power to end it, or change his mode of existence, or if possible annihilate himself; yet his instinctive tenacity of this life, howsoever miserable, predominates, and with a few exceptions, makes him cling to it, albeit he may have positive convictions of



future felicity : thus showing the instincts of nature to predominate over both reason and religion : and hence proving the necessity of all these extra influences and proper appliances to restrain, direct and develop : and hence, also, applying the philosophy of Christ's injunction, to wit : " Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation : the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."—(Matt. xxvi.) Ah ! how our spirit yearns to progress and rise in purity, but our animal keeps us down. When we get loose from this animal flesh, what's to hinder us from mounting to our congenial sphere of desired perfections, as a balloon cut loose from its fastenings mounts to its ærial equilibrium ? Another point connected with this subject : In the Christian code suicide is a crime, but according to their doctrine of full free agency unlimited, it should not be, because as they assert, man is free to do as he pleases, or as Young expresses it, " Man is the maker of immortal fates." And it should not be a crime with them, because, secondly, when a person has " religion " and is prepared to die with safety and enter heaven, that should be his accepted time, inasmuch as, according to St. Paul, " lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."—(1 Cor. ix.) Hence, the charge that might be brought against Spiritualism, that it would lead to suicide, should more properly be laid to the code or rather the theology of the Christian faith. But suicide may yet become a necessary means of reducing the supernumerary population of the world ; and when the direful chimera of sempiternal hell shall be removed from men's visions, many will find it a happy riddance and

easy euthanasia. It is not difficult to conceive conditions of destitution and of distress of which a termination without pain, as for instance a quick and fatal injury to the brain, like a pistol shot, which could not be felt, and resulting in instantaneous dissolution, would be preferable to a continued prolongation of such suffering and misery, and lingering painful death — provided always, the act injures no others. Napoleon on Helena might be such a case. Indeed, it has already become a frequent occurrence in densely populated cities, and sometimes by persons of sound deliberate judgment. But the spiritual philosophy and enlightened reason — for they are synonymous and inseparable, — does not encourage, nor can it condemn this act in extreme cases where all reasonable considerations favor and none oppose.

We should derive this valuable lesson, to be more charitable to each other, and not so ready to criminate and resent, and punish every evil impulse and action in others. And from this disposition and capacity for improvement in man, we might superinduce another argument in favor of his spirit being an independent, immortal entity; inasmuch as no other creature of earth is so endowed; because no other creature has a continued life; but man has a continued life because he is thus endowed. This ability and desire (for they are inseparable) to improve, to progress, speaks the principle of immortality, for no other animal is endowed with this ability and desire to change in the least. But as there are some men who have no desire for improvement and continued life, or progression and immortality, will, or can a just God force this boon upon them

against their will? Let us see: There can be no gratification without pre-existent desire; but these men have no such desire; therefore, these men can have no gratification of progression or immortality.

To return from this digression, it is a beautiful idea and as philosophical and sublime, that man when a helpless infant is confined to his mother's breast, that is his little home and sphere; he has but one desire and that is furnished to him by maternal love. Soon he grows beyond and leaves his mother's breast—the wide world is now his home, his second mother, which like the first supplies him from her fruitful bosom and furnishes every means of gratification for his increased desires and appetite, by his proper efforts to get them, as he is now capacitated to do. Anon, again, he expands and progresses with his growing aspirations, leaves his second mother's bosom, this inceptive sphere, this great womb of nature in which immortality is conceived and develops into angelic altitudes, and shaking off his mortal cumbrance, as at first he did his swaddling clothes, launches in a wider world and soars into higher realms, forever progressing and towering higher in the heavens. I confess myself sometimes startled in my reveries when I contemplate in this view my boundless destiny of limitless progression. What! am I never to stop? Always progressing throughout eternity? Where's the end? I am certainly in existence; and will there be no end to my existence—no way, not in my power, to end? Am I to be forever the helpless subject of inflexible laws over which I can have no influence? to be forever the sport of destiny, and like an atom float with fate through all eternity!

in the hands of him whose power may finally fail and not prove forever equal to the emergency of my well being! My finite spirit distrustful and trembling, shrinks aghast, resilient with terror, at this vast ocean of incertitude into which we all are so soon to launch!

Yet when we consider the grand creations of the eternal God, those wondrous worlds that roll in remote immensity, where seraph's wing stirs the Zephyrs of immortal morning; should I doubt his power to bear me up amid his bright blaze of created glories? Doubt him whose ocean of glories rolls every where without a shore! Though our planetary system with its worlds revolving round our central sun, is sublime beyond human appreciation; and though our earth's distance from this sun (95,000,000 miles) and from the other planets and neighbors of our immediate system, so great beyond our narrow conceptions; yet they sink into insignificance when we extend our ideas to the immensity of those remote regions, where the light from our sun, traveling 200,000 miles a second, has never yet reached.

Within the reach of our telescopic vision more than 75,000,000 central luminous suns, with numbers of worlds revolving round each one, exist in the boundless expanse of the illimitable heavens. Some of these suns are, like Sirius, estimated to give sixty times as much light as our sun emits; and our sun is 1,400,000 times larger than our earth. How many more of these central suns, besides the millions known, beyond the reach of present telescopic discovery, "roll their foreheads fair to shine" in the face of Deity, is beyond conjecture, doubtless billions so numerous that all the sands on all our mundane shores will not express them

with a trillion for a unit. The distance of these suns or fixed stars is so great from our little earth as to have no parallax: that is, two opposite points in the earth's orbit which is 190,000,000 miles across, will make no perceptible angle by which to measure that distance. It requires no great degree of mathematical science to demonstrate that an angle subtended by a line which is only a thousandth part of the length of each side, will be very perceptible. But as a subtense of 190,000,000 miles makes with the distance of the nearest fixed star no perceptible angle, it is evident the distance must be at least over a thousand times a hundred and ninety millions of miles—an extent too far beyond our finite ideas. It has been calculated that a cannon ball (to adopt a more familiar illustration) descending from the nearest of these suns at the rate of about 600 miles an hour, would be more than 700,000 years in reaching our earth. "Astronomy indeed discovers such an inconceivable number of suns and worlds dispersed through the vast regions of space, that the annihilation of this terraqueous globe, with the sun that illuminates it and all the planets which compose our system—our immediate neighborhood of worlds—would leave no greater chasm in the sidereal creation than the removal of a grain of sand from the sea-shore, or a drop of water from the ocean." With these scientific facts we should not doubt his power to sustain us forever. Thus I have given you in few words and succinct style, though somewhat desultorily, as indeed my entire lecture must be, from my wide field and discursive range of generalization, all the original arguments I am able to elaborate in this abstruse and metaphysical field so often and



ably explored by the master minds of the world. And without any pretension to an astute dialectician, I am unable to perceive what more pure logic without sophism can do by any known process of human ratiocination. Yet this entire course of argument, including the syllogism of Plato, is more pleasing to our hopes than satisfactory to our reason,—for I will not paralogise; inasmuch as it is applicable to the brute as well as to man: for it is evident the brute thinks and wills, though not to the same extent and degree. But if the mere superiority of our degree of mentality over the dog gives us our immortality, then by the same parity of reasoning the superiority of the dog's mind over that of the hog should give him immortality. And so on through the entire chain of animated nature. Then where shall we stop? There is, however, one exception of great significance: the difference between the principle of love in the human and in the brute. The one is perennial, the other ephemeral; the one is as imperishable as its life, the other always perishes with the necessity of instinctive preservation of the helpless young. And as this principle of love is the grand element of human and seraphic felicity, this may be a true indication and illustration of its immortality. As Southey sings,

“ They sin who tell us love can die;  
With life all other passions fly—  
All others are but vanity—  
Earthly, those passions of the earth,  
They perish where they have their birth.  
But love is indestructible,  
Its holy flame forever burneth,  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;  
It soweth here in toil and care,  
But the harvest time of love is there.”



But unaided logic can never unlock the vast chambers of the future—it must be done by science. As for the bible, claimed by its votaries having brought immortality to light, its authenticity is more difficult to prove if possible than the immortality of the soul, and both are incapable of proof unless we call in modern spiritual science, which, with its philosophy, will at once prove and explain the truths of both, as well as expose the fallacies and falsities preached from the bible and published from spiritualism. And don't Solomon the Preacher say "Men die like beasts—that man hath no preeminence above a beast—as is the good so is the sinner." (Ecc. iii and ix); and Job and Isaiah intimate the same, (Job xiv, and Is. lxiii).

The Mehestani, and Eastern Magi, who were disciples of Zoroaster, believed in the immortality of the soul, in rewards and punishments after death, and in the resurrection of the body. (See Zend-Avesta.) For this and other valuable information, I am indebted to "Mysteries of Life, Death, and Futurity," by Horace Welby, an orthodox work and analectic text book of historic analects. Now this philosopher of Urmia and his disciples flourished 570 years before Christ; and only the later prophets of sacred history, Micah, Haggai, Ezekiel, *et alii*, who lived contemporaneous or later, that speak in any prominent terms of immortality—the earlier prophets generally ignoring it altogether. Are we not bound, therefore, to give this credit to Zoroaster while musing in spiritual meditation, as recorded, twenty years in the wild solitudes of Elbrooz? like St. John in the wilderness nearly six centuries later? And to Buddha, and Brahma, of

Hindustan, two or three centuries yet earlier? And to the "Code of Menu," embodying law, religion and philosophy, earlier than all, about a thousand years before the Christian era? The few sacred prophets who flourished anterior to these philosophers, always held present or temporal reward as the motive for good, or what they esteemed good, but which we now know to be in a great many if not majority of instances bad. The ancient Hindoo philosophers, the Parsees, and the Oriental Magi, were the first who held future rewards and punishments that I can find in all history; and the Jews from their intercourse with Egypt, and it with Persia, derived their ideas on this subject. A Christian writer, Schlegel, in his "History of Literature," says, "Perhaps among no other ancient people did the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and the belief in a future state of existence, ever acquire such a mastery over all principles and all feelings, and exert such influence over all the judgments and all the actions of men, as among the Indians," (of Hindustan). And the idea of an incarnated deity was originated and entertained five centuries before the advent of Christ by all the Scandinavian nations, as the Hindoo god Vishnu took upon himself the form of man and periodically appeared upon earth; and the destruction of the world by general conflagration; as well as its creation from chaos, was recorded or proclaimed about the same time in the Voluspa, a book of prophecy by Vola; that evil spirits entered and disturbed the peace of the world; that good and evil are in constant conflict; that Thor bruises the serpent's head, etc. Is it at all strange, then, that these ideas as well as other parallels should have

been derived from that ancient religious people, when we know that the very names of the days of the week as adopted by all subsequent people and still universally retained, were derived from their theology, which we now call mythology, just as our prevailing theology will by future generations be called mythology? Sunday is so called because they worshipped the sun on that day; Monday, they worshipped the moon; Wednesday, after their god Wodin, god of battles, Wodinsday; Thursday, after Thor, god of thunder, Thursday; Friday, after Frea, god of winds; Tuesday, after Tisa, god of litigation and wife of Thor, still pronounced in portions of Scotland Tiesday; Saturday, after Saeter, whom they worshipped respectively on those days. Those Hindoo Indians were also the inventors or discoverers of decimal cyphers, the greatest achievement, next to the alphabet, of the human intellect. Just think a moment of this, by the use of only ten marks, or figures, or characters, by their various positions and infinite combinations, any number can be represented and expressed from fractional parts of one up to millions, billions, quintillions, decillions, vigintillions, etc., without limit.

According to a work entitled "India and the Indians," the Jews had full knowledge of the Hindoo theology, but the latter had none of the former. Now if the Jews deserve the credit of divine inspiration for their theology when it is acknowledged they might have borrowed it from the Hindoos, *a fortiori* should we accord a greater credit for divine inspiration to the Hindoos when it is acknowledged they could not have possibly derived it from the Jews, having no acquaint-

tance with them, and both systems of theology the same. But I can not believe they had no knowledge of the Jews, because, if the bible history be true, they undoubtedly branched off into Southern Asia from the primal center around the Euphrates. Now it might be objected that these ancient records of religion so far antedate the Christian era that they could not have existed, as the art of writing must then have been unknown. But this may be retorted on the orthodox objector, as he claims a greater antiquity for his orthodox theology; if his argument invalidate my history, it equally invalidates his.

But modern science has unlocked the vast chambers of the future as well as elucidated the dark traditions of the past.

And to prepare your minds to expect it at the hands of science, let me direct you to some of her late achievements. You must not forget that I have already shown the prevailing opinions of mankind to be, from the earliest ages to the present generation, an almost universal belief in human immortality and spiritual intercourse—friend with friend, incarnated and excarnated—without knowing its science or understanding its philosophy.

The old sciences of law and medicine have not progressed with the pace of other sciences. I can not perceive that our modern systems of jurisprudence are much improved over those of other ages. The civil law of old Rome as digested by Tribonian is as good as, or better than, the common law of England as elaborated by Littleton. And this is the basis of our American law with no very great improvement. But a few

years ago it was not lawful for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, called Sunday because the Sabians worshipped the sun on that day; and even now all the American States, except Texas, and perhaps California, regard an innocent recreation on Sunday as a shocking sin, and coerce every man by their statutes to "keep" and observe this day Sunday according to—what? his own conscience? No; to the dictation of the dominant priesthood. And yet these very priests differ as to the true day of their Sabbath.

But all this despotic dysnomy of superstition will be swept from our statute books by the march of mind to that true liberty which will enable us to spend Sunday and any other day just as we please, provided with the one simple condition, that we interfere not with others in doing just as they please—all conscience unfettered from other's dogmatic dictum. I know of no such laws as these in all the Institutes, Pandects, Novels and Codes of Roman jurisprudence from the time of the Tribunes to the reign of Justinian, comprising many thousand volumes. Glorious old Rome—her laws have outlived her liberties. Did her laws spring from her liberties, or liberty from law? In the language of Scotia's plaintive bard, mourning his maid of Morvan, and impersonating the Goddess of Liberty, I would mourn over the mighty memories of that renowned Republic: "O, daughter of Tòscar, bloody were our hands. Thou hast seen the sun retire red and slow behind his cloud: night gathering round on the mountains, while the blast roared in the narrow vales. At length the rain beats hard; thunder rolls in peals; lightning glances on the rocks; *spirits ride on beams of fire!* Why,



daughter of Toscar, why that tear? Give, lovely maid, to me thy tears. I have seen the tombs of all my friends. My sighs shall be on Cromla's winds till my footsteps cease to be seen. And thou, white-bosomed Bragela! mourn over the fall of my fame! Vanquished, I will never return unto thee, thou sunbeam of my soul!" Nor were the marital laws of that grand system of civil polity so puritanical and disgusting in domestic despotism; and female virtue and conjugal fidelity were higher prized and better protected. Nor was the crime of parricide known for 500 years, or a suit for divorce for 400 years, after the laws of the "Twelve Tables" were promulgated by the Decemviri among the people, who numbered many millions, and whose emblematic eagle, with one wing touching the sunrise and with the other the sunset, threw its shadow over the world. Are our laws, though science and art have furnished such greater facilities, as efficiently published among our people? Over the old Arcopagus of Athens, and Amphictyonic council of the Greek States, which was aboriginally a Buddhistic synod of Hindustan nearly 3,000 years ago, from which the Greeks and Hellenic Jews borrowed a great part of their philosophy about 1000 years later. I perceive nothing better in our present judicatories and confederations. The agrarian laws, more properly Licinian laws, so much denounced and so little understood by our modern meaning, were well adapted to and demanded by the dense population of central Rome at that day; and the time will come, when our territory becomes as populous, that necessity as well as expediency will cause them to be adapted to and adopted by us, and every where over the populous



world, effecting this end not by despotism but by judicious regulation of tax, increasing in ratio with the amount of land.

The habeas corpus, trial by jury, popular enfranchisement, succeedaneum of allodial for feudal tenures, etc., date back six or seven centuries. But perhaps as Demosthenes said, their "System of laws was the gift of the gods," and therefore not susceptible of human improvement. Some departments of government involving other sciences and arts as commerce and cameralistics or chrematistics, or maritime and financial laws, have improved perhaps as greatly as other branches of human progress.

As for medicine, our doctors have made some valuable diagnostic, pathologic, and a few therapeutic discoveries. The discovery of the circulation of the blood, however, so often attributed to Harvey, who may also have discovered it, was known to Pythagoras near 500 years before Christ. He also discovered the revolution of the earth, though Capernicus and Gallileo to whom it is usually credited, may likewise have discovered it, and probably more fully demonstrated it. The large majority of our statesmen and theologians, and a large minority of our lawyers and physicians, are behind the age. Have you never noticed that whenever the progress of science is alluded to, it is always in the mechanical, chemical, physiological, or psychological, principally the first? It is to the inventor and mechanic, the chemist and philosopher, that we are indebted for nearly all the pleasures and luxuries of our present high civilization. And yet in the popular estimation these characters are unknown, unhonored and unsung; while the politi-

cian and preacher, who do nothing but spout and lash the populace into passion, get all the empty applause of the gazing, gaping, gullible multitude. All honor then to those great men who make for us the steamship and the locomotive; who analyze and teach us the elements of our sustentation; and who unfold to our knowledge the lightning of our life and the very mysteries of our being! We would weave a wreath of rainbow radiance around their brows, and girdle the vocal globe with the lightning of their fame!

Modern science has found sixty-five elements, metallic and nonmetallic, instead of the four of earth, air, fire and water, as formerly believed. That earth is of many varieties, composed of as many combinations; that air, atmospheric, is a compound of oxygen and nitrogen (chiefly); fire neither element nor compound, but the effect of violent chemical action; and water a compound of oxygen and hydrogen. And it has been found that nearly all of these sixty-five elements enter into the composition and constitution of man; and as an epitome or ultimate, or microcosm of the universe, I think it will be found that he contains not only all of them, but all others, if any, yet to be discovered. The science of physiology which is the soil of the soul, and the science of life, is gradually unfolding the philosophy of our physical, and I may add spiritual nature, for upon it are founded and out of it spring the perfections of both our physical and spiritual characters.

We can improve and beautify our species—it is to a very considerable extent within the power of parents, especially the mother, though the daughters generally inherit the mental constitution of the father, and the

sons that of the mother, yet they in turn transmit the same, subject to the same controlling influences—by assiduous effort and proper training of passion, feeling, emotion, and objects of sight, thought, employment, association, to mold the offspring in the character of body and mind desired. And it is owing to this fact that so many distinguished men have uncommon names, inheriting the vigorous originality of their mothers, who would not be bound by the old nomenclature of John, Jim, or Jo. The mother of the great Italian, Dante, before he was born had a splendid vision of supernal spheres with fairies flitting before her fancy, which made a powerful and permanent impression on her mind. Dante was born a brilliant poet. Napoleon's mother was very fond of riding with her husband witnessing the review and marshalling of troops, and expressed great anxiety to witness a battle; and his first view of this life was on a portable couch, ornamented with the heroes of the Iliad, his mother being borne home on it from the church whence she was thus suddenly called. Napoleon was born a great captain. "A word to the wise 'is sufficient,'" and if you are not thus wise, it is your imperative duty at once to set about the study of human physiology: for it is *the* study of our lives. I have read of the death of an infant being caused by the lacteal poison imbibed from its mother, who had been the victim of a violent passion of anger. Read the story of Jacob and his spotted cattle—which illustrates the great and primary truth—he was well knowing of the fact, but ignorant of its philosophy—just as the prophets and apostles were cognizant of the facts of spiritual in-

flux and visions, but knew nothing of their significance and philosophy.

Woman wields the world and molds the character of mankind; in her keeping are the destinies of the human family. Said the first Napoleon, "Tell me the character of your women, and I'll know your men."

As judicious energy is the crown of character in man, so chaste meekness is the crown of character in woman—I mean true woman, not the worthless pet thing and inert toy of indolence, or the imperious queen who looks upon man as made for her especial slave, bedecked with silks and flaming feathers, or fine furniture and gorgeous drawing-rooms, "a pig in the parlor and a peacock on the promenade," as Cobbet used to call 'em, who cannot string together correctly a dozen words of her own vernacular, (and there is no accomplishment, especially for a lady, equal to chaste, correct, and beautiful language,) with no refinement or personal feminine fascination. O, ignorance with aristocracy, pretension with vulgarity, and wealth with wickedness, stinginess, meanness, and selfishness, are so ineffably and unutterably and intolerably disgusting. And of course such are ignorant of their ignorance, and this ignorance is their bliss—"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

Nature and its philosophy stamps man, that is true man of action, energy, honesty and truth, as the lord; and the woman who does not thus view him and comprehend her proper relation is ignorant of her highest excellence and a stranger to her true and great power. As an illustrious example of her potency in this respect, when the expatriated Coriolanus, at the head of the

Volsci, marched upon his native city, and lighted the circumjacent hills of Rome with the camp-fires of her numerous and relentless enemy, threatening immediate destruction, deputations of her most illustrious citizens, committees of the Senate, priests of religion, old and gray-headed men, all were in turn sent out to him, soliciting and imploring his leniency and mercy, but to no avail; the injured and vindictive heart of Coriolanus was inexorable, and the devoted city seemed doomed to expiate her injustice to him and gratify his full revenge. Finally as a last, forlorn and apparently hopeless resort, his mother and wife, Veturia and Virgilia, were sent to him, and falling on their knees, begged his pardon and protection. "O, my son!" cried his mother, "do I embrace my son, or my enemy? Am I your mother or your captive? How have I lived to see this day—to see my son a banished man—and still more agonizing to see him the enemy of his country, devoting to destruction the city that gave him birth? Had I never been born, Rome would still be free!" The stern heart of the warrior that had withstood unmoved so many scenes, supplications and appeals, melted before these tears of woman's meekness, and relented of all its vindictiveness. The great army of the Volsci, he immediately marched away; but the event fulfilled the sad prediction which he addressed to his mother in reply—a prediction which only a Roman mother could hear—"O, my mother, thou hast saved Rome, but lost thy son!" He was soon murdered by the enraged Volsci. In honor of Veturia's merit, the Romans dedicated a temple to Female Fortune.

The torrent of the storm, the mountain avalanche,



hath no such power as the streaming tears of woman's meekness to melt the heart of man. When the noble Cornelia was called upon by a vain lady who had been exhibiting her meretricious ornaments to show hers, she presented her children, exclaiming "these are my jewels." Yours, ladies, is a high and holy charge; in your sacred keeping is the character of men. I would urge you as a sacred duty to study well human physiology, our anthroposophy and anthropology, it is the science of that immortal life which is in your hands. We are ignorant of the immense misery and misfortune entailed upon our children by this very ignorance.

Physiological or animal chemistry, or chemical physiology, teaches that rice when properly cooked, is the most easily digested of all known substances, requiring but one hour; it also subsists a larger number of the human family than any of the cereals, but it is deficient in the phosphoric and phosphorescent, the adipose and oleaginous, as well as nitrogenous elements; that the leguminous seeds, peas and beans, afford the most concentrated and strength imparting form of all vegetable nourishment; that a current of electricity will promote the mammary secretion, and other important functions; and that this lacteal fluid, according to L'Heritier, is, in the brunette mother, greatly richer in butter, sugar, casein, and all the solid salts of nutrition, than in that of the blonde; hence the children of the former are larger, stouter, and more robust. But the blonde blue eye is more indicative of beauty, love, refinement and intellectuality than the dark, as exemplified in Cleopatra, Isabella, Margaret, and Mary, mother of Washington, from whom he inherited the grand proportions



of his character; and Cæsar, Newton, Bonaparte, Kepler and Washington. The Caucassian has blue and the African black eyes, and the same pigment that gives the black to the eyes gives it to the skin, says Dr. Draper. It teaches that our corporeity is to a very great extent, and our spirituality to a small degree, modified by the character of our aliments; that the vegetarians and those nations sustained by rice are deficient in vigor and muscularity; while those who subsist on flesh have the vigor of ferocity. It is said that a domesticated bear when fed exclusively on grain becomes gentle and docile; but when fed on flesh becomes vicious and ferocious. Those with serofulous diathesis of body, or gross unrefined, savage mental natures, should eschew that mass of serofula, that physiological laboratory of lard oil, and living embodiment of gross savage ingratitude, the hog. But unfortunately this is the very mentality that can't perceive its true condition, and if informed and advised by friends, will not appreciate much less feel gratitude for the information. And further, that our spirit, mind, is developed principally by sunlight and other ethereal elements, while the body is also modified to a great extent by the same, either mediately or immediately. This is illustrated by the idiotic people in the deep dark valleys of Switzerland, where sunshine is scarce, or limited to a few hours in the day, and also by the Cretins. From these facts we should learn lessons of the greatest import for our constant practice. Science teaches us how to supply the deficiency of osseous formation, the bony structure, which we often find deficient in whole families of children, viz: by both parents and children living on

limestone water and the products of a lime-soil; and on the contrary where there is a hereditary disposition to calculous and calcareous formations in the organs of the system, to avoid all these and use only rain or cistern water. It teaches how to develop the cerebral organ, which is sometimes deficient, by eating mostly wheat flour, as it furnishes more of the brain-making elements than any other aliment now known. Where fat is wanting, oat and corn meal should be used as they contain more of the fat-making material. For asthmatic, consumptive, or other debilitated conditions of the pulmonary organs, a cold climate or cold atmosphere, because more condensed, is the more invigorating, as the winter air is greatly more condensed, and is estimated by Liebig to contain ten or fifteen per cent. more oxygen than summer. The workmen in one of the French mines, who breathe air artificially condensed to the amount of three atmospheres, are greatly invigorated and do much more work. It also renders the tympanum of the ear more sensitive to sound, and the deaf hear distinctly. Persons of high nervous temperaments, extremely sensitive to electrical influences, should sleep with the head toward the North, (on this side the equator,) or the East, to be in harmony with the magnetic currents, the philosophy of which we need not here stop to explain. Those whose alimentary canal is delicate and liable to become deranged from trivial cause, or who are predisposed, hereditarily or otherwise, to calculous formations, should use bread from meal or flour ground by an iron mill or crushed by some other process than the present practice of the attrition of stones, the particles of which from constant wear,

though minute, exert an unfavorable influence on all, and particularly such conditions; whereas iron is entirely soluble and healthy. Indeed the constant use through life of meal ground by attrition of rocks is certainly deleterious, deleterious to all constitutions; and he who devises some other process of grinding or crushing grain, free from this rocky abrasion, will contribute greatly to the health of mankind. Science shows us the essential service of the saccharine properties in our animal economy; how to make sugar from old rags, paper, cotton, starch, saw-dust, etc., by the simple process of boiling in diluted sulphuric acid and afterward neutralised by proper alkali; and that they will yield more of chrystalizable sugar than their original weight, and without any diminution of the acid. This is effected through a mysterious process technically called catalysis. In fact sugar will result from a certain combination of water and charcoal—nine to seven—because it is composed of the same elements that compose water and charcoal; and so is starch, only with less proportion of water; and so is Prussic acid, the deadly poison, composed of the same elements but in different proportions and with the addition of nitrogen.

Man being made up of all elements in nature should use all the aliments, and thus supply the requisites of a complete development; as those people restricted to few elements of diet exhibit imperfect development. It teaches how to convert wood into nutritious bread. A simple process is, according to Antenrieth, to boil fine saw-dust until everything soluble is separated, then dry and heat several times in an oven until it (the

saw-dust) becomes hard and crisp, then grind into a fine meal, which will taste and smell like ground wheat, and ferment when made up into dough with yeast, and produce an uniform, spongy, nutritious bread. The value of ice in certain morbid conditions of the system, and how to make it for the emergency of such cases in mid-summer, which I will state: pour hydrochloric or muriatic acid upon sulphate of soda (Glauber salts) into a thorough mixture, and in the meantime have a small tube filled with water inserted in the centre of the mass—the water will freeze immediately. Also, a mixture of equal parts by weight of salammoniac and of saltpetre finely pulverized, with three and a half parts of water, will sink the temperature from 50 to 10 degrees, which is below the freezing point of ice.

Ice can also be made instantaneously by passing a current of electricity through a bar of antimony and bismuth attached at one end; and by reversing the direction of the current; heat instead of cold will be evolved. It may also be made mechanically by suddenly liberating highly compressed atmospheric air or any of the elastic gases, which compression makes it hot; and the sudden liberation cold, just in proportion to the intensity of the compression. The most intense cold known, —  $166^{\circ}$  Ft., is the result of the two liquids combined; and the mixture of two others evolves intense heat. Ice for domestic use will yet be made by some of these means cheaper than gathering and preserving, or rather wasting.

It informs us of the powerful disinfectant and preservative properties of charcoal when placed in a room

with the sick it will absorb and neutralize noxious exhalations; it will also prevent putrefaction and preserve meat, and even restore it if not too far gone. It shows how to make water burn like wood, and how to kindle a fire out of sticks of ice instead of sticks of timber. It teaches us how to detect poisons, and their antidotes, for instance, iron rust is the antidote of arsenic; vinegar to ammonia; caustic ammonia inhaled to prussic acid, the most powerful poison known; magnesia or soda to oil of vitriol; sulphate of magnesia to salts of lead; opium is the antidote, physiologically, to stramonium (called Jimson weed) and to Belladonna, and to the common poke-root, the present popular remedy for rheumatism, which is dangerous in excess—for emergent cases sub-cutaneous introduction is certain relief; and all the latter antidotes to opium; coffee or tea is also a partial antidote to narcotic poison; camphor is an antidote to strychnine; white of egg or any albuminous substance is an antidote to the bichloride of mercury or corrosive of sublimate, which is formed by the combination of mercury with chlorine; and our common table salt (chloride of sodium) contains sixty-five per centum of chlorine—hence the danger and the remedy, of combining in the stomach salty food with large or frequent doses of calomel. But the best alexiteric of all is, the unfailing synergetic and prophylactic of letting them alone, and have as little to do as possible with all physic.

These are merely given as a few examples of utilitarian value, also, constituting part of the philosophy of life, and contributing to our didactic purpose. The day is not far distant when science will convert the native



nuts and acorns of the forest into nutritious oils and butter, as indeed it now converts beans and peas into cheese; and the persimmon may become the most valuable tree of the forest, as it contains the largest percent. of saccharine matter, and the best and most abundant sugar will be made from its fruit, which we often find good granulated sugar in its native state. I mention this as a suggestive hint to the practical chemist. The seeds are also said to be a good substitute for coffee.

The dense wild forests of the Amazon may yet, under the weird of science, be made to yield a richer harvest for the sustentation of man than the highly cultivated valleys of the Mississippi, or plains of Lombardy.

Then behold the mighty steam engine which is doing all our work, from making the most delicate thread and gossamer texture, to driving the huge ship over the ocean with celerity and punctuality. It is the pioneer of civilization, and the inseparable element and adjunct of its onward march. Science has stript it of its terror, and we now control and handle steam as though it were a harmless infant; steam is now to man what electricity is to the almighty mechanic of the solar universe. See the fiery locomotive streaming across a continent and startling the mediteraneous mountain genii from their sequestered dells and mystic caverns. In the primitive and mediæval ages the economic housewife had to "lay her hands to the distaff," to work her rude spinning and weaving apparatus, to churn the milk, to sew, to knit, to wash, to cook, etc., by slow, hard manual labor; now under the talismanic touch of science the very air we breath is made to enter a body of iron instead of flesh, and there expanded by caloric performs



all these operations through its breathing iron lungs. A handfull of fuel put in this caloric engine two or three times a day, will warm the apartment, serve as a cooking range, propel all these little domestic machines and perform all the functions of the laundry, and the laundress—in a word doing the whole of the house-work without any other stove or fire, requiring no water and but little fuel; and all this with perfect safety from explosion or other danger. Of course, we include in this complete economic arrangement the washing machine, the late spinning and weaving machine, the sewing machine, and the knitting machine, by which last a pair of socks is made in fifteen minutes. There is yet great improvment to be made in our clothing, which will all be made by the knitting machine and with a downy nap, or villous and capillaceous, tomentous and filamentous substance like the fur, hair, or fine feathers of animals, thus permitting the internal exhalations and perspiration to escape, and at the same time preventing the rain, or external water from entering, and also ensuring greater warmth and comfort, as well as freedom of form and action.

This splendid little engine of air with all these adjuncts, will soon become as familiar and indispensable to the ladies as the steam engine with its huge factories is to man.

As  $212^{\circ}$  of heat (Fahrenheit's scale) will convert a cubic inch of water into about a cubic foot of steam, or in other words, expand water 1728 times, so will the same degree of heat expand common air, I think, about twice or double its original bulk. Hence the immense concentrated power of steam and the comparative fee-

bleness of the air engine for heavy work; and hence the danger of the one and safety of the other. In computing the power of the air engine the pressure per square inch should be taken not over 10 lbs., and the velocity of piston not over 100 feet per minute, instead of 200 or 300 feet as ordinarily for steam; and then proceed in the calculation the same as in steam or other engine—adopting Watt's basis as the standard of power. My little Treatise on the Steam Engine, published some years ago, explains all this to any one wishing to understand it in both theory and practice.

Compare that most valuable utensil of husbandry and adjunct of civilization, the present plow, with the rude implement used even by the great Cincinnatus when called from his little farm across the Tiber, by the deputies of the Roman Senate to head her army and save Rome from the invading Æqui and Volsci. And contrast our present articles of domestic luxury and personal comfort by the mediocral classes, with those, known and used by even the affluent of the urban and suburban population of the most favored Greeks.

According to Biblical history there was an universal deluge Anno Mundi 1656—about 4200 years ago—which left, after its subsidence, eight persons, from whom the present population, estimated at one billion, have descended. From this it appears that the world's population has doubled itself only in about 156 years, although the longevity of our early progenitors is represented as greatly beyond that of the mediæval and later ages. Now, modern statistics show the increase of population to be about a hundred per centum every 50 years. This exhibits a vast improvement in mod-

ern science of life, or the genealogical or chronological history of the bible is false.

The interminable sands of Sahara with its fatal simoon, have yielded to the weird of science, and that vast tract of arid desert and utter sterility, under the impetus of French energy, now teams with verdant oases and flows with the fructifying fountains of artesian wells. That immense region of aridity, hitherto fatal to all life, will ultimately under the magic wand of energy directed by science, sustain a dense population, and under this unfailing flow of water and certain irrigation may become the most fertile and productive country of the earth.

We lay our hands upon the lightning, and his fiery chariot becomes the vehicle of our thoughts, that out travel the march of time and outstrip the sun; we make a track of wire for the fiery courser and our message reaches the west sooner than it left the East. We have learned the deep lesson of the lettered rocks, and read the recorded age of earth in its many successive periods of creation, each one of which far exceeds six thousand years in duration.

We learn that our globe is composed of a vast molten mass of melted matter, of liquid fiery lava of intense heat; surrounded by a comparatively thin crust of only a few miles in thickness—no thicker in proportion than is the shell to the size of the common egg. And this internal ocean of liquid fire is constantly heaving and surging in a state of deep unrest from the mighty chemical and electrical action of its elements. The effect of these great agitations, the elastic undulations of the earth's surface, we feel in the giant tread of the

mighty earthquake. And were it not for the wise provision of volcanoes by which to relieve her mighty intestine agonies, our globe would have long since exploded to the utter destruction of all organic life. Indeed, these volcanic mountains are literally the safety valves, to this great globular, locomotive boiler of immense confined dynamic forces. And I might make the prediction that the time will come when man will draw his light and heat from this exhaustless source, unless the earth cools faster than science advances.

We have even take the atmosphere to pieces, and find an ethereo — ponderble or imponderable fluid filling up the otherwise vacant interstices between the particles of the densest metals, as irons and platinum. And that this peculiar electricity or subtle fluid permeates and pervades the universe of matter and mind, from the very internal structure of the minutest mineral atom, to the widest bound of the planetary system, from the mind of man up through the angels to God. I'll read from Dr. Hare's "Strictures on a speculation by Farraday, respecting the nature of matter. This sagacious investigator adverts to the fact that after each atom in a mass of metallic potassium has combined with an atom of oxygen and an atom of water, forming thus a hydrated oxyde — caustic potash — the resulting aggregate occupies much less space than its metallic ingredient previously occupied; so that taking equal bulks of the hydrate and of potassium, there will be in the metal only 430 metallic atoms, while in the hydrate there will be 700 such atoms. Yet in the latter, besides the metallic atoms, there will be an equal number of aqueous and oxygenous atoms, in all 2800 pon-

derable atoms. It follows that if the atoms of potassium are to be considered as minute imponderable particles, kept at certain distances by an equilibrium of forces, there must be, in a mass of potassium, vastly more space than matter; moreover, it is the space alone that can be continuous. The non-contiguous material atoms cannot form a continuous mass. Consequently, the well-known power of potassium to conduct electricity must be a quality of the continuous space which it comprises, not of the discontinuous particles of matter with which that space is regularly interspersed."

He uses the words "empty space" in reference alone to the metallic atoms—not of all other fluids or other elements.

As an illustration of scientific precision and astro-nomic accuracy; the discovery of the planet Neptune (named originally Le Verrier, from its discover, in 1846) is one of the greatest triumphs which the history of science records. As certain perturbations of the movements of Saturn led astronomers to suspect the existence of a remoter planet, which suspicions were fully confirmed in the discovery of Uranus, so also, after the discovery of Uranus, certain irregularities were perceived in his motions, that led distinguished astronomers of the day to the belief that even beyond the planet Uranus still another undiscovered planet existed, to reward the labors of the discoverer. Accordingly, Le Verrier, a young French astronomer, urged by his friend Arago, determined to devote himself to the attempt at discovery. With indefatigable industry he prepared new tables of planetary motion, from which he determined the perturbations of the planets Jupiter,



Saturn, and Uranus, and as early as June, 1846, in a paper presented to the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, he pointed out where the suspected planet would be on the 1st of January, 1847. He subsequently determined the mass and the elements of the orbits of the planet; and that, too, before it had been seen by a human eye. On the 18th of September of 1846, he wrote to his friend, M. Galbe, of Berlin, requesting him to direct his telescope to a certain point in the heavens, where he suspected the stranger to be. His friend complied with his request, and on the first evening of examination discovered a strange star of the eighth magnitude, which had not been laid down in any of the maps of that portion of the heavens. The following evening it was found to have moved in a direction and with a velocity very nearly like that which Le Verrier had pointed out. The planet was found within less than one degree of the place where Le Verrier had located it. It was subsequently ascertained that a young English mathematician, M. Adams, of Cambridge, had been engaged in the same computations, and had arrived at nearly the same results with Le Verrier.

What shall we say of science, then, that enables its devoted followers to reach out into space, and feel successfully in the dark and distant ocean of immensity, for an object more than twenty-eight hundred millions of miles distant?

But the highest, grandest triumph and achievement of modern science is in the domain of mind. It is tracing out the elements of immortal spirit, and the means and instruments through which and by which it operates and acts. It has discovered a refined electricity



to be the connecting link between mind and matter; that it is the medium of mind; that it is the medium of God and his government; and that it is the grand primordial element of the universe. This is the most sublime achievement of the human mind—to learn itself, to unravel its own mysteries and read its own future. I'll not speak directly of mesmerism, which has developed such wonderful phases of human nature, but call your notice to some of the marvels of mind as unfolded by modern biology or electrical psychology. I quote from Dr. Dods, who has done more than any one else, perhaps, to evolve this magnificent science: "The wonderful and startling phenomena that hover around it like so many invisible angels, and which are made manifest in the experiments produced, I have also candidly stated. They consist in the fact, that one human being can, through a certain nervous influence, obtain and exercise a power over another, so as to perfectly control his voluntary motions and muscular force; and also produce various impressions on his mind, however extravagant, ludicrous, or wild—and that too, while he is in a perfectly wakeful state. I have found persons entirely and naturally in the electro-psychological state, who never could be mesmerised at all, nor in the least affected under repeated trials. That no person is naturally in the mesmeric state, but thousands are naturally in the electro-psychological state, and live and die in it. It is the science of the living mind, its silent and mysterious workings, and energetic powers. It is a science that evolves the majestic movement of rolling worlds, the falling leaf, and claims the Great Law of the universe as its own." And I'll add

the science that involves the philosophy of our immortal life, and spirit intercourse with incarnated men.—“Yet such a science as this has been called a humbug, and such men as these have been assailed.” Again, truly and eloquently: “True fame is not the birth-right of the hero. The blaze of glory that has for ages encircled his head, and with its brilliancy so long dazzled the world, is beginning to grow dim. The laurels that decorate his sullen brow have been gathered at the cannon’s mouth, from a soil enriched with human gore, and watered by the tears of bereavement. That fancied pinnacle of glory on which he proudly stands, has been gained by conquest and slaughter. His way to it lay over thousands of his fellow creatures, whose warm hearts had ceased to throb; and the music that followed his march was the widow’s moan and the orphan’s wail. True fame does not lie here. It has a higher origin—a nobler birth—a more elevated aim. True fame consists in the lofty aspirations after intellectual and moral truth!”

With all deference to the original and splendid genius of Dods, and great admiration for the frankness and boldness of his avowals, I must, nevertheless, say that some of his philosophy is, I think, borrowed from A. J. Davis’s “Revelations,” given professedly under spiritual inspiration, certainly under some extraordinary inspiration, for if not spiritual he is a most prolific and luminous mind, almost equal to Pythagoras or Swedenborg. The Doctor also proves clearly that the circulation of the blood is caused by electrical action, and not by any hydraulic force of the heart, exerting a power of a hundred thousand pounds as has been maintained

by physicians. But the preposterous absurdity is exploded. To say nothing of electricity, chemistry, or physiology, mechanical science in the hands of even a novice, can easily prove the utter impossibility of the human frame withstanding, or the heart exerting, such dynamic force.

But have you ever witnessed any of these wonderful phenomena of psychology as exhibited by modern science? I have seen a number of men taken promiscuously from a large auditory of a refined city upon the public platform, and there after a few efforts put so completely under the control of the operator as to feel, think and act, just as he willed, and that too, while entirely awake and otherwise apparently in their normal condition. He would make them believe a stick was a snake; water was vinegar, coffee, or alcohol, and followed with its effects; that a handkerchief placed in their arms was a baby, and they would caress it and try to quiet it—made to believe it crying—in the most ludicrous manner, being mostly young men unused to such operations; that it was very cold, drawing their cloaks around themselves; or that it was very hot, throwing off their coats before a large public gaze to which they seemed wholly oblivious. I saw this operator after having about a dozen men, all strangers to him and well-known citizens, under his control for several successive evenings—for the more he practices upon them the more perfect becomes his control—take them all through a trip to California and back as follows: First they get aboard the ship, then the vessel out to sea,—goes to pieces in a violent storm, and they betake themselves to the small life-boat, some getting

in from out of the water; and you must bear in mind that all these scenes are acted out to the life, and by those who never appeared before the public gaze until now — climbing over the gunwales into the boat — their terrible condition after drifting for several days on mid ocean without food or water; their agreement to draw lots who should die to furnish these necessities for the balance. After straining their eyes so long around the cheerless horizon for help, they descry at last a sail in the distance — they wave their handkerchiefs and even their garments in their effort to catch the notice of the passing vessel; but she passes without observing them — now all hope had fled; they become frantic and furious; the scene was appalling; but see! another vessel hove in sight; she nears them, she sees them, she comes to them, she rescues them, she takes them on board and saves them. This whole scene, as you may imagine, was truly interesting. They arrive at San Francisco; at the gold mines; they dig gold; they return home; some with \$2,000, some \$5,000, some with \$10,000, in gold. Some intend to invest in Texas lands, some in mercantile business, one in a telegraph line, (being a telegraph operator himself).

They sell their gold to the operator and take his checks on the bank endorsed by the names of good men, whom they individually select from the community; these checks are mere scraps of old newspaper, which they are made to believe valid checks; it is past bank hours, they go to the bank and find it closed — they wait until next day. During the evening and following morning, their friends with the previously expressed permission of the operator, try to convince

them that their checks are worthless scraps of paper, and laugh at their delusion, but with no success; they reply familiarly, "you can't fool me, I know my endorser, and the check will be paid on presentation in the morning," &c. Before bank opens they are at the door waiting with impatience, a large crowd of citizens also witnessing with great interest the whole proceeding. At length the bank doors open; they rush in and present their checks, the cashier takes them, looks at them and says they are not checks; they insist that they are true checks, properly endorsed, &c.; the cashier assures them they are worthless scraps of old paper and cannot be cashed; disappointed, they hurry to the hotel to find Mr. Operator, who had got their gold; were told there that he was in the court house, followed all the while by a large crowd; in the court house they find Mr. Operator, who expecting them in their wrath had taken the precaution to have the police around him for his apparent protection; they report to him the bank's refusal and demand their gold back; he tells them he has not got it; they threaten his life if he does not refund it; the sheriff has to pacify them by holding himself responsible for his safe custody; they employ lawyers for immediate suit—the court house during the while crowded—and finally amidst the greatest excitement the operator dispels the illusion with which he had them invested since the day before, and in the greatest mortification and disappointment they hide themselves, run away, scamper off with shame. Now if all this be true—and we have no right to question the truth of those men, nor to doubt what we saw and heard—though it has always seemed strange to



me that the cashier could have convinced or rather turned them, when their friends could not convince them; but may be the operator willed them to be thus turned; but then how did he, entirely out of sight, know the time to thus exert his will when the cashier refused? In justice to my philosophy, however, I should state that notwithstanding these natural suspicions, the fact of this psychologic influence and control is undeniably established; Dr. Dods in lectures invited by Henry Clay, Webster and others, at the national capitol, having demonstrated this mystic agency to some of the finest intellects of the land, and upon any one who chose to submit to the test, In view of all this, I say, what a wonderful principle of the human mind is here developed and exhibited! This operator would also make them assume, instantaneously, the most grotesque attitudes with the rigidity of stone, often in imitation of antique statuary, and strong men called from the crowd could not bend them. Strange indeed, and new to history, that one man can thus influence and control others through the intervening, all-pervading, mysterious medium of electricity or nerve aura. And numerous instances are known of persons in the clairvoyant condition who can see other persons and read their minds when in rapport with each other, at the distance of many miles or hundreds of miles; another phase of this wonderful principle and illustration of this all-pervading and universal mental medium of electro-ether. Dr. Dods says there is about one in twenty-five naturally in the psychological condition, and that all may be brought into it by repeated efforts and by any one who will persevere. It all



proves the universal existence of this mysterious hitherto unknown agent, or element or essence, by which and through which mind acts upon mind ; in a word it proves the universal medium of mind, and I ask you to remember this when I come to explain the spiritual philosophy, for it is illustrative of the latter. In view of these great developments of modern science and its rapid progress, I wrote the following in a work entitled "Dissertation on the analogies of Nature and Revelation," published in 1857, which many of you have read, and from which I have already quoted and shall as often quote as it serves my subject. And here allow me to say that those portions of that book which ignore philosophy, I would now correct or utterly reject ; that our entire life, past, present and future, from the first inorganic germ, aye, from the primal atoms in the elementary granite up to the highest altitudes of progression in the great hereafter in eternity, is but one continuous illustration of philosophy ; that there is nothing in all nature without its philosophy ; that there is philosophy in everything ; that all nature is philosophy ; and that nature's God is the grand embodiment and impersonation of philosophy. I would also disclaim and discard every idea of the infallibility of Revelation ; for there can be no infallibility where the finite is involved, either in receiving or imparting. Show me him who never changes his opinions, never learns, never progresses, and I'll show you a fool who morally stands still and vegetates like any other tree, on whom a just God should not force immortality against his will. "He who can not reason is a fool ; he who dare not reason is a coward ; who will not reason is a bigot ;

but show to me him who can and dares and does reason, and I'll show you a man," and a progressive man, and if honest, the highest type of God's mundane works.

If the talented divine had said "faith" instead of "Christianity" when he commenced his sermon with "Christianity begins where philosophy ends," he would have uttered a great truth, for faith flourishes in the soil of superstition and ignorance and has no philosophy. But rational and rationalistic Christianity, or true religion, is founded in philosophy, and goes hand in hand with science; and any religion not thus is fallacious. Said preacher, I must opine, has sadly mistaken in proclaiming such religion, for such religion or such Christianity can have no beginning, inasmuch as philosophy has no ending. A foppish man on presenting his ring remarked to a lady, "it is emblematic of my love to you, it has no ending;" to which the lady replied "it is equally emblematic of my love for you, it has no beginning." It is or ought to be an obsolete idea, and the effete orator who would now utter it, has either out-traveled science and gone ahead of everybody else, has impatiently jumped over all philosophy and plunged into the abysmal ocean of "faith" to slake his thirst, or else is far behind the progress of the age and ignorant of the modern march of mind. He would remind me of the drunkard who was taken to a graveyard in a state of unconsciousness and laid out on a tombstone. On recovering from his inebriation and looking round at his strange situation, perceiving nothing but the silent tombs, he exclaimed, "W'ell I'm either the first that's riz, or I'm behind time—all got up and gone

ahead of me." He has certainly gone ahead of everybody else, or is wofully behind the times. But science has bridged this hitherto shoreless ocean of incertitude and found a beacon on the other bank; or rather has thrown its electric wires across the dread abyss and communicates with the splendid denizen of the other shore; while the man of faith fed on its effete pabulum and extinct cabalistic traditions, is left struggling in the salty surge, without a shore and without a sounding, midst upper, nether, and surrounding waters. But to my extract:

"And it is reasonable to suppose that when death destroys this mortal temple, this immortal being will wing his flight to the God from whom he sprung, in harmony with all known laws of nature, by which attraction gathers all smaller particles to the one great central larger of their like; and that all thus attracted, congenial in feeling, desire, disposition, to the great attracting God, will be either absorbed by him and made partakers of his glory, or be fitted up in immortal tenements and provided with abodes of bliss, commensurate with their merits, where

'Sceptred angels hold their residence.'

While on the other hand, in accordance with this same universal law of nature and nature's God, attraction and repulsion, the disembodied spirits of the wicked with feeling, desire, disposition adverse, opposite and oppugnant to God, will be repelled by him and provided with places of abode adapted to their moral condition. Indeed, it is evident, as we shall hereafter show, that God must make this distinction, must draw some line of demarkation hereafter, or else forfeit and

absolve his claim on man for the integrity of his righteousness. \* \* The whole history of man, individually and collectively, teaches progression is a law of his being, here and hereafter: individually, in the great change from infancy to maturity. An infant, he is the most ignorant and helpless of beings, not even endowed with the instinct of the brute; a mere inert, and almost impassive germ, which under this great law of his progression, is destined to far outstrip all his animated compeers of earth, to display a spark of Deity, to measure worlds and span the intervening voids; ultimately to leap, disembodied, the barriers of earth, break through the confines of time, and become the denizen of an immortal heaven, with new developments of might and magnificence, and powers of expansion and progression, as boundless as the roll of eternal years; collectively, in his mighty advancement in science and civilization, his rapid progress in social condition, the extent and solidity, safety and protection of governmental compacts, the diffusion of constitutional reforms, and all the ameliorating influences incidental to, and resulting from, the improvements of science. And in all this progress, personally and socially, man is himself made the active instrument of his own reforms, his own progress, improvements and emoluments. They do not voluntarily come upon him, reposing in ease and indolence.

Franklin, Lardner, Kepler and Laplace were not born such; their knowledge, erudition and philosophy were not voluntary gifts of Providence, but were acquired by incessant effort, assiduous study, and faithful toil and vigilance. "Eternal vigilance is the price of

liberty," said Jefferson ; eternal vigilance is the price of all progress, says science. And though some men are born and grow up with stronger minds, as with stronger bodies, than others, yet universal man, in every state, station and condition, is emphatically the carver of his own fortune, the architect of his own destiny under the mysterious providences of nature.

The constitutions of England and America are not the gratuities of fate, but the legitimate result of a moral progress, effectuated by the labor of enlightened mind. Again, if the longevity of man has been regularly decreasing since his inhabitation of earth, when will it reach the point of an hour, or no existence at all? What the cause of his deterioration in length of life until about the fifteenth century, and then the reaction? The instability of government, the wide extent and almost universality of ignorance, of insecurity, idolatry, and superstition ; and these are certainly sufficient to entail the most fatal results. That the longevity of man, until within a few generations back, had been degenerating regularly, is in strict accordance with his historic biographies ; and that for the last few generations he has fully maintained his longevity, is also of historic record. Now what is the cause of this reaction? And were it not for this salutary, saving reaction, exerted upon man, he would inevitably have degenerated into nothing. But since the effectual and efficient evulgations of knowledge, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, the concomitant diffusion of letters and learning, the conquests of peaceful science in lieu of bloody war ; the rapid multiplication of books, and the birth of science, man has been enabled to



snatch himself from his own extermination, and rescue earth from its threatened depopulation. During the long dark night of a thousand years, man's habitual occupation was war and mutual extirpation; and his prevailing religion taught him that the loss of life in battle was a certain passport to the blissful halls of Odin. During this thousand years knowledge was unknown, or locked up in night, and darkness usurped the dominion of day. Famine spread out the dark shadow of its dread wing over the nations, and death and desolation were winged upon the blast. Whole towns and cities were depopulated, and provinces brought to destruction. Is it strange that the average duration of life should have been so abridged at this dark epoch? But since the rise of science in its purity and splendor, winged with the elements, with all its attendant blessings of wisdom, peace, science, commerce whitening the water, as civilization gilds the land, new elements and adjuncts, evolved of social comfort and progress, new edibles for man's sustentation discovered and transported, stability, consolidation of States and Governments, with the sceptre of peace waving as the trident of empire, and protection, progress, population, the insignia of his bannered march; is it strange the average life of man should be again extended? Nay, when we consider the *late wonderful developments in the science of electricity, the most sublime science of the human soul, as it is, in all probability, the elemental essence of all ethereal, spiritual creations, from the God-head down, and the all-pervading element of Nature*, it is reasonable to hope that man will yet be enabled, under the guidance of his God and the design of Providence to work



out his own immortality in a world renovated and restored to its pristine eden. Providence, as we have seen, works by means, and has made man the instrument of his own ameliorations; why not make him the instrument of effecting his own restitution, and the restitution of his world? *Philosophy already points her finger to the subtle agency of electricity as a universally diffused fluid and all-pervading element of the universe of mind and matter.* And though we are as yet but in the alphabet of this most magnificent and boundless science, we can even now make the bodies of the departed frown, weep, or smile in death, excite the limbs and muscles into various action, and almost revitalize the cold clay. We have seen the sick and the suffering healed and restored and eased in an instant by this invisible fluid. Indeed, the boundless universe, as well as the complex machine of man, especially his nervous system, in all its minute and mysterious ramifications, which is nothing else than his psychological connection with matter, which is nothing else than electrical organization, is all under the predominating influence and control of this mighty and mysterious element or essence, in its vastly various modifications. AND THE TIME MAY COME, WHEN MAN, CLIMBING STEP BY STEP THE ABSTRUSE ALTITUDES OF THIS MIGHTY PHILOSOPHY, WILL BE ENABLED TO UNLOCK AND LOOK INTO THE SECRET RECESSES OF JEHOVAH'S GREAT LABORATORY OF LIFE, AND HAND IN HAND WITH SCIENCE, THE PROGRESS AND PERFECTION OF MIND AND MORALS, CO-OPERATIVE, COTEMPORANEOUS AND CO-EXTENSIVE WITH HIS DIVINE REVELATIONS SHALL DEVELOP THE DESTINIES ORDAINED BY HIS CREATOR

FOR THE WORLD, *shall stay disease, expel sin and hatred implant piety and love, and by the direction of Providence, weave out again his lost and tattered garments of immortality. What is this but the millenium? What is the millenium but prophetic Revelation? And are we not evidently drifting to its consummation? Rather, are we not working to this end? If so, is it not a proof of the prophetic inspiration of Revelation? Earth may yet be renovated and restored, and made a fit heaven for the good and the true; and man himself, as he is ever made the instrument of all his own ameliorations, may be made the instrument of this, his last and mighty consummation, through the means of this universal, ethereal and omnipotent agency, electricity, the philosophy of all mind, and all matter, and all life on earth and everywhere; aye, the great philosophy of God!* Then for the resurrection! when Revelation shall have accomplished its mission—what a sound breaks upon the ravished ear; what a scene bursts upon the enraptured vision of fancy! Father, mother, loved and long-lost friends awakening into life, and coming forth again to clasp the arm of love that never more shall break! Verily, the echoes of Odin's halls are hushed, the charms of Thor have departed, and the virgins of the Valhalla have lost their fascinations. Verily, the mighty fabric of mythology, that so long spread its desolating shadow over the nations; that stupendous temple in which the spirits of superstition offered incense, and ignorance run riot; that vast structure, built of human bones and cemented by their blood, beside which Tamerlane's pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls is as nothing; this mighty colossus, which so

long has stood the tempests of time and flourished in its whirlwinds, is crumbling into ruins. The fiery lightnings and thunder-bolts of heaven have scathed its grey summit, the earthquake roll of revolution has swept its hoary base, yet it stood and triumphed in the storm; commotion was its preservative element; and the roll of revolution its loved melody. But this Revelation of true and eternal God has tranquilized the troubled elements, has stilled the tempest, disarmed the whirlwind, and whispered peace, purity and love into the ears of the moral tornado, in which that fabric flourished; has shot light athwart its dark and dismal dungeons, has encircled its pinnacle in sunshine, invested the whole structure in a heavenly influence, and lo! it crumbles into bitter ashes! Is not this a triumph and a conquest? Let history answer!" These adumbrated vaticinations, aye, direct prophecies without ambiguous symbols, with no professions of inspiration, were penned, be it remembered, before I knew anything of the spiritual philosophy, as some of you are aware. True I had read newspaper accounts of spiritualism as a strange illusion among some people in that hot-bed of hallucination and frenzied fanaticism, in the Northern States—and good has come out of Nazareth—but knew nothing of it as worthy the name of science, and only regarded it with contempt. I was first led to investigation by a course of lectures which I heard delivered in the city of Galveston in 1858 by Thomas Gales Forster, nephew of Mr. Gales of the National Intelligencer. It was as a mere pastime to spend a leisure evening that I attended his first lecture, at which I found but a small audience. When I went home and

retired for the night I could not rest nor sleep, so deeply impressed was I, and felt disposed to write an editorial for the next morning papers, calling the attention of the citizens to his magnificent eloquence that they, too, might enjoy it with myself. I had to get up, get the candle and light it myself; get my writing tackle (portable desk), and waited upon myself all through without disturbing any one, contrary to my usual custom, as we always had a young servant at hand to wait upon me in such cases. After inditing the article I again laid down and rested and slept composedly and quietly. I will read the article—it is short—together with the prefatory remarks made by the editor of the "Galveston News:" "Professor Forster delivered his first lecture last night, and we hear the most unbounded applause bestowed on him by those who were present as having far surpassed in his power of eloquence all efforts of elocution ever before witnessed by them. Such is the testimony of all. We append the following testimonial from one of the most intelligent among our citizens whose initials will doubtless sufficiently designate the writer. He will be allowed to be a good judge of true eloquence."

*Editors News:* Allow me to say that Mr. Forster's effort last night for intense eloquence and majestic sublimity—and I don't express more than half my feelings, my judgment, my soul—was the most splendid lecture, the most eloquent oration, the most magnificent effort of human intellect and god-like grandeur that ever blazed before my mental vision or thrilled the tendrils of my heart. Immortality and glory, borne upon philosophy, towered as the theme from the chil-

dren of the earth to the God of the heavens. I don't know the man, never saw him before, nor does he know me. Would that he might speak every night and all night. O, the sublime<sup>2</sup> strides of the soaring soul toward the eternal God and his angel immortalities! The discriminating editor of the "News" with his large experience, when he said the other day that the most eloquent lecture he ever heard fell from Mr. Forster's lips, said a great deal and yet he said nothing. The pages of human history filled with the eloquence of ages, from Cicero to Clay, from Massillon to Maffit, not stopping to look away down upon the pigmy, piping preachers of the times, who stick like blue mud to the bright wheels of religious progress—the pages of human eloquence I say, are filled and yet are blank. Like the morning sun just risen from his eastern couch, dissipating the fogs of night and robing the earth in radiance, Mr. Forster rises and throws his thoughts of light like a morning rainbow from the animal to the angel world. The vestal fires that burn upon the altars of eternity seem kindled in his bosom, and he  
it breathes the flame into the hearts of his hearers.

If I had to characterize in three words his overwhelming eloquence, composed as it is of philosophy and reason, argument and ellocution, brilliancy and beauty, sublimity and majesty, prose and poetry, fancy and fluency, I should say power, power, power.

You may say I am utterly carried away; yes, and I hope to continue to be thus led away from this death-drifting stream of time, in the lofty soarings of the soul after the loved and lost, and the great, the good and the glorious.

[Signed]

S. S. R."



The lecturer spoke with his eyes closed, professing to be the mere mouth-piece of the disembodied spirit of an eminent English orator whose name I have forgotten. Since then I have studied spiritualism (so called) under the lights of modern science; and I can truly say, despite past prejudice, that, whether true or false, it is by far the grandest system of philosophy ever promulgated on this planet within the range of all historic record.

Now, in view of all the facts and truths I have presented, especially the great developments of late scientific research in the domain of mind, is it wonderful that we are able to hold communication with our departed friends near at hand? if, indeed, they are still living? And when we consider, in this connection, another scientific truth, viz: that if we leave our orb and its immediate environs in order to imagine any location beyond the range of astronomical bodies as abodes for our spirit friends, it would place the locality at a distance, according to Herschel, requiring nineteen hundred thousand years for souls to travel, moving with the velocity of light two hundred thousand miles in a second. Our first parents Adam and Eve have by this time only got one-three-hundred-and-sixteenth part of the way to heaven, though they started early in the morning of creation, (by the Mosiac record) and have been traveling with the speed of light ever since. They have accomplished only 6000, and have yet 1,894,000 before them to get there. If we infer such a general and distant place of reception for spirits, then in that celestial emporium every soul from all the myriad of worlds must congregate. "Far more rational



would it not seem," says Prof. Hare, "that our heaven should be associated with our own native planet, in the welfare, the past history and future prospects of which the souls who were born upon it must take pre-eminent interest." What a delightful, what a happy thought is this, that immediately after our dissolution, which really is the date of our true nativity, our grand natal day into life unencumbered, like our first birth from a more encumbered and confined life to one more enlarged and unencumbered, that, instead of being transported to remote and unknown places of incalculable distances, we can be near by and look back at friends depositing our cold casket, now tenantless, in the tomb—the casket of clay which we so lately inhabited, and through which as a necessary material medium we moved among material things in a sphere of physical materials; that from thenceforward and forever after, without end, we may continue to linger around the loved localities of our infantile associations—the old homestead, our native hill, the rocky spring, the purling brook, the tall pines moaning in the wind, the tough tupelo from which we made our boyish toothbrush, the stately poplars, the umbrageous elm, the stalwart oak, or early, sweet and shady maple, where we passed the happy boyhood time of our earliest years; that we can always be personally present with our loved children and friends, participating in their pleasures and rejoicing in their progress, or sympathizing in their sorrows and mourning—though only for a brief season—over their moral miseries which must accompany their moral retrogression, which also must of necessity be only temporary, for God's works all

grow upward, with occasional temporary retrograde movements, which in His boundless destiny of eternity only amount to momentary retardations. I avow it, that this faith, or rather philosophy, that my cherished and revered friends gone before, can be and are present to witness with grief, or even the slightest shade of sorrow, my every action of sin or of wrong, has the greatest power to restrain me in every impulse of passion or temptation to sin, of all the influences and agencies of which I am cognizant, or which have ever been brought to bear upon my moral actions. It is to me a shield of celestial temper. The wish that we have often heard of being able to visit the earth again in one hundred or five hundred years, is to be gratified every hour, every year, every century and forever. That from a contiguous standpoint in eternity we can witness the progress and improvement of our children and grand children and posterity through all future generations on the initial inceptive plane of earth below us, as erstwhile we witnessed their bodily growth for a few years in the clay. This is a glorious thought, and modern science with trumpet tongue proclaims its truth. But we anticipate our subject. To return in order.

And more especially when we take into consideration the growing doubt and disbelief in the miraculous phase of the Bible religion, particularly among the intelligent and scientific. Indeed the materialistic philosophy, to-wit: that spirit is the result of material organism and perishes with it, is rapidly deracinating the old Christian faith. And where's the wonder? What truly scientific man can swallow whole—to use a com-

mon but expressive phrase, that mythic old book with all its crudities, cruelties and absurdities? I don't mean the cardinal truths of man's immortality, the conditions of future reward and punishment, love, truth, peace, charity, spirit communion, etc., as inculcated by Jesus; as founded in philosophy and approved by science; but all that vast mass of animal rubbish, historic falsehood, talmudic fable and mythic superstition. Let me cite a few out of the mass of these fables, contradictions, absurdities and bloody edicts. It dates the creation 5866 years ago: whereas we know from geological facts that this length of time would not fill up the smallest period in the successive epochs of creation. It says light was created the first day, and the sun on the fourth day. The Jews are represented to be a pastoral and predial people, the most fickle, unstable and capricious, always seeking after strange gods; whereas all other history and our own observation make them just the reverse, a commercial people, the most stable, stubborn, tenacious and pertinacious on earth—in fact this is their predominating characteristic. The old bible defender can't controvert or clear away this inconsistency; he can only say the Jewish character has changed. But that will invalidate one of his main arguments in support of the bible, for the Jews are appealed to as a standing immobile monument of its truth. But if they have been changed by the curse, the curse has proved a blessing, for it has riveted them to the one living God, instead of roving after the many idols as in the days of Moses. In the first chapter of Genesis after He had finished the creation of the world and man, He pronounced them "very good."

Yet in the sixth chapter, He repented having made man. And St. James says He is "without variableness or the shadow of turning." It pronounces a curse through all time upon the whole maternal portion of the human family, but science has negated this prophecy and disarmed the cruel curse of rending, racking pains and throes—and every mother should thank Drs. Morton and Jackson for chloroform. I was just about to predict, but as quickly remember that the would-be prediction is already history, to-wit: the use of this or any other anesthetic agent for this special purpose will be denounced by the ignorant bigot as subverting God's law in this behalf, pronouncing a special curse on woman, inasmuch as she was the first who brought death into the world and all our woe. I have already heard this denunciation.

The Christian Prof. Hitchcock says: "The introduction of death into the world and the specific character of that death described in scripture as the consequence of sin, are the next points where geology touches the subject of religion. Here, too, the general interpretation of scripture is at variance with the facts of geology, which distinctly testify to the occurrence of death among animals long before the existence of man. Shall geology here also be permitted to modify our exposition of the bible?" Again: "It is now generally agreed that geology cannot detect traces of such a deluge as the scriptures describe," etc.

The old dispensation which men yet worship as the inspiration of God, inculcates cruelty, murder, treachery and all manner of the blackest turpitude known in the calendar of crime; and all connived at and even ap-

proved under the direct sanction and even instructions of their God: Instance the stoning to death by the Jews of their children for disobedience, the massacre of the whole nation of the Midianites, with the reservation of the virgins for violation by the bloody murderers of their kindred; the outrageous fraud and deception on the part of Jacob; swindling the Egyptians by borrowing their ornaments with the intention of stealing them. Saith Samuel, the pope of Judea, "Now go and smite Amalek and utterly destroy all that they have and spare them not; but slay both man and woman and infant and suckling babe," etc., for a wrong done by their ancestors some hundred years before. God is truth; yet in 1st King xxii, he is represented as employing a lying spirit to allure and lead Ahab through lies to his certain destruction; thus proving by Bible authority that there are lying spirits, which I've no doubt is true; and that God sanctions lying, which I've no doubt is *not* true. Compare the holy Moses as lawgiver and exemplar of morality, with the pagan Solon; and the Christian Abraham with the ethnic Roman Virginius, especially in reference to their treatment and conception of the chastity and purity of their wives and daughters. And yet Abraham is said to be the father of the faithful. David, the great king and sweet singer in Israel, author of the Psalms, was an adulterer, a polygamist and a murderer, though the high moral tone of some of his latest productions deserves commendation and indicate decided reformation; Solomon, author of Ecclesiastes and Proverbs, was also an adulterer, sensualist and polygamist, and his canonised song is a disgusting specimen of concupiscence, sensuality and ob-



scenity ; and even Mary Magdalene, according to some biblical critics, was not *sans reproach* ; but if such be the fact I am satisfied she thoroughly repented and reformed before or when she became so devoted a disciple of the pure minded and virtuous Jesus.

Josephus speaks of prominent and patriotic Israelites Corah, Zimri, and others publicly denouncing Moses as a usurper and ambitious despot. It is also said in the Bible that God tempted Abraham ; St. James says God tempts no man. It says Moses and the seventy elders saw God who appeared also to Abimelech ; St. John and St. Paul both say no man hath seen God. The old bible commands that "there shall not be found among them one who consulteth familiar spirits," which has been quoted against spiritualism by its orthodox opponents, in direct contradiction to the injunction in Kings just cited. And St. Paul, St. John, *et. al.* of the New Testament command us to "desire spiritual gifts," "try the spirits," "quench not the spirit," that we "shall see the angels ascend and descend ;" that "the gods come to us in the form of man," &c. Solomon says "men and beasts have one breath ;" "as one dieth so dieth the other—all things come alike to all : there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked." (Ecc. iii and ix.) It also says there is nothing new under the sun ; yet it says the rainbow is a new creation hung out as a sign that there shall be no more flood. It says what has been shall be again ; yet it also says there shall never be another flood. Even Jesus is represented as saying "Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you nay : but rather division. I am not come to send peace but a sword. For I come to set a



man at variance against his father, daughter, son," &c. (Math. x.) — which has proved literally and terribly too true. And then his utterances to the very contrary, which are truly worthy of inspiration. But who follows them? who takes no thought of the morrow? what he shall eat, or wear? who, when asked for one gives two? when smitten on one cheek turns the other? Loves his enemies, never resents an injury, loves his neighbor as himself, returns good for evil, and bears all indignities and wrongs without resentment, but with meekness, forgiveness and charity? Not one. They, his followers, rely alone upon the unreliable myth of futile faith. And can it be for a moment believed that a good and gracious God would poise an endless heaven and an endless hell for his children upon the mere fact or act of their faith? On this subject I will introduce a little allegory I wrote some time ago, but never published, now, appropos:

FOR THE BRETHREN OF CREEDS.

Faith and all her credulous children have for a long time been preaching up a doctrine that there are two other countries with certain fruits away off in the dim distance of hereafter. One of said places is on the other side of Jordan, through whose boisterous waters they say, we have to pass in order to reach it, the home of Abraham and Sarai. The other country some say, is across the river Styx, the regions of Pluto and Proserpine. Both these places bear peculiar fruits. True, no one of them has ever seen these places or tasted their fruits, but then quoth they, it is all just so because it is so. And of all their millions that have passed that way not one has ever returned and reported. All earth's

children, they solemnly asseverate, will go down across the Styx into outer darkness, where brimstone burns on grated gridirons to fry them for a carnival of fallen angels, who will feast forever on their fat and flesh, or rather the delightful sight of their frying flesh ; unless they, or we, the said children of earth, adopt certain manners—and they vary very much in the manner of these manners—the main one of which is faith, faith, that is to believe it all and nothing else. And what do they believe? They believe what the church believes: and what does the church believe? It believes what they believe: and what do they and the church together believe? They both believe the same thing.

“For by faith are ye saved, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God through the Lord Jesus Christ.” “I say, Mr. Poodles, what makes the boat go?” “Why you see this thingumbob goes down through that hole and fastens the jigmaree, and that connects with the crinkum cramkum; and then that man he’s the engineer, you know, turns the circumlocutionary genuflection which impinges on the hydrostatic valvular pendulum, and they all shove along, and the boat goes ahead.” Some say that in order to escape this terrible Styx, and reach the blessed banks that loom up on the other side of Jordan, you must take water, (immersion,) others that you must go through rain, (sprinkling,) some again that you can’t go at all by yourself, but must be packed on the back of a priest; that he alone can put us through safe; and still others that your heart has to be radically changed by a special fiat of the reigning Jehovah from his distant throne on the apex of the universe. There is also another class who preach

that some and far the greater number will land across Styx in utter darkness, in spite of faith or anything else, that the Creator has so decreed it before the first block was laid for the temple of creation; and that a select few will be by the same decree safely landed across Jordan, in spite of will or wish, why or wherefore.

In short, some preach universal salvation, but practice nothing to prove it; while others preach almost as universal damnation, and prove their preaching by their practice.

Now, the mighty developments of modern science — and science we know can never mislead, for it traces the tracks of Deity and follows in the footsteps of the creator — have shown to the progressive intellects of the children of reason, that a great portion of the creed of faith and her brood is utterly futile and fallacious, dogmas of ignorance and mere myths of the past. And old Faith began to grow weak as she felt her creeds crumbling at the touch of science, and all her children, especially those that suck the paps of their fat mother, were taken with a trembling. Now it came to pass at this conjuncture, that Truth lent her light and science was enabled to trace a straight track to this great unknown hereafter, and prove positively by those laws and workings of nature's creator, which she had already known, that it is not dim and distant, but bright and near at hand; not mysterious and inexplicable, but natural and philosophical; that it is not a myth, but a truth; that there is no sulphurous Styx, nor lutarious Jordan, to engulf forever the majority of mortals; that there are not different and diverse roads, nor cold creeds,

nor hot hells, nor formal faiths of human dogmas; but one natural, straight, clear, unchanging, track through which all earth's children easily pass into its portals; and to crown it all, the rationale of the whole trip is explained and proven on the known principles of immutable philosophy. But what thanks have Faith and her followers awarded science for this mighty succor in this their trying time of need and sore travail? Ridicule, sneers, curses, anathemas, excommunications, aye, their old burning brimstone and sulphurous flame. Now Reason, the enlightened umpire and impartial arbiter, wishes to know the rationale of this black ingratitude and bitter hostility. Is it to continue the dark clouds of their mythic creeds in order to keep the flesh-pots full and feed and fatten the rapacious ravens of the human soul? Or is it to furnish, by Faith and her creed-cursed children, proof positive of the necessity of this future frying pan for earth's sorrowing children, and if necessary for them, the pious, *a fortiori*, is it necessary for all outsiders—*ergo* the brimstone world of eternal torment is demonstrated!—to their supreme satisfaction!

Then all the dearest duties and desires and doctrines of reason and science—and they are the mighty giants of the age, yoked to the car of Truth to crush out error—are decidedly and radically iconoclastic, and so must continue until the ignorance, superstition and hypocrisy of old stall-fed theology, and his crimson creeds, shall, like murky midnight, melt into the morning of light, love and felicity. If this makes me an iconoclast I should glory in the iconoclasm."

But if Jesus intended those pure precepts, already

enumerated, to be practiced by his followers alone—and without extra pretension as a philologist, by every principle of hermeneutics, we are so to understand them—what would be the result to them individually and collectively? Immediate ruin manifestly to every one and all of them. On the other hand, if he intended them for the whole human family, and they should be thus universally practiced, they then become in theory a splendid system of ethics, worthy of their illustrious author. But Jesus is worshiped as a God, or rather *the* God; yet he says, “Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God.”—(Matt. xix). “Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and him only shalt thou serve.” “That there is but one God and he is in heaven—that it is not his to give, but his father’s,” etc.

The splendid Milton is so often cited as the pink of Protestant orthodoxy, that I should mention here his posthumous state papers published in 1823, prove him to have become decidedly Arian in his opinions on this point; that the character of Jesus was moulded in the most perfect model of human nature, the beauty, harmony, and symmetry of his proportions, constituting the most perfect paragon of humanity that ever existed; but not God. And what sensible, scientific man of this day can believe otherwise? Milton lived a century ahead of his contemporaries. That Jesus was a most perfect harmonic man, with the highest spiritual endowments, it is only necessary to state, for those who even doubt these transcendent merits, that from the *Acta Pilati* transmitted to Rome, Tiberius Cæsar, the emperor, was influenced to suggest to the Senate the



propriety of admitting him among the number of Gods, and sent his own prerogative vote, in favor of the measure. But Jesus was not our God and Creator, for all this and much more, for all his splendid preceptions and wonderful revelations and apocalypse and exalted practices; he was our great, gifted, spiritualized brother of humanity and illustrious exemplar of social life.

Jesus also says to Peter, "Thou art the rock on which I build my church;" and after a few minutes again, says to Peter, "Get thee behind me, Satan, thou art an offence to me." The old Roman law, if I recollect rightly, required two witnesses to substantiate the allegations of a party. Jesus, alluding to this, offers himself as one of the two witnesses, to prove his own affirmations. Does this not indicate weakness or at least human fallibility? It frequently inculcates and it is the general interpretation of both Jew and Christian, with some modern exceptions, that future punishment is eternal or everlasting, yet we find the contrary taught in Isa. lvii. 16; Rom. viii. 21; 1st Cor. xv, 22; Phil. ii. 9; Col. i. 20; 1st Tim. ii. 1; Rev. xxi. And the Christ himself says "And I if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me." Per contra, we find everlasting punishment taught in Isa. xxxiii. 14; 2nd Thess. i; and the same Christ says, in Matt. xxv., "the wicked shall go into everlasting punishment and the righteous into life eternal." But in Jude, the word "everlasting" is used to last only until the judgment, the great assize. John the Baptist proclaimed Jesus the Messiah immediately on his advent; yet when in prison, near the end of his career, he sent two of his disciples to ask Jesus and



ascertain if he was the Messiah. Jesus says, "he that is not against us is for us," Luke ix. 50; and *ib.* xi 23, "he that is not with me is against me." And again, in Matt. x. 5, Jesus commands his apostles to "go not into the way of the Gentiles, nor the Samaritans," etc., and in *ib.* xxviii. 19, he tells them to "go into all nations," etc., How can the atrabiliary devotee of incarnated Deity, God, manifest in the flesh, as they call it, reconcile these flat contradictions? How could Jesus be of the lineage of David, when Joseph, said to be of this line, is represented not to be his father though the husband of his mother, who was also not of this house? As a specimen of the loose and unreliable relations of the gospel writers, and their many discrepancies and incongruities, the locality of the denunciations against the Pharisees and Sadducees is given in Gallilee, when they would be appropriate alone to Jerusalem, as these sects flourished there instead of Gallilee. And so on throughout this great chapter of biblical religion, which men venerate and worship as the direct inspiration and miraculous dictation of the great God in person; as the infallible and immaculate oracles of our heavenly father. In charity, however, if not justice, it is my duty to state, that many of those who pretend to preach and expound this thaumaturgical book have never read, much less studied it through entire; and a large majority of those who believe and follow will confess that they have never read it through and of course never pretended to study it. This is in extenuation of their wrong judgment, not of their presumption. As for Joshua's arresting the sun (or the earth), and the whale swallowing Jonah, or Jonah swallowing the whale, and the midnight darkness and flames of fire in the interm-

inable hell, (can darkness exist amid bright and burning flames?), etc., I pass them by as the most incredible of all its incredibilia. But because we cannot explain or account for them on any known principles of science, their acatalapsie or incomprehensibility, is not good reason that we should utterly reject them, for we do not yet know all of nature's philosophy, nor the half; we are just entering the ante-chamber, the vestibule, of her mighty magnific temple. What is an atom? Of what and how is it composed? We know its relation to the universe is boundless; every atom is regnant in its sphere and pregnant in the power of its influence. There is not a jar but shakes the solid globe, and every movement makes it tremble in its equipoise; there is not a sound but undulates throughout its elastic atmospheric mantle, and every note vibrates an echo throughout this mighty organ. We know, too, that every atom is endued with polarities, electricity or magnetism; beyond this we know nothing.

What causes the planets to revolve in ellipses instead of circles? I am not ignorant of the accepted theory of centrifugal impulsion and centripetal attraction, alternately preponderating; but this, if considered to be permanent, is fallacious, as could easily be demonstrated were it necessary to my subject. But to return, I can not believe these marvellous supernatural absurdities penned by ignorant men, or perverted by corrupt translators and supervenient interpolations, knowing as I do know the ignorance, superstition and moral depravity of mankind, and especially priestkind. I might as well believe the wonderful stories of the "Cid Campeador," the "Incomparable Lord" of the Spaniards. A

history, if not "sacred," at least as credible by its freedom from the marvellous and unnatural, as the other is by its fullness of the same, informs us of his almost supernatural victories when alive, and after death and burial, the exhumation of his body, placing it upon his old war-horse, in front of his army, and leading to victory; that a saint came down from heaven to lead the Spaniards against the Moors; that a blazing cross lingered in the sky above their contending hosts; that the sun stood still to give them time in the slaughter of their enemies, etc. To deny the possibility of a miracle, past, present, or future, no matter by whom recorded, is not necessarily to deny all the phenomena thus invested, or attributed to miracle by the ignorant and credulous; for example, the resurrection of Christ after an inhumation of three days, as this comes within the possibility of a natural philosophy, whose occult elements are now being developed by science; or his instantaneous restoration of sight to the blind, which is now frequently done; or the appearance of the spirit of Samuel to Saul, through the witch (medium) of Endor, as this is now a common occurrence, with a patent philosophy; or Moses leading the children of Israel dry-shod across the Red Sea, as Napoleon Bonaparte did the same thing at the same place three thousand years later—from a now well-known etesian cause—the prevalence of winds from a certain quarter rendering it entirely practicable. Among the wonderful works performed by Christ, or rather Jesus, the most "*miraculous*" is that of raising Lazarus from the dead. Now, if that could not have been, and if this can not now be done by natural laws and on natural philosophy

it never was done or performed at all. But it can thus be done, and no doubt was performed. Jesus said "Lazarus was not dead, but sleepeth." Then when he perceived his disciples understood him to mean a natural sleep, he corrected this false impression by saying "he is dead." As for the remark of Martha that decomposition had commenced, having been dead four days, it was only her opinion which proved incorrect. We have many authenticated cases of this kind on record. In the book of Kings it is stated that Elisha raised the dead, the vital functions having been suspended however but a few hours.

Rev. Wm. Tennent, Presbyterian clergyman, of New Jersey, lay dead (apparently) for three days and was about to be buried, when he revived. The wife of Mr. Lancaster, first delegate from Washington Territory, died (to all appearances) out on the Western plains, and was brought on a litter by friendly Indians a distance of three hundred miles to Fort Laramie, occupying eight days, when on the completion of preparations for her inhumation, she revived and recovered. Hon. Mr. Osborne, military secretary to the British Indian mission, records a case of an Indian Fakir having lain entombed *ten months*, and upon exhumation was resuscitated and restored to life and health. If I am not mistaken this author was witness to the whole proceeding from beginning to end. This cataleptic condition of trance, resembling hibernation of animals, in which there is a total suspension of all physical and perhaps spiritual dynamics, is and has been frequently overcome by the power of will, of love, of magnetism, in another organism operating upon the unconscious and

negative subject ; just as asthma, asphyxia, catalepsy, pleurisy, rheumatism, neuralgia, and all diseases both acute and chronic, of short or long standing, are now frequently cured, and sometimes in a few minutes, when all known therapeutic agents of the medical faculty have failed ; and also as the most painful and dangerous capital cases in surgery are now performed with facility, without pain, and with little hemorage and with little inflammation ; all under the wonderful influence of magnetism or vital electricity.

As this involves an important part of the philosophy of life, a brief explanation may be necessary, with a little deviation from the general system of my subject. All the physical functions, and the spiritual faculties and the entire vital dynamics of the human machine, are dependent on and under the control of magnetism or vital electricity ; and as this is in redundancy or deficiency, so is the character of disease. If not all (as contended by some,) a large proportion of our diseases originate from an unbalanced or disturbed condition of this subtile fluid. As in excess, inflammations follow, so a want of the proper quantum is followed by a want of vital action. This excess is removed or abstracted by proper manipulations from a perfect and harmonic magnetizer, and the process is expedited by the application of ammonia, vinegar, or water, as this facilitates the passage of the superabundant electricity, but not oil, or fat, or grease, as this obstructs. This process is illustrated in Christ and his Apostles relieving the sick "by the laying on of hands," which was done for several centuries, and is now a very common occurrence. By *proper* manipulations, I mean



making the passes from the deranged point outwards, like magnetizing a piece of metal, for when the direction is reversed a contrary result follows. When there is a deficiency of this vital force, the contact of a positive vigorous magnetizer will impart the requisite amount and restore the proper vitality, as exemplified in Elisha restoring the suspended animation of the child apparently dead; with many such cases on record, and also by the force of a potent perfect *will*, as Christ restoring Lazarus, with many similar facts well authenticated.

The splendid and philosophic S. B. Britton, in his magnificent work entitled "Man and his Relations," (just published, 1865,) relates from a Memphis paper, "A married couple were on their way from New Orleans up the river, when the husband sickened and died. The bereaved widow landed at Memphis with the remains, where she made arrangements for the funeral. The form of her bosom friend was about to be conveyed to the scene of its final repose, but fond affection demanded the privilege of one last, lingering look, and accordingly the lid was removed from the coffin. Bending over the cold and apparently lifeless form, she bathed the brow with her scalding tears, and fervently kissed the frigid lips. In this great struggle love triumphed over death. *There* was one who had "*slept*" as long, and doubtless as profoundly, as Lazarus; but the Divine Spirit that animates all things—acting through the mediumship of a frail woman—dissolved death's icy chains and set the captive free. That man recovered, inspired with new energy and gratitude to the Being in whose hand are



the issues of life and death." Again from the same superb author: "The form of Lazarus was in a perfectly negative state; and a great physical, spiritual and divine magnet, in the person and power of Jesus, stood at the door of the sepulchre. The powers of the Heavens, acting through the concentrated energies of his mind and the subtle agents of the natural world, established the necessary connection. Virtue descended and went out from Jesus to quicken the lifeless form. The vital fluids began to circulate; the life-giving energy was transfused through all the veins and arteries; a subtile, all-communicating spirit ran along the avenues of sensation, and the nerves moved like the strings of an untuned lyre when they are swept by a mighty wind. A loud voice re-echoed through the cavern, and the sleeper awoke to walk again with the living." How superior is this grand philosophy to the blind infidel obstinacy that denies all spirituality, past, present, or prospective, or to the weak efforts of Renan, trying to throw doubt on the truth of the Christian record. I dispute equally with the professed infidel who would invalidate all spiritual record, and with the professed Christian who would make all "religion unnatural and all nature irreligious;" and all those who hear and may again think of me, I hope will remember this.

Moreover, through psychometry, or clairvoyance, or clairsaudience, or some other means of clear perception, more wonderful than, and as well authenticated as these, disease is detected and described, perceived and prescribed for at a distance of hundreds of miles, without the least previous knowledge, acquaintance, or hear-

say ; and correctly, too, as is attested by the success, when of long and unsuccessful treatment by the old profession. But all this is effected through the laws of nature—there is no other way to effect anything—laws which we are just beginning to find out and unfold. No, (to resume) it is not the facts we deny, unless in direct contravention to well known philosophy, but the miraculous phase of the facts ; nor are we on the other hand necessarily committed to their affirmation. Also, in this connection, the Bible saith somewhere (Gen. ix. 6,) “Whoso sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed ;” that he who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword ; that he who deals violence to others, shall himself perish by the hand of violence.

“There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will,” said Shakespeare, who, not as a poet, but as an acute observer and profound philosopher had no superior. I have heard old observant men say they have often noticed that a violent man would generally die by violence—viewing it as a righteous retribution ; and also, that when one member of a devoted circle or family dies, others are almost certain to follow very soon ; and further, that the most amiable and lovely are generally selected by death ; hence the old aphorism “Death loves a shining mark.” I believe this is a prevailing opinion, whether derived from the Bible or from experience, or from both. If this be true, it has a philosophy, but if it has no philosophy it is false ; whether or not we understand the philosophy is another question. Now as excarnated men or angels can, and do in certain conditions, influence men in the

flesh to write in any hand and speak in any tongue, and perform any music on any instrument, all unknown to them, and also move heavy, ponderable bodies, all through a proper medium in rapport, isn't it in accordance with the logic of other analogies and reasonable to suppose that the spirit of the murdered man can find some unconscious medium through which to retaliate upon his violent murderer yet in the flesh? or the excarnated loved member of a devoted circle find some tractable unisonant medium, through whom as an unconscious instrument, to gather up to his own happy abode some others of his loved jewels left behind him in this plain of sorrows? This is merely suggested as a speculative hypothesis to verify through philosophy these old cherished sentiments, and, if true, clear them from the mist of miracle.

The devotees of the Bible say that it is so far above and beyond human reason that they cannot pretend to fathom, explicate or understand it; that reason is not required, and must have nothing to do with its exegesis in determining the question of its reception or rejection; but, with the deglutition of the anaconda, it must be swallowed wholly, souilly and bodily as we find it, without mastication of incisor or molar, without concoction of encephalon or viscera. But was not reason the cause objectively and subjectively of all their church reformations? And do they intentionally or ignorantly set aside the words of the gentle Jesus, their very God, "Why, even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right?" (Luke xii.)

And don't they use reason, or try to use reason, in expounding it? Will they acknowledge no reason in

their preaching? And moreover, what is it that makes them come to the conclusion to accept it without any research of reason? It is reason that prompts them to reject reason. If they reject reason in explaining, why accept reason in rejecting? They stultify themselves in this whole subterfuge, as indeed they do in every other. But, quoth the preacher, "The Bible is true because of the miracles which it records; (reason enough to invalidate it in the mind of a philosopher), "and these miracles are true because the Bible records them." The Bible is true because St. Paul says so; and St. Paul is true because the Bible says so. Rev. Mr. Mahan, "the intellectual giant," says, "Every reader will agree with us in the assumption that the incorruptible God has never performed and never will perform a miracle in attestation of that which is unreal or untrue. A religion really and truly attested by divine miracles must therefore be admitted to be true." To which shallow subterfuge Prof. Hare replies: "To this very admissable truism, I add that an omnipotent and prescient God could not have any occasion to perform miracles in attestation of any thing, since, by the premises, his will must be carried out without miracles. That any thing should, even for an instant, be contrary to his will, is inconsistent with his foresight and omnipotency. It would be a miracle that any thing counter to his will should exist."

The next postulate of Mr. Mahan: "No religion attested as true by divine miracles can be false!" Was this proposition ever impugned? No one would resist the unquestionable dictates of God, however conveyed, whether by miracle or any other means. The question

is not whether a religion attested by divine miracles should be accredited, but whether there were ever any miracles, attesting any religion, performed ; and, if so, what religion has the peculiar merit of having been thus attested? Millions who believe in other religions deride those miracles of revelation which Mr. Mahan would adduce; and Protestants do not admit many which the Romish church sanctions. For one I deny that any miracle has ever been performed with the view of attesting any religion whatever. No miracle could be necessary to attest the will of omnipotence any more than to enable a man to wave his hand. But admitting that it ever has been necessary, no miracle has ever been resorted to for the purpose in question, since none has answered the desired end. This would not have been the case had miracles been resorted to by prescient omnipotence." Another distinguished divine in an elaborate effort to vindicate the Bible, commences thus: "God forbid that I should depreciate the value of reason in any of its offices. Reason is God's gift to man, and must be used as God designs. But so is the Bible God's gift to man, and must be used as God designs. Two gifts from the same perfect being can not conflict with each other," etc. But this is enough—fair specimens of theological argument and logic, or rather sophistry; taking for granted at the start the very point in dispute, and thus beg the question in the beginning. They are disgusting for their want of sense as well as want of honesty. I'll prove there is no death, and from death itself, and without meanly begging: There's nothing certain but death—it is certain sooner or later; and there can be no death without first life; then life



becomes certain as death ; but if life is certain there can be no death, for death cannot ensue without extinction of life—therefore there can be no death. This is the tergivisation and sophism of logic, without the disgusting begging of simulating simpletons. They evince not even a modicum of the astute dialectic talent of the ancient sophist, who, addressing Clinian, asked, “Is he who learns wise or unwise?” Answer, he is wise. But was he not previously ignorant of what he learns? Answer, yes. The ignorant therefore learn, Clinian, and not the wise as you supposed.”

You may derive any doctrine from the Bible you please, and I’ll find more than one sect professedly derived from that same Bible who will deny it. I will prove legally and logically from all the numberless sects, both orthodox and heterodox, that this whole Bible is a tissue of falsehood. It is a jurisprudential principle and practice of universal application that a larger number can invalidate the testimony of a smaller number, all other things being equal. Now, you name any sect you please, say Arminian, and I’ll find a larger number of other sects who pronounce that sect wrong ; then name another sect, say Calvinist, and I’ll find a larger number of other sects including the Arminian, who will denounce that ; then name another, and I’ll find a larger number including both the Arminian and Calvinist who will denounce them in the same way ; and thus continue this process until you have named every one of all the sects, and I will thus prove by a larger number, that every one of all the sects is wrong, and that, too, by these very sects themselves, who are all derived from the Bible and are its professed follow-



ers. So that if there is any reliance to be placed in this testimony as a rule of evidence and in these large numbers of Bible religionists, the Bible and all its sects and sectaries are proved utterly fallacious, and by these very religionists themselves.

Again: take any sect, say the Unitarian, and they declare that every body and every sect that don't think precisely as they do on any cardinal point are infidels, and as all infidels will meet and merit damnation, therefore, everybody else will be damned. Then take any other, say the Trinitarian, and they declare the same of themselves, that everybody who don't believe as they believe, in the absolute divinity of Jesus, for instance, is "infidel," and as every infidel is to be damned, of course, every body else is done for. Thus continue this process, and the whole world will be lost. Thus their vicarious God died in vain, man was created in vain, and the creative God has failed. All this might be called, in legal parlance, cumulative evidence, and I think is also competent to the court if not satisfactory to the jury.

This principle, we call "religion," was originally and properly called philosophy — literally love of wisdom, now reason, rationale of phenomena — at a time when it was thought to be truly a philosophy; but after it was found to have no philosophy, (appropriately if not thus intentionally) the word "religion" was adopted, and certainly with great propriety, as far at least as the significance of the word.

The ancient priests of Egypt, from whom letters and civilization have sprung, were men of philosophy, and entirely different from the order now designated as

priests. The colleges of Thebes, Heliopolis and Memphis, were the head-quarters of professional and scientific men, and bore no sort of similtude or even resemblance to our modern ecclesiastical institutions. It was from these colleges the Greek schools derived their science. Pythagoras had lived at Thebes, Plato at Heliopolis, and Thales and Democritus at Memphis.

The word "religion" is derived from the Latin *ligo* to bind, and *religo* to rebind, as the priesthood had to bind over and again their credulous and obstreperous disciples. The word was used by the Romans as a sacred oath to the gods. The word bible is from the Greek *biblos*, originally soft-bark, which the ancients used to write upon, and means book. The term "holy" was prefixed by the Jews to express excellence. Hence, "holy bible" literally means, in the original, excellent soft-bark. The books composing the Old Testament were written upon soft-bark, palm leaves, impressible stones, etc. There were many more than are now preserved and acknowledged at the present day, as "Wars of the Lord," "Book of Jasher," "Acts of Solomon," "Visions of Iddo the Seer," etc. The manuscripts of the New Testament, with many more, were collected about 300 years after Christ. According to Mosheim, who is high, standard authority in the church, "Not long after Christ's ascension into heaven, several histories of his life and doctrines, full of pious frauds and fabulous wonders, were composed by persons whose intentions, perhaps, were not bad, but whose writings discovered the greatest superstition and ignorance. According to the "Unitarian new version, there were in these manuscripts upwards of 130,000 readings."

Such was the idolatrous adulation paid to the authority of Origen, who was the origin of the present fashion of preaching from a text, and whose superstition drove him to commit self-mutilation of such ruinous character as to result in emasculation of mental vigor as well, that emendations of the text, which were but suggested by him, were taken in as part of the New Testament; though he himself acknowledged they were supported by the authority of no manuscript whatever. Lanfranc Archbishop of Canterbury, made many alterations for the avowed purpose of accommodating them to the faith of the orthodox. In the year 506, "The illustrious Messala, being consul by the command of the Emperor Anastasius, the holy gospels, as having been written by idiot evangelists, are censured and corrected." According to Davis, and other authors, 2048 bishops assembled at Nice, in the year 325, under command of the Emperor Constantine. During their pious deliberations they became so vociferous, obstreperous and violent toward each other, that Constantine disqualified 1730 from having a voice in deciding which books were and which were not the word of God. The 318 left pronounced the books which subsequently composed the bible, to be the word of God. Since then, however, several books have been rejected, such as the "Gospel of the Egyptians," "Gospel of the Hebrews," "The Gospel of Perfection," "Gospel of Barnabas," "Epistle of Clemens Romanus," of "Ignatius." of "Polycarps," etc., "Shepherd of Hermas," "Revelation of Paul," "Acts of Peter," "Epistle of Christ," etc. Out of fifty gospels then extant, they only retained Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, the balance, some well written,

were committed to the flames; while the books of James, Jude, and the Apocalypse, were entirely rejected. The emperor then sanctioned their decision and ordered the bible, as then canonized, to be received as the word of God. After this, ecclesiastical councils were frequently called, and as frequently annulled the decisions of each other, until the year 633, at the council of Toledo, the rejected books of James, Jude, and Revelation of St. John, were incorporated into the sacred canons. As for the story of the miraculous cross appearing in the heavens over Constantine's head as a sign by which he was to conquer, it was manufactured, I opine, specially for Constantine and his favors, and probably by the very priest who undertook to procure pardon and special condonation for his crimes. Constantine himself, it is said, became a convert to Christianity because a Pagan refused to absolve him from the guilt of murdering his own son, (I think,) declaring it impossible to procure expiation for so heinous a crime; but a Christian priest readily agreed to do it for him with certainty, celerity and facility.

This easy expiation, however, may not be so incredible, if we believe the able and eminent divine, Dr. Olin, (against whom, as he was the warm personal friend of my father, and baptised my only sister, it is hardly reasonable to suppose I cherish any prejudice) who said "there was virtue enough in the blood of Christ to cleanse the foulest spot in hell." Did the good doctor bethink himself how well he was vindicating the Universalists? or as the Methodists, among whom Olin was a high and honored dignitary, delight to call "hell-redemptionists!" And yet, *per contra*, another prelate, with

whom he affiliated, declared the "doctrine of universal salvation was repulsive to his moral feelings." Gracious God! what moral feeling, for even the breast of a barbarian, aye, the lowest order of brute!

In *euphemistic* (?) parlance, "plain as preaching, now means, clear as mud; and "true as Gospel," the burlesque on veracity. Just think of the general depravity, duplicity and debauchery of the priesthood and self-styled orthodox clergy; their ignorance, indolence and arrogance; their vanity, venality, hypocrisy and passion of all sorts; anger, revenge, lust, lechery and the whole diabolic train that constitute their secret symposium and carnival of crime! Few outside of those interested in the flesh-pots, and their followers and dupes, who make up the menial million without sense or soul to know or do, now have any sympathy for the disgusting hierophantic hierarchy. Hence, the rapid growth of modern scepticism and materialism. If I speak fearlessly and severely, I speak honestly and truly. I will here read from my "Dissertation," a page or two on this point:

With the hypocritic and hypercritical cant and fine-spun theological abstraction of the day, so rife and rampant; of bishops and baptisms, presbyteries and predestinations, apostolic succession and secession; Baptist bigotry, Episcopalian arrogance, Presbyterian pertinacity, Methodist animalism, and Papal apostacy, (of course, we speak alone of their prominent peccadilloes), all "gentle theologues of calmer kind, who, cold themselves think ardor comes from hell," the author has nothing to do; with plump stall-fed theology he has no affinity. For all the high-sounding big brass trum-



pets of the times, who issue imperial bulls and pontifical ukase, touch the mainsprings of thunder in their vatican and fulminate judicial anathemas from their ecclesiastical thrones; for those serio-comic clerical conventions, yeleft conferences, etc., self-constituted congresses of governmental policies, judicatories of person and property, political dispensaries of law and liberty, *alias* periodic celebrations of sanctimonious saturnalia, constituting a perfect pandemonium of green spirits and blue, black ditto, and so forth; with all the fats and fumes of these boiling cauldrons of evil genii; who, with satanic heart and sacrilegious hand would rend in twain a happy civil brotherhood, tear down our cherished fabric of freedom and drench the land in blood, that themselves, the very hell-hounds, of disunion and civil war may lap the crimson tide, may flourish in its flow and revel in its ruin; for all such vile perversion and villainous prostitution, the humble writer of these humble pages entertains the deepest abhorrence and most ineffable detestation. He has no admiration for clerical cravats and clerical conventicles, clerical prerogatives and all extra-judicial clerical pretensions; no sympathy for that proud preaching, pious mockery and fashionable folly of the sleek city sycophant, who deals in moral prosing, mental inanity, easy essays, pliant ethics and *ad captandum vulgus* show, reflected from strolling ghosts of myth and moonshine. Nor on the other hand is he an apologist for the mad raving of the ranting vulgarian, who beats his box and pulls his pit, frets his hours away, and pretending exhaustion sits down with serene and self-complacent countenance; having labored lustily, he thinks faith-



fully, and enjoys the balance of the week in elegant ease among his idolatrous disciples, "whom he never teaches because he never learns." Again, and some of you will doubtless consider it vulgar Brownlowism, or worse, diabolical Beecherism, which will perhaps jar on more refined ears, as it was written under the intensity of youthful impulse and ardor, unchastened by age; and you will not expect me to stop now to smooth its severity with more polish, inasmuch especially as it speaks the truth, though the pen be porcupine dipped in fiery lava, contains the jewel though full of flint and fire.

We have seen the stricken soul, perhaps wild and wayward, mayhaps erring and erratic, but high-hearted and noble, unfortunate, with soul and exalted nature, who like the noble Scaevola, would thrust his arm into the burning fire and see it and feel it perish, rather than stoop to meanness or falsehood; who would disdain a low act as the bird of Jove disdains the mire; soul of impassioned mould and lofty aspirations that soared like the eagle of the mountain into the clear cerulean; with no fault but misfortune, no weakness but too much trust, no guilt but looking to heaven, no crime but devoted love, like the immortal Milton, traduced, maligned, abused and barked at by human hyenas of sacerdotal sanctity with eyes that roll in holy horror at the aberrations of erratic love and pure devotion—the little pecadilloes perchance of others—who should have poured the oil of healing, and who will themselves, according to their own theory and *practice*, roll another horror to the billowed thunders of devil's daily dirge, and cast a shadow over the regions of the

damned like embodied midnight. We have seen the innocent, the injured, and the pure, torn down with pharisaic friendship and satanic soul by falsehood's forked tongue of demoniac traduction—by the vile and villainous preacher who, under the assumed sanctitude of the Prince of peace, would scent out the victim of misfortune and urge on his hell-hounds of carrion to their feast of devils—obsequious simpletons, who would howl when their master hissed—incarnated spirits of distilled iniquity, whose souls, if they have any, will make black spots in hell's darkest midnight—spots that the roll of ages will not efface, and the darkness of the damned will be sunshine to their spirits, deep and dark enough to extinguish the light of a thousand suns.

Voracious vampires of the human soul and venal vermin of society; with no feeling but self, no God but gold, no principle but hypocrisy, no object but self-emolument, no glory but the misfortune of others, no ambition but to pander to the powerful, and no certain hope but certain hell; that prowl in the midnight of character, and feast and fatten on the misfortune of others; ulcerous sores that eat at the vitals of society; the utter abhorrence of God and angels; the deep detestation of pure, enlightened men; we loathe, we spurn, we pity them.

But, poor vermin! the venom of your depraved spirits will be purged away under God's great law of progression. The black Hades or hell you preach and which you practice, and to which you would doubtless consign me for eternal duration, is, thank God for you, only eviternal, not sempiternal as you proclaim. The

grand economy of progression will lift even you from this eviternal Geheuna, and will make your black spirits ultimately blossom with charity and love. Such I would have you, and the God I serve will do more than I can wish—different from your God, who<sup>m</sup> would, if adjudicating your practices by the standard of your precepts, damn you forever in hell's hottest abysmal ocean of fire, fury and flame. But no. I hope to see in future centuries—it will require centuries—the fruit of angel love growing up out of your present black and bitter ashes. By the perfect optimism of Providence, which is nature, the doors of Paradise are ever open to you and to all. This lecture may be heard by other auditories, to many of whom it will be like the pearl to the swine, to some a true picture of their depravity; and to others and by far the greatest number, I hope, a comfort and a consolation if not a glory.

After this rapid retrospect of religion and its votaries, its foundation and their practices, we might well and solemnly exclaim in the language of the poet,

“Great God! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things!”

But, after all, perhaps it is the best religion to hold in check the evil of the ignorant, and please the feelings of the vindictive, for the Deity and religion of a man always assimilate to the plane of his feelings and perceptions. It is natural for the cruel, tyranic, puritanic and vindictive natures to believe in and worship a cruel, tyranic, and vindictive God—and those who heartily believe in such a God cannot be otherwise, for the God whom they thus invest is but the mirror of their character: given the attributes of the God wor-

shipped, and the character of his worshippers appears in a mirror; or given the character of the worshippers, and the attributes of their God will assimilate to their plane: it is not only natural, as I said, but it is as impossible for such natures to have any other sort of God as it is for a carnivorous animal to desire any other sort of food but flesh, or for God himself to contravene his own laws and work a miracle.

And perhaps, too, as the followers of Moses could not appreciate the improvement of the Christian dispensation, so the followers of Christ can not appreciate the present philosophic apocalypse, or apocalyptic philosophy. It also furnishes convenient occasions for the vain city belle to see and be seen; and the only occasion for the unsophisticated country damsels and their beaux to gratify their gregarious propensities, as well as also a fitting field for the display of the aged, ambitious and dignified laity, to become great in church if not in State. And popular revivals, while they prove an interesting show for the youth of precocity and pro-cacity, for the city sap-head or country clod-hopper, disclose a wonderful phase of human nature for the profound study of the profoundest philosopher. Truly religion has become the synonym of superstition, and priest and pontif, prelate and preacher, the very prototypes of prostitution.

Now in view of all the facts and truths I have presented, especially considering the great developments of late scientific research in the domain of mind, the universal ethereal medium through which mind acts upon mind at any distance and without any obstruction, when minds are in rapport with each other, is it not a

wonder that deceased spirit-friends, if they be really living, do not thus communicate with some of us in the flesh, with whom they may come in rapport? Isn't it a wonder that exarnated human spirits don't see and communicate with us incarnated spirits through this same universal electro-ethereal medium through which we communicate with one another on this rudimental earth plane? When men in the flesh have learned to use this mystic medium by putting themselves in and assuming that necessary negative condition of perfect passivity and receptivity, is it not a wonder that those out of the flesh, if still in existence, do not then manifest themselves to us through this same medium of the many millions on both sides of such various electric temperaments? And when we also consider that some in all ages of mankind have had such mysterious manifestations without understanding them, is it not a wonder indeed that our spirit friends in the spirit spheres do not now manifest themselves intelligibly to us with our present progressed facilities, as we have learned the lightning and lettered its sheets, and thus attest our immortality and their felicity? The science of mind and electricity has reached that point that we must expect—nay, must have—such communications from our friends who have gone before, or else conclude forever that they live no more. For spirit here can now communicate with spirit unimpeded by flesh, distance or any other obstacle; and some of those eliminated spirits who have left the body can communicate through the same universal medium to some of us yet in the body in unison with them; therefore if they do not now communicate we are bound to believe they live no more,



but died and perished with their bodies. But cease these wonders, dry your tears, dispel your doubts, linger no longer your patient expectations, for list! ye tenants of the tomb! Hear it, and feel a new glory thrill your vital being of your mortal body, ye prisoned spirits of the mouldering urn! The glorious truth and the glorious proof of your immortal life and immortal love, hath sounded its glorious symphonies upon your sombre shores! The glorious reality has come. The mighty and momentous truth in lights of supernal splendor has blazed upon the world. Just at the time when science leads us to look for it and must have it, or bury our hopes and loves in the grave forever, the grand and glorious fact comes careering on the wings of the wind, aye, on the lightning's pinion, with angelic anthems. And O what a fact! what a truth! is this we have learned in our favored nineteenth century! Every pulsation of our corporeal, and every vital vibration of our spiritual heart, should beat throughout the infinite future, glory to our Creator.

That was a grand event in the pages of the past, when Columbus pictured a new and unknown continent on the map of the world; but this new continent, like the old, is filled with the bitterness of death and blasted hopes. That was a proud period for man when the printing press leaped forth from the mind of Faust and Guttenberg to spread knowledge broadcast among the nations and render her springs imperishable; but its reflected lights never reached beyond the dim horizon around us.

That was an epoch in the chronology of time when Christ stood forth and proclaimed immortal life to the



good and true; but he only proclaimed the truth and left the world still in the darkness of doubt. And that was sublime when he illustrated his life in his glorious death, and was lost to mortal vision in the brightness of his empyreal sphere; but the splendor of his illustration grows dim in the distance, and the glory of his ascension is believed by few and known to none. But all these grand events and epochs of the past grow pale before the luminous effulgence of this new risen sun of science which is now illuminating the world of mind; they sink into insignificance beside the gathered glories of this new apocalypse which is brightening into bliss the sorrows and sufferings of earth's dying children. Not with meek proclamation, nor proud preaching, nor pompous declamation on futile faith; but, based on philosophy, with absolute demonstration and certainty of science, this grand and mighty truth so long dark, dormant and unknown, has leaped into light, life and knowledge, and already warms the hearts of its enlightened millions, soothing their sorrows, easing their agonies, and binding the glory of immortality around their love.

You remember I brought the history of unknown spirit intercourse of the past down to the present generation: here now I again take it up for a moment to glance at the living age. Spirit intercourse and its true philosophy are now known and believed in by many millions of the present generation, including the most eminent and enlightened minds of the world—in fact, no others can have a perfect intellection of its philosophy—many of whom not only believe but know, not from high-wrought feeling of excitement, intense orgasm, or

contagious sympathy which religious converts experience, but with the cool, positive demonstration of science and absolute knowledge. We will give a few distinguished names, as you perceive I illustrate and prove as I go: Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, Ex-Governor of New York and formerly United States Senator; Judge Edmonds, who served in the Senate of New York and was a Judge in its Supreme Court, who as certainly and consciously holds daily intercourse with his exarnated as with his incarnated friends; Professor Hare, one of the most profound and scientific men the world has ever produced, and member of various learned societies, who being a materialist and unbeliever in immortality invented an ingenious contrivance with which to disprove and refute the so-called spirit manifestations, but which converted him and proved its truth—thus making him a happy man with certain prospect of immortal life, without the shadow of incertitude; and Brittan, Tiffany, Harris, Dexter, Ferguson, Newton, the venerable Dods who wrote a book to show that all the phenomena of spirit intercourse were nothing more nor less than the illusions of his favorite electrical psychology; but was finally forced by demonstrative evidence to renounce his specious theory and embrace the fact of spirit existence and spirit intercourse; and a host of others in talents as well as numbers—representative men of the world—lawyers, doctors, divines of eminence in America, beside many of the most learned in England, France, Germany, etc., among whom, I believe, are Lord Brougham, Louis Napoleon, etc., securely and serenely moored in this glorious haven opened up by modern science. Jew and

Gentile, Christian, Infidel and Pagan, Moslem and Giaour, and all creeds alike may come within the purview of this glorious evangel, and all earth's children may come and lay their various offerings on this universal altar of philosophy. I will now endeavor to explain this philosophy, and with as much brevity as possible—if such an expression will bear the critic's scrutiny. And I can not hope to make, nor ought you to expect a lucid exposition; for my experience among you as a public speaker has been in polemic discussion on current political topics, with some of our most talented orators and distinguished politicians, whose genius would contribute to illumine the way, not difficult without them; which is very different from a lecture on a new, abstruse and metaphysical philosophy—especially, too, as this is my first effort in this field, and I may add will probably be my last. For I can assure you it is greatly more difficult than a political discussion, which is the easiest performance within my knowledge, except modern homiletic sermonising and romance writing, all for the simple millions. I think I have said enough to free me from the charge of one sin at least, that of pandering for the praise of priest or preacher, and all priest-ridden people and the entire clerical curriculum.

Now as one mind in the body in a positive condition of electricity can perceive and influence another mind in the body in a negative condition of electricity, both in rapport with each other, and all this without the use of any of the corporeal senses; so a spirit out of the body in a positive condition of electricity can perceive and influence a spirit or mind in the body in a

negative condition and both in rapport, independent of physical organism in both cases. This electricity, from the Greek for amber, (a resinous substance), in which it was first discovered by the great Thales of Miletus, twenty-five hundred years ago, be it remembered, is an universally diffused, subtile, imponderable and mysterious agent and element of mind and matter. Some of us are in this negative impressible condition naturally; all of us may become so by practice and persevering effort. All such, whether natural or acquired, are called mediums, (properly, perhaps the plural should be media, according to the Latin idiom). Through a progressed and practiced medium—for we progress and attain proficiency in this as in everything else—a spirit or angel formerly of the flesh, but now in the spirit-world round about us, can speak, write, or perform what would be called miracles, or attributed to conjuration, prestigation, necromancy, sorcery, legerdemain, jugglery, witchcraft, humbug, demonism, electricity, or odylic force, by the ignorant or wicked. They are made to speak in tongues entirely unknown to the medium, such as Hebrew, Greek, French, Italian, etc.; and write in the precise hand of others, deceased and unknown to them. They are made to perform in the most masterly manner on the piano, flute, guitar, and other instruments to which they were perfect strangers, and execute pieces of music of which they know nothing. But the easiest and most elementary though not the surest and most satisfactory way for the unprogressed and inexperienced medium is through some convenient, simple, ponderable substance, as a table or chair. That a table raps, tips, without

the application of adequate force, is strange; that a table moves up through the air, without the application of any visible force whatever, is still more strange; that the raps, tips, and movements of a table should convey intelligence and indicate the presence of some other mind, becomes mysterious and vastly interesting; and that this intelligence thus conveyed should indicate thoughts, opinions, feelings, different from and contrary to all those present, showing it to be not the mere mesmeric or psychologic reflex of others in the flesh, is more mysterious and interesting still, and absolutely inexplicable upon any known principle or imaginable hypothesis, except that invariably avowed by the author of the intelligence itself, to-wit: the exarnated spirit that has passed the portal of dissolution. This table-intelligence, communicating through the raps or tips of the table, is the A B C of spirit intercourse. For instance, have it understood that one rap shall mean yes, two no, etc., or call the letters of the alphabet, either orally or mentally, and whenever the proper letter is called to spell out what the spirit wishes to communicate, the table will rap. This is the first and most simple but not most certain mode of intercommunication between the two states of existence. The experienced, progressed, and proficient mediums have an internal, direct mental communication, independent of the temporal or physical sensorium, and thus see and feel and converse with their spirit friends through this mystic medium of mentality, with as much certainty and celerity as with their friends in the flesh, and much more interest, satisfaction and pleasure. You know that in electricity two positive conditions repel, as well as the



negatives repel, each other; but the positive and negative attract each other. All creations, from the most infinitesimal inorganic atom to man, the highest development of the earth-plane, and no doubt throughout the solar, stellar and all astronomic creations, are endowed with two principles of electricity, positive and negative, or opposite magnetic polarities, the similar of which repel and the dissimilar attract each other; or endowed with two opposite sexes, positive and negative, the dissimilar of which, like the other electric principles, have an affinity for each other—the Iho and Hohi, the male and female, and the Elohi and Eloho, the good and evil principle of the ancient Gymnosophists. One person in the positive condition of electricity can perceive and influence another person in the negative to him, when in rapport with each other and all their conditions harmonious, regardless of intervening clothes, flesh, brick-walls, or distance. This is effectuated through the all-pervading, omnipresent, universal element or agent that permeates every atom as well as all space—there is really no vacant space, for this element fills up all that might seem such—an extremely attenuated and refined electricity or subtle fluid which we call electro-ether, which we can not perceive through our physical senses any more than we can see sound, hear light, or feel either, or taste, smell, or in any other sensual way perceive magnetism. Now in just this way, through this agent, this great nerve-power of the universe, incarnated men communicate with incarnated men. Here is the philosophy *in nuce*. The receptive medium, isolated from all surroundings, is negative to and comes in rapport



with the excarnated spirit, who then controls and uses the physical organism of the medium at will, just as the psychological operator controled and used the persons I have already described. But I will explain more *in extenso*. And it is due to say that much of this philosophy I get from the learned and legal mind of Tiffany, the erudite and recondite Professor Hare, and the clear and practical Mr. Putnam, all whose works on spiritualism I can truly recommend; and from Parker's "Natural Philosophy," (should be called physical, for all philosophy is natural,) from Youmans, Dods, and others not necessary here to mention, as I quote from none without due credit.

Why are these certain conditions necessary, you ask? If it can be done by one excarnated to one incarnated, why not *by* all the former and *to* all the latter? I ask in return, why not thus among men in the flesh, in mesmerism, clairvoyance, psychology? But we know

is not: only *by* and *to* certain persons in certain conditions. And this is in strict accordance with all the known analogies of nature. In all its elemental operations nature is very exact and specific. Eight parts of oxygen and one of hydrogen, by weight, or one of oxygen to two of hydrogen by measure, *and no other* proportions will make pure water. The seed will not germinate except in certain conditions of heat and moisture; the lightning will not leap forth except in certain conditions of positive and negative. It is only on certain and propitious conditions that the human race is elaborated and perpetuated. Why does it require a metallic wire instead of a tow-string to make a telegraph? And why has that wire to be insulated?

from all other conductors? just as the spirit medium has to be isolated from all other distractions? And hear what the wise man of the Bible says on this point, who wrote as if he fully understood it: "There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit." (Ecc. viii.) And Jesus showed himself not to all, but only a few chosen witnesses, etc. (Acts x.)

Rapport is a French word, and is defined relation or affinity. I use it to mean a peculiar nervous affinity or congenial mental sympathy. I may come into rapport with you by bringing my nerve system into harmony with yours and yours with mine. In this condition—if I am in the negative—if you have a pain any where, I will feel the same pain the same where. This is the principle of spiritual inspiration. Two strings of equal length, size, kind and tension will both vibrate together in perfect unison if but one is touched and sounded by the hand; it will communicate its vibration through the intervening atmosphere to the other, and thus cause it to vibrate in perfect unison with itself. This is harmony. Again, it is said that two strings equal in every respect except that one is fixed permanently and the other so strung as to be capable of yielding, when the fixed one is constantly vibrated, the other receiving these vibrations through the air will, after a while, adapt itself to the same and vibrate in unison. We know that the strings of a violin, when kept constantly in tune, will sound and accord much better than when left in a contrary condition; and also that one sound, as of thunder for example, will effect the glass, another the window frames, another the house, etc., varying not in volume and power, but in some other peculiarity,

and seeming to receive ready response from those objects only which are in unison in this peculiarity. It is said that fine sand spread in a thin layer over a thin sheet of membrane drawn tightly over a wine glass, will form regular lines and figures with astonishing celerity, varying with the sound. Sir Isaac Newton discovered that the prismatic rays of light correspond in perfect harmony with the diatonic scale of music. And see the various effects of music upon men. In some it excites a martial ambition; in others a sweet serenity; in yet others and by far the greatest number, it excites mirth and hilarity, and starts the feet instinctively to dancing; in me, if you will excuse the egotism—and so in others, no doubt,—it stirs my eloquence, if I have any, at least it makes me *feel* eloquent, and excites a desire to stand before a large concourse of enlightened men, and pour out my full feelings in a stream of impassioned words on some sublime subject. Much is due to the character of the music, I admit, in exciting these various emotions; but more to the character of the mind or subject. A certain kind of music will arouse one person, and a different kind another; but all will be touched or stirred in the predominating characteristic. This again is harmony, and harmony is a fundamental, if not *the* fundamental principle of the universe. Pythagoras, twenty-three centuries ago, saw this; and believed the spheres made music in their revolutions; and by the way this illustrious and illuminated man not only first discovered the circulation of the blood, as I've already stated, but was the first who taught the immortality of the soul, under the appellation and theory of metempsychosis,

though he lived coterminous with some of the later prophets. He also founded the Confederacy of Crotona—the perfect utopia and model of human happiness and human government. We also know that the magnetic needle when allowed to rest with the proper polar point to the north will remain more true and reliable than when left in any other position. Thus, also, if a straight bar of soft iron be held in a nearly vertical position, with the lower end deviating to the north, and struck several times with a hammer, it will acquire the properties of a magnet; and if the iron be pure and soft and the experiment repeated, it will become thoroughly magnetised; but soft iron will not retain the magnetism like hard or impure iron, of which consists the permanent native magnet. Magnetism is another form of electricity, the similar properties of which repel, and the dissimilar attract each other. From these illustrations we may derive one reason for the rapid proficiency of practiced mediums over those out of practice, or out of tune, or not in the proper harmonic condition; and also analogical demonstration of mediumistic educability. The powers of a medium, like those of a magnet, are impaired or lost by disuse; and as heat weakens or destroys the powers of a magnet, so it does those of a medium. In connection with this let us remember that electricity itself is cold. The chemical result of fire on combustible substances as for instance when lightning strikes and sets fire to a tree, is caused by intense mechanical friction, like the instantaneous and powerful impact of a cannon ball. This subtle and tremendous agent possesses both mechanical and chemical powers, physically,

and mental or spiritual power metaphysically, or at least is an agent of the latter. And as nothing affects the magnet but those things for which it has an affinity; so nothing affects a medium but those spirits for whom it has an affinity. And further, as nothing is impervious to the penetration or prevents the flow and action of magnetism, so nothing is impervious to the penetration or prevents the flow and action of the electro-spirit-ether. This mesmeric magnetism is destined yet to develop more startling wonders in the grand economy of creation. You should not be astonished at my assertion that there is a galvanic, mesmeric, (so called because discovered by Galvani and Mesmer), magnetic, electric, ethereal medium of spirit pervading our entire planetary system, and probably solar system, and perhaps all systems, when I inform you that according to Farraday, the variations of our magnetic needle correspond with the variations of the spots in the sun; that the periodicity of both these variations has become a visible fact; both increase or decrease together, embracing a period of ten years; thus establishing solar, stellar and terrestrial magnetism in mutual and reciprocal connection. All these subtile refined media move by undulatory, vibratory, or pulsatory wave movement, as light, sound, heat, electricity, the magnetic polarization with which all bodies and atoms are endowed: and just so moves our nervous fluid through which mind operates upon mind in or out of the flesh; and just so moves the vital current of our animal organism.

Then when my nerve fluid vibrates in unison with yours, as two musical strings in accord, we are in rap-



port with each other. This is spiritual harmonic unison. The operator in mesmerizing his subject becomes positive to the subject, and will succeed as soon as he comes into rapport with him, in unisonant nervous vibration, and never before. Just so with the ex-car-nated spirit and earthly medium, the latter being negative and receptive, quiescent and plastic, completely subject to the positive will of the spirit. Some of us are naturally in this condition to some other person either in or out of the flesh; all may become so by proper effort—not effort of positive energetic action, but of calm, quiescent, confiding condition of pure, sincere desire of good. This is the condition of prayer. Not to inform or dictate to God, to change his mind, his will, his laws, or in any way interfere with his plans or his providence; for it is simply impious and ridiculous to attempt it. Nor can the Deity thus violate his own laws or “nature of things” and gratify our ignorant and selfish petitions, for God can not lie. But in fervent silence and sincerity, in negative and receptive condition of feelings, with exalted aspirations for the good and the true, with all the outside world and its selfish animalities shut out from the soul, and thoughts and desires lifted up after higher spheres, some pure spirit from those higher spheres in sympathetic unison, will come and comfort us and enlighten and lift us up and communicate through the mystic medium of inspiration. This is true prayer, and “availeth much.” If we would have the influx of inspiration from pure spirits we must become pure ourselves; we must bring ourselves up to this high plane that higher angels may reach us. You know the direc-



tion was not to go into the public places and do tall talking and big blowing, but retire in the silence and sincerity of the soul, lifting up fervent aspirations for higher influences. The reason Moses was not taught and elevated as was Socrates and the man of Nazareth to return good for evil, is because he did not occupy the high plane of inspiration. In the words of Tiffany, "Paul, Peter, John, etc., were not equal to their master because they had not attained his elevated condition of natural harmonic development; had they occupied his pure plane, God could have communicated to them as well as to their teacher; and it would not have been necessary for them to have a middle man to come between them and God. When you have risen to this plane of communication, the communication is internal. You have no outward form of expression because you have the thought itself by inspiration. In the language of the apostle, God writes his language in your understandings and in your affections. All communications with the spiritual world, proceeding according to this law, each man's communication will be according to his plane; if in the low plane of lust, his communications will be of that character; if in love, his communications will be of that character. But even the lowest, by putting himself in the condition of prayer, by aspiring for the good and the holy, by putting up earnest petitions for aid, will always find a spirit near to sustain and elevate him." Generally, men will pray when there is need for it; it is as natural to invoke the help of higher and purer powers when we require it, as it is to call for food when hungry. Generally, I say, but not invariably, for exceptional cases

occur here as well as in all of nature's operations. As a morbid condition of the physical system sometimes feels no hunger when the system requires food, and at others craves food when it is not required, so in the morbid condition of a sin-seared man; he feels not the disposition of praying for superior help when he really needs it, and in others prays intensely for supernal aid when he is guilty of no heinous sin and no such supervenient help is needed. To continue the philosophy.

Continuous interposing media are necessary for all communication. My present communication to you is through the physical atmosphere which conveys the sound of my words to your organs of hearing. I might also make pantomimic representations or communications through the continuous interposing medium of light, transmitting them from me to your organs of sight. So also it is with the nerve medium. If I would communicate my mental impressions to you without using any of the consensual agencies there must be a nervous or mental medium continuous and interposing to transmit my thoughts to your perceptions, independent of physical media in either me or you. In my physical form I am present to your perceptions through the undulations of light to your visual organs, and the vibrations of sound from my voice through the physical atmosphere. I have but this one form, and yet there are four or five hundred, or as many of my forms, or images of my form, as there are minds here to perceive it. If there were ten thousand persons present there would be as many representatives of me. There is a difference then between the form itself and that

which represents the form. The media through which you become conscious of my presence, are omnipresent. I am not omnipresent but that which represents me is. The perception of all existence external to consciousness is by representation. I will read from a philosophical work entitled "Spiritualism explained," but a more appropriate title would be The New Philosophy: "Did I wish to communicate with a spirit, who has unfolded in him a spirit-consciousness, which can be addressed in any other way than through the physical eye or ear or touch, and being so divested of this physical form that my mind comes in absolute contact with this spirit-medium which permeates all space, and which internally and spiritually corresponds to light external and physical, and passes through bodies opaque to light—then my spirit form acts upon the spirit medium which is not impeded by this wall, but which passes through it as light through transparent glass, carrying my image with it. We say that glass is transparent, because light passes freely through it, and brings the image of that which it would represent. We see an individual or tree [images?] coming freely through the glass into the room. Now if we have a medium which will pass as freely through a board, then that board is as transparent to that medium as glass is to light. The magnetic medium by which the magnetic needle is influenced, passes freely through a board even; therefore to that medium the board is as transparent as glass is to light. It is also well to understand that this nerve medium, as well as the spiritual medium corresponding to the mind—which is to the mind what the medium of light is to the eye—passes freely through

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these opaque bodies. Therefore the individual brought in contact with this medium will see spirit existences, not by their presence in the consciousness, but by that which represents the presence there. Hence it is that the clairvoyant (when you have proceeded with your manipulation until you have insulated the mind, or brought it into clear *rapport* with this spiritual medium or atmosphere so that he sees by the spiritual sight and hears with the spiritual ear, and no longer sees with the physical eye or hears with the physical ear) comes in contact with this spiritual medium, and can look out into another room and tell what is transpiring, who is there, etc., just as we can look through glass and tell what we see. The principle is precisely the same. The medium by which he perceives things in another room freely permeates or passes through the intervening walls; so that although my spiritual form is still in this body, yet it is actually exerting its influence on this spiritual medium throughout the world—throughout not only this world, but throughout the solar system. [Our author doubtless means our planetary system, consisting of the planets revolving directly around our sun; including the latter; which is different from our solar system consisting of a system of suns including ours, etc.]

“Wherever this spiritual medium extends, this spiritual image of mine is taken and carried out through that medium, just as my physical image is carried out through the medium of light; and who ever comes into *rapport* with that spirit-medium and influence, and undulates to the same motion, will perceive that form. Hence coming into the clairvoyant condition, I being

in New York, may see a person in London or Pekin, if it so happen that the undulation of my mind on this medium be such as to harmonize with that of the individual in London or Pekin—not that his spirit is personally here present, or my spirit personally present there, (but I am here in my spirit consciousness and he there in his spirit consciousness), but because his image as well as mine is here and there and every where else. The idea that my mind goes to London, or his comes here, is altogether a misconception. I perceive that individual in London, not by his absolute presence, but by that which represents that presence here; just as I see you, not by your presence in my mind, but by that which represents your presence there. I am looking on this congregation, and therefore the person seeing me sees me surrounded by this congregation. He does not see you, but since you are in my mind, your image goes with mine. The person coming into *rapport* with me, sees you as your image exists in my mind. If any one doubts this law, I am ready to be questioned. Bring up any case you please, either from the temporal or spiritual world, and I will show that this is the law. It is a fallacious idea that spirits can not communicate without being actually present and any other place at the same time. They can be present whenever there is a mind in *rapport* with them to see that presence.

“People talk about their being so rapid in their passage from here to Boston or London, etc. This is all explained when you understand the law of manifestation. ‘Why are not all mediums?’ ‘Why can not all get communications, and at all times?’ etc. If we wish to get a communication we must conform to the



conditions required by the law ; and if we do not conform to these conditions God himself could not give it to us. The laws of manifestation and communication are as fixed and immutable as God's own being. I was once one of those things called mediums, and am now perhaps to some extent. When I was partially asleep there would be very loud raps, and if you could come in without waking me up you might get a communication, and it has ever been so when I am peculiarly quiet mentally, but the moment I rouse up and ask questions I can get no reply. There are others who require exactly opposite conditions, whose bodies are too active for their minds, in whose presence you can get rappings by reducing the action of the body. But change them from that point, the manifestation ceases. There are others who in the normal state seem to comply with all the conditions necessary ; that is whose vital and nervous systems are the same ; but you stir or excite them any way, and the manifestations cease, simply because there is no harmonic action between the mental and physical systems. Persons boast, at times, of being able to destroy the power of mediums ; but nothing could be simpler, for a powerful battery may have its action stopped by lifting out the connecting wire. It is often the case that the entrance of a person into a circle where manifestations are occurring causes their discontinuance, and the person is perhaps astonished to think the spirits should be so contrary. It was simply because he had come in and violated the conditions by which they could manifest. He had, so to speak, disturbed one of the plates of the battery. One class of individuals in the sphere of lust—in what we call the

low and polluted plane—can not come into *rapport* with those occupying a higher plane. ‘There is an impassable gulf between them.’ It is useless to open doors or windows for spirits to enter, for a door is as transparent to the medium by which they are represented as a pane of glass is to the medium of light. Jesus appeared in the midst of his disciples though they were shut up; and when the time came for his disappearance, he ceased to be seen not by going out of the door or window, but by disturbing the conditions by which he was represented to their consciousness. In respect of spirit mansions, etc., in the spiritual world, we are very liable to mistake representation for actuality. We are very liable to mistake images of things—creations, so to speak, proceeding from the minds of the spirits—for actualities. We are very apt to perceive animals. Some think that animals have a living form and exist in the spiritual world; but I pretend to say it is not true. I know very well how they appear there. I know very well how it is that persons suppose they do exist, and why spirits in the spiritual world appear to have their dogs, cats—their pet animals. The condition of immortality cannot pertain to the mere animal being. The representations of animals, forests, fields and things of this kind, have no basis upon that which has a material or actual existence in the universe. They are only developed under the law of representation. If you will only investigate the law of representation, you will have no difficulty in accounting for these things in the spiritual world.”

Again: “When I go to the spirit world, I must take that with me of which I must be conscious, else I shall

not take my individuality with me—else I become annihilated. Just to the extent I leave my affections behind me, shall I be annihilated as a spiritual being. When I go to the spiritual world, I must take my character with me—that which is made an integral part of my spiritual character by its development in me. Of course, then, where ever I go that must go. The love that rules within me must go with me until that ruling love is changed, or until some holier love shall call me to a higher plane of action. I am prepared to maintain that when we go to the spiritual world, we shall take with us all the loves, affections, thoughts, feelings and sentiments which characterize us as individual beings.”

Again: “The idea that when a spirit leaves the body he gets rid of all his impurity, has caused many to greatly venerate spiritual communications; and attach to them much authority. I remember that it was with much deference that I listened to the first communications that came from the spirit world; but I very soon learned that a spirit was not necessarily wiser because of his separation from the body, and that he required quite as much watching as one in the body. Not that they are below the world; for when you have taken an average of the justice and wisdom of the world, you will find that the standard it could set up would not be very high. When you look over the earth and witness the very low state of character of the human race here, why should you wonder that spirits of a very low character should hover around us and manifest themselves to the world.”

And again: “I know that spirits *do* communicate—

*do exist.* It is not with me a matter of conjecture at all—I KNOW it,” etc.

I will also quote from an interesting pamphlet, called “Spirit-works Real but not Miraculous.” Davis, in his “Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse,” says “Spirits, in all past times where they have communicated with man, observed, though they did not well understand, the great principles of aromal intercourse,” which our author Mr. Putnam thus elucidates: “Place a small bunch of fragrant violets in each of two vases upon your center table, and the aroma or fragrance of each bunch will extend to the other, and blend with the other’s aroma both around and in the bunch, and through all the space between the two. Now these lines or rays of fragrance from one, that intermix with and run parallel to similar lines from the other, may be telegraphic wires along which the violets might, if intelligent, send back and forth their mutual thoughts and feeling. Remove one bunch of violets and put a rose in its place, and the blended rays will produce a different odor, which might be more agreeable to some of us, and less so to others. A similar blending of electrical aromas doubtless takes place when any two of us meet, and also between each of us and any spirit that may be in attendance upon us. Such aroma, though it escapes *our* senses, is yet perceived by the *dog*, and the dog’s power of discernment teaches that no two of us give off effluvia that are precisely alike. Now the electrical evolutions of one human body may be such as will readily combine with the electrical emanations from some spirits, and the two in close and concordant alliance, like muscle and nerve, may be adequate to the

performance of such works as we are now considering. Some such affinity and coalescence, I suppose, takes place when ever one is what we call a medium. But the same electrical condition in a spirit which adapts him or her to work through some one of us, may yet be unsuited to work kindly with another person whose electrical aroma is either much more or much less positive. Spirits may differ as much in power to use men, as men differ in susceptibilities to be used by the spirits. The work is done through an aromal intercourse, and it is only when the spirit aroma, and the mundane aroma combine in harmonious equilibrium—making as it were *but one*, and *that one* subject to the spirit's will, that man becomes the spirit's instrument. Violet and violet may furnish an efficient mixture, while violet and rose combined may be unfit for use."

Again, beautifully: "Life's pathway has seemed to myself and many others to be illumined with a new light—either an ignis fatuus, a false light, luring to dismal swamps of error and disquietude—or it is <sup>a</sup> sun conceived from creation's dawn, in nature's living laws—now but beginning to shine on man with steady light, and promising to guide his steps to long hidden fountains of truth and gladness. Is it a phantom or a sun? Is it a creature of deluded human brains, or is it the handiwork of the eternal God? Having used my own senses—those, to me, best possible witnesses—and having used them in this work for more than a year, I am prepared to receive the light that is now struggling through the mists around us, as the dawn of a new day. And if it has been my lot, as we are performing our march over life's hill-tops and down



across its valleys—if it has been my lot to stand on a spot where its earlier beams have met my eye—why shall I not speak of the cheering event to those, whether before or behind me, who are now marching in the shaded valley?”

Can any thing that springs from the human heart be more angelic than these extracts? Will it detract from or add to their accreditation when I inform you that their author is a clergyman? My own opinion is that so much as this information may detract from the character of the production, just so much it will add to the character of the clergyman. If the clerical profession generally were half such as he (Mr. Putnam) in charity, humanity, truth and love, to say nothing of talents, study and honest effort, how gladly would I retract my bitter animadversions and extend them my right hand of cordial greeting.

And again from the same author, to whom I wrote asking the privilege of quoting the above. In his private letter to me he says (and I hope he will pardon this liberty): “It gives me great pleasure to learn that my early lecture has found favor with one who can appreciate and is disposed to speak to the world upon the spiritual philosophy of life. If it has been my privilege to furnish the world with any thing instructive and useful concerning the intercourse of spirits with mortals, I desire to thank God and his ministering spirits for the opportunity and the power. The little which I have published is at the service of any one who judges that he can make it useful.” After kindly invitations he concludes: “May wisdom from heavenly founts inflow your mind and fit you to produce a work

which shall tend to the elevation and purification of man."

I'll now read from his "Mesmerism, Spiritualism, Witchcraft and Miracle," which he kindly sent me: "The old records abound in facts which might be adduced in evidence that Witchcraft is resolvable into Mesmerism and Spiritualism, and therefore into the legitimate operations of natural laws. But we have given to this topic all the space we can afford, till we pass beyond our facts to some speculations and reflections.

"The clear-sighted logician will see, I think, that, from the point now reached, a direct path extends on to the seers of Prevorst, to Swedenborg, to Scottish seers, to Joan of Arc, to Mahomet, to Roman augurs, Grecian priestesses, and all who have given their contemporaries assurances that they saw spirit-forms and conversed with the departed, or with angels. The prophets, seers, and magicians of all ages and nations; may have been all that they claimed to be, and yet have been only mesmeric subjects and spirit mediums. This view starts the inquiry whether any of the Scripture miracles were the acts of unseen finite intelligences, using their normal powers in submission to fixed laws. The question is legitimate and proper. And it gives me pleasure to make an affirmative answer, for, in doing that, I behold a God so perfect that his wisdom and power were, from the beginning, competent to devise such laws as should without violation, without suspension, admit under and in obedience to themselves all the light and all the angel-visitations which his children on earth might ever need. When man shall see and

feel that heaven's inhabitants may come to earth by natural processes, and work among us just according to their several abilities and characters, then the greatest difficulties of philosophical faith in the Bible as a record of teachings from on high will melt away, and the wisdom of God himself will appear to us more complete. The departed Samuel did appear to the woman of Endor and to Saul; Moses and Elias did appear to Jesus and his companions, and, as spirits are seen and conversed with in our day, the fair presumption is that the processes of return were the same then as now. Angels rolled the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre; they opened Peter's prison-doors. Spirits move heavy bodies now; and why not by the same laws as then? In olden times such works were done in the dark; they are mostly and most successfully done in the dark now, and thus give ground for presumption that both are manifestations of one law. Unlearned apostles spoke in languages which they had never talked or studied before—many mediums now do the same. The sick were healed by a look or a touch—the same thing is frequently done now. Jesus, in a certain place, performed but few mighty works, because of the unbelief which surrounded him, and at this day unbelief on the part of those present is a formidable bar to spirit manifestation. Jesus walked upon the water—Margaret Rule floated in the air—and so have others quite recently. These and other points of resemblance in the manifestations indicate a compliance with the same law or laws. The above conclusion by no means requires one to ascribe the same wisdom and holiness to the spirits who come now as to those who came of

old ; nor does it bring the moral and religious character of Jesus and the apostles into comparison with that of modern mediums. Formerly there was occasion to 'try the spirits,' and most surely the need exists at the present day. Far back in the Jewish history, God said he would put a lying spirit in the mouth of his prophet, and it is written that an evil spirit from the Lord troubled Saul. Lying and evil spirits from some source, as well as truthful and good ones, find their way into mediums now. The mediums themselves are not all supposed to be above treachery and deceit. There was one Judas of old—perhaps our times furnish many. There were both good and bad spirits and prophesiers in Bible times, and there are both good and bad spirits and mediums, too, at the present day. One fact of Scripture, showing the immediate author or authors of John's inspiration when writing the Apocalypse, may throw a bright light upon the subject of spirit action. Jesus sent his angel to John, 'in the spirit;' John saw and heard that angel, and learned from him that he was not God, but one of John's brethren, the prophets. This seems to be a clear statement that the spirit of one who had been a prophet on earth was sent by Jesus to John ; and that when the angel was present, John 'in the spirit' (trance?) saw and heard the things which he described and recorded. That angel was a speaker to John, and it is his words in part which come to us as inspiration. Let that light shine back upon the Book of Daniel, and some other parts of the Scriptures, and see if the Bible itself does not contain internal proof that individual, finite spirits furnished many parts of it to the recording mediums, and thus

indicate that inspiration from above comes in obedience to some universal law. Let a view like this become general, and then, if its effects upon those who already take it warrant a prophecy, the world will turn to the Bible with fresh interest and find there, more than ever before, a storehouse richly furnished with treasures of truth and love and wisdom from the heavens. The Bible will hereafter find its truest friends, its only invincible defenders, among those who shall guard it within the walls of Spiritualism, and read it there in the light of heavenly inspiration. If enough has been exhibited to furnish plausible reason for asking whether mesmerism is not a key which may unlock many long-closed chambers of mystery, then I have no occasion for further presentation of facts, but may, in the future pages, indulge in some explanations and reflections. Every reader has doubtless asked, 'What is mesmerism?' This being put forth as a solvent of many great mysteries of all times and among all people what is this mesmerism itself? Frankly, it is itself quite a mystery yet, but it is not looked upon as involving anything supernatural, devilish, or in such a sense miraculous as to imply either a suspension or a violation of natural laws in its processes of manifestation. Through it we learn that some men, by a concentrated application of their mental forces, aided often by the eye or the hand, can either take from or impart to certain persons some property or fluid which enables the operator to become master in the subject's house or body. Through that other body he manifests himself; but he does this only imperfectly. He has power there, but not power equal to that which he can display through



his own organs. A man is cramped when he has to take a borrowed body, therefore a spirit well may be so too. In successful mesmerism, the subject will walk or sit or kneel or lie down; will move this way or that; will say this thing or that; will perform the most ludicrous or the most appropriate acts; will see one object or another; will taste or smell or feel any imaginable substance, whether present or not, just according to the will of the operator. But this is not all; frequently such possession effects a liberation of the subject's intellectual and perceptive faculties from the control, not of the operator alone, but also from the crampings of his own external organs, and thus enables him to look out through walls of solid masonry, through hills of granite, and into the most interior recesses of the human body, or any other animal or vegetable organism. He seems to possess perceptive faculties which enable him to see and hear and sense through all material objects, at vast distances and in all directions. Thus conditioned he can read the autobiography of any natural object, scan the distant and get glimpses of the future. He seems like one freed from the body and endowed with organs which use electricity as their medium of sight and sound, and thus can he see and hear through whatever electricity can penetrate; that is, through almost if not quite all material objects. Some men, then, possess and can put forth such will-power as makes certain other men their abject and unresisting tools, simple unconscious organs by which to express their own thoughts and purposes. Sometimes such control is absolute, but in more cases only partial, and such a subduing force when carried

beyond a certain point pushes the subject's intellectual and perceptive faculties into unwonted freedom and independence, and makes him a more independent and gifted man than before.

"Such are the results of human magnetism, called mesmerism only because Mesmer applied it and drew attention to it more definitely and extensively than any one had done before his time. The getting control of another's organism, either by abstracting from it or imparting to it human magnetism, is mesmerism. It is the action of one mind, in connection with its enveloping body, upon another's body and its indwelling mind. It is some action of the living upon the living, and not upon tables and chairs.

"Many tell us that Spiritualism is nothing but mesmerism. Of course such a statement admits that it is as much as mesmerism—that it is, in fact, the same thing. Thanks for this concession: because mesmerism, if permitted to mature, may ripen into Spiritualism. Our tree, like the orange, often shows flowers and green fruit and ripe at the same time. Much that is supposed to be only mesmerism is, in fact, Spiritualism; also much of what is regarded as Spiritualism is only mesmerism. Often, when man magnetizes, he puts his subject into such a state that some spirit quietly slips in and works there, and yet the spirit's presence is not suspected. At such times an angel is entertained unawares. Spiritualism is there under the name of mesmerism. On the other hand our spirit-mediums often get mesmerized by the company present so as to become claivoyant and clairaudient. The internal or spirit eyes and ears of the mediums get opened

by the undesigned, unwilled flowings of human magnetism to or from those around them. Their words may report to us spirit-utterances and describe spirits and spirit-scenes, and yet the real speakers may be only entranced mortals, listening to the voices above, and looking into the homes of the ascended. There may be a pure mesmerism which opens a way for mortals to see and hear the departed. What then is a distinction between mesmerism and Spiritualism? Mesmerism is something which a man does while he has his clothes on—Spiritualism is a similar act of his after his clothes have been put off. Suppose I magnetize you to-day, and that I, the mesmerizer, speak, write, act, through you, you being unconscious—this is mesmerism. Suppose, further, that I die to-night, and that to-morrow I, a spirit, come and magnetize you, and then speak, write, act, through you—this is Spiritualism. Here we have the same operator working upon and through the same subject, the only difference being that to-day I, the operator, am in the body—having my clothes on, while to-morrow I am to be out of the body, or to have my clothes off. Such is the only essential difference between mesmerism and Spiritualism in some of its forms. If man's powers are not diminished by the death of his body, then some spirits can mesmerize susceptible subjects. No increase of power is needed—no miracle is wanted. Mesmerism and Spiritualism may differ no more than the green fruit and the ripe on the same tree. They are nourished through the same roots, the same trunk—one ripens into the other. Those who are so inclined may pluck all the oranges from their own trees while the

fruit is yet green ; but I beg of them to leave mine upon the branches, and when an orange there shall have become fully ripe, I trust they will not dissuade me from eating it, by alleging that their own green ones have never tasted good. Spirits, then, often have to perform the difficult and uncertain process of inducing a full mesmeric sleep before they can manage the hand of the flesh. Several persons, who are susceptible to both the mesmeric and the spirit influence, have told me that when the controlling fluid comes to them from one in the body they feel it flowing in horizontally and entering mostly about the region of the eyes? but when it comes from spirits the stream is verticle and enters through the spiritual organs on the crown of the head. That the process of mesmerizing and of spiritualizing a subject are very similar, might be argued from the fact that both succeed best under like circumstances. Both are most easily performed where all minds are quiet or passive; both ask for good air and an harmonious circle, and both generally succeed best with the same organism and temperaments; in other words, in most cases but not in all, good spirit mediums can be easily magnetized. The difference, then, between mesmerism and Spiritualism in some of its forms is not enough to let us regard them as generieally different.

“If any spirit can visit earth and work here why can not all others? If my spirit friend can communicate through a stranger, why can he not do the same through me? Why can not all spirits come? Why are not all persons mediums? Such questions have come up in every mind. You have said, if spirits

come why do they not come to and through me? Probably they are hindered by natural obstacles, inherent in either them or yourself. How is it in mesmerism? There are but few successful magnetizers, but few facile subjects. Mr. — can very easily magnetize several of my acquaintances and friends, but he can produce no effect upon me. Why this difference? Feed two oxen alike for years and then bring them to the shambles—you may find the meat of one tender and juicy, that of the other tough and dry. One man has fine and soft hair, while another's is coarse and hard. Why so? Who can tell me why? The facts are obvious, but the reasons for them can not be given. We can only say such are the results of God's modes of working. Now, then, if in our fibres and fluids and emanations we differ one from another why may not some of us be very susceptible to certain influences which others cannot feel at all? Why may not some impart much more easily and powerfully than others? Till the mesmerist can magnetize any one person just as easily and as thoroughly as he can any other, why expect that spirits can? Till all men are efficient magnetizers, why think that all spirits can be? Till all men are facile subjects for the embodied magnetizer, why suppose that they can be for a disembodied one? The hidden reasons which exist in the one case, ought, as we view these subjects, to exist also in the other. We believe that they do. Beyond a certain point mesmerism fails to furnish illustration of Spiritualism.

“We come now to the raps and tips. This working outside of and distant from the medium's body, and



this infusion of animation and intelligence into inanimate wood, is more than mesmerism has ever claimed or seemed to perform. The visible, living man, acting upon a visible, living organism, is always involved in mesmerism, but many of the physical manifestations of Spiritualism imply some invisible power revealing intelligence through inanimate matter. The raps and knockings and table-tippings have never come out among the works of mesmerism. The harsh poundings, the childish tiltings, the unmannerly antics of heavy pianos and large dining tables, are, as many say, too low and vulgar for any decent mind in the body to wish for or to prompt; no well bred mesmerist ever calls for such results. True, true; but would they come if he did call for them? No; he does not show the raps and tips. And why not? Simply because he can not? These low and ridiculed works lie beyond the farthest stretch of his powers. A table rising and floating gently in the air, a piano dancing to the tune that is being played upon itself, a human form rising gently from the floor toward the ceiling and moving dovelike around the room, a chair tipping in answer to questions, and all this where neither muscle nor machinery, nor any tangible mechanical power, was applied; these things, and others like them, which are happening every month, and are seen over and over again by many credible witnesses—these things are not found in mesmerism. Did animal magnetism, did electricity, did odyle, did either or all of these constitute the intelligent actor in the chair which answered my questions? No; these fluids or forces of nature are not mind.

“They do not, they can not guide and control action so as to converse with man. They may be and doubtless are instruments through which one mind imparts intelligence to another, but they, in and of themselves, are not mind, and can not think nor act intelligently. Let the most powerful embodied mesmerizer which the world contains try his will upon the insensible chair, and will the chair move at his bidding? No; not the fraction of an inch, Charge the chair, even incased in glass or coated with sealing-wax—charge it with all the magnetism, electricity and odylie fluid imaginable, and will they all generate in it or convey into it mind enough to understand and to answer my question? No, obviously no. You know that if an embodied mesmerizer should will the chair to move, and keep on willing it to move for hours, that it would not stir an inch unless he applied his hand to it. His will-power controls only living organism. You know, too, that neither magnetism, electricity, nor odyle, could be made to give or to generate a mind in the chair; yet its motions proved that mind was there. Common sense demands the admission of this: But mind needs tools or organs when it gives intelligent movements to matter. We usually find it expressing itself through the eyes, the face, the tongue, the hand. The acting mind surely needed a hand or something with the powers of a hand, to move that chair. So also did the one angel to roll away the stone, and the other angel to unlock the prison-door. Something with the powers of a hand was needed in each case. Perhaps a hand was there. Spirits profess to have power under favorable circumstances to gather up and use some (to us) invisible em-

enations from the bodies of our mediums, and elements from the atmosphere in some localities, and to combine these with certain properties inherent in themselves, and from these materials to construct hands, arms, etc., varying in strength according to their own inherent powers and the qualities of the foreign materials used, they profess to be able to form hands, arms, etc., varying in strength from those of a feeble infant up to those of a veritable Samson. When such tools have been constructed, the invisible ones work out by aid of them results which man can see and hear and feel. Then raps and tips are heard and seen; then the low things become high. A hand from out of the invisible did once appear and write upon the walls of a banquet-room, and the form of another was put forth and took Ezekiel by a lock of his head, and the spirit lifted him up between the earth and the heaven. When were the laws repealed by which such hands were formed and did their work? Our whole train of remark implies supposition, that refined electricity, magnetism, odyle, or some unknown but yet eternal and universal fluid has been an essential instrument in all parts of spirit communication, as well in Judea as in other lands. It implies, too, that this instrument can never have been wanting in any age; Why, then, have angel visits been so 'few and far between?' We need not answer a query like this because of any bearing it may have upon the question whether spirits come now. That ocean and those winds had always existed which bore Columbus to the New World, but the question why Europeans had so seldom, if ever, reached America before, could not invalidate the fact that Columbus him-

self had reached it. If it be proved that spirits come now, the infrequency of their visits heretofore will not disprove the fact. Still the question why they should come so much more frequently and generally now than in former times, is a very natural and proper one, and is worthy of the best answer we can give. That answer, however, will have little weight with any but those who are already prepared to give some credence where statements are backed by no authority beyond that of utterances through spirit mediums. Is it impossible that modes and means of using the subtile fluids in man and nature are better understood even by the spirits now than they were in ages past? Can the departed continue to make advances in scientific and practical knowledge? Who among us can tell? Electricity and magnetism have always existed; yet it was but quite recently that man became acquainted with their extent and nature, and that he learned how to subject them in any degree to his control; still more recent did he invent the telegraph. Man, by his discoveries in electricity and steam within the last half century, has become able to convey his thoughts and his person much more widely, speedily and definitely to people and places on the earth now than he could before. Possibly spirits may have made recent discoveries and inventions, by which they can come to us more easily, speedily, and definitely, and make themselves more distinctly felt and better understood by us than formerly."

Thus you see the same philosophy evolved and entertained by this gentleman and myself, contemporaneously and unknown to each other.

Before this spiritual philosophy was evolved by modern science, Cuvier, whose brain was the largest ever measured, who could define the genus and even species of an animal from an inspection of one of its primary bones, and who was honored of emperors for his profound science in paleontology, comparative anatomy, zoology, physiology and geology, said that "It scarcely admits of further doubt that the proximity of two living bodies in certain circumstances and with certain movements, has a real effect independently of all participation of the imagination of one of the two;" and he further adds: "It appears now clearly enough that the effects are due to some communication established between their nervous systems." *This is scientific prescience.* In connection with Cuvier I'll relate an anecdote illustrating the confidence of mind and science, and another equally illustrating the trepidation of mere matter and nescience: In a dream the devil appeared to Cuvier, and said he had come to devour him. Cuvier surveyed him thoroughly and exclaimed, "Horns, hoofs, *graminiverous*—I'm not afraid of you." His Satanic Majesty also presented himself to one of the sable sons of Ham, whose race the Puritans are so eager to take to their bosoms, and who, it must be confessed, are equals of the latter in every thing save shoddy, or the power of pecuniosity, and nasal psalm-singing on Sunday, in which latter, however, there is great rhythmic concord. Says Ham, "Who dat?" "The Devil, come after Ham." "Ham not here—Ham ain't bin here dese two months!" was the quick and silly answer of the ignorant and frightened Afric hero. I will now read from "Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated:"



“The facts which I have noticed in relation to mediumship, are certainly among the most inexplicable in nature.

“There are two modes in which spiritual manifestations are made through the influence or sub-agency of media. In the one mode, they employ the tongue to speak, the fingers to write, or hands to actuate tables or instruments for communication ; in the other, they act upon ponderable matter directly, through a halo or aura appertaining to media ; so that although the muscular power may be incapacitated for aiding them, they will cause a body to move, or produce raps intelligibly so as to select letters conveying their ideas, uninfluenced by those of the medium.

“Even where they act through the muscular frame of the media, their vision may be intercepted by a screen, so that they cannot influence the selection of the letters requisite to a communication. (Plate 1.)

“Rappings or tappings are made at the distance of many feet from the medium, and ponderable bodies, such as bells, are moved or made to undergo the motion requisite to being rung.

“It will be perceived that my spirit father, in reply to the queries put in relation to this mystery, asks, ‘How do you move your limbs—carry the body where-soever it goeth ? how does God cause the movements of astronomical orbs ?’

“Evidently some instrument must intervene between the Divine will and the bodies actuated thereby, and in humble imitations between the human will and the limbs. Upon the viscera our will has no influence. The heart moves without the exercise of volition.

“As there is an ethereal medium by means of which light moves through space from the remotest visible fixed star to the eye, at the rate of two hundred thousand miles per second; through an affection of the same ether frictional electricity moves, according to Wheatstone’s estimate, with a velocity exceeding that of light—so may we not infer that the instrument of Divine will acts with still greater velocity, and that in making man in this respect after His own image, so far as necessary to an available existence, gives him one degree of power over the same element while in the mortal state, and another higher degree of power in the spiritual state. But if there be an element through which a spirit within his mortal frame is capable of actuating that frame, may not this element of actuation be susceptible of becoming an instrument to the will of another spirit in the immortal state?

“The aura of a medium which thus enables an immortal spirit to do within its scope things which it cannot do otherwise, appears to vary with the human being resorted to; so that only a few are so endowed with this aura as to be competent as media. Moreover, in those who are so constituted as to be competent instruments of spiritual actuation, this competency is various. There is a gradation of competency, by which the nature of the instrumentality varies from that which empowers violent loud knocking and the moving of ponderable bodies without actual contact, to the grade which confers power to make intellectual communications of the higher order without that of audible knocking. Further, the power to employ these grades of mediumship varies as the sphere of the spirit varies.

“It has been stated that mortals have each a halo perceptible to spirits, by which they are enabled to determine the sphere to which any individual will go on passing death’s portal. Spirits cannot approach effectively a medium of a sphere much above, or below that to which they belong.

“As media, in proportion as they are more capable of serving for the higher intellectual communications are less capable of serving for mechanical demonstrations, and as they are more capable of the latter are less competent for the former, spirits likewise have a higher or lower capacity to employ media. It has been mentioned that having made a test apparatus, my spirit sister alleged that it could not be actuated by her without assistance of spirits from a lower sphere. I inquired whether she could not meet me again, accompanied by the requisite aid. The reply was in the affirmative, and accordingly she met me at an appointed hour, and my apparatus was actuated effectually under test conditions. (Plate 4, dd, ii, kk.)

“After I had read over an exposition of my information respecting the spirit world to the spirit of the illustrious Washington, I requested him to give me a confirmation while the medium should be under test conditions. (Plate 4, kk.) I placed the hand of the medium upon the board lever of the instrument, of which a representation has been given (Plate 1, Plate 4), so as to be on the outer side of the fulcrum, and requested him to attest the reliability of the medium during the previous intercommunion. In reply it was alleged not to be within his power to give me that test; I urged that this test had been given in his presence. ‘We

had an employee then,' was his rejoinder. Fortunately I had contrived a test instrument requiring less of the mechanical power, so that by means of it he was enabled to perfect the evidence by bringing the index to the affirmative, under conditions which put it out of the power of the medium to produce that result. (See Plate 4 and description.)

"These facts make the subject of mediumship a most complicated mystery; but the creation teems with mystery, so that inscrutability cannot be a ground of disbelief of anything. The only cases wherein there is absolute incredibility, are those in which the definition of the premises contradicts those of the inferences or conclusions.

"It is evident from the creative power which the spirits aver themselves to possess, that they exercise faculties which they do not understand. Their explanation of the mysteries of mediumship only substitutes one mystery for another.

"If we undertake to generalize, it must come pretty near what I have said above, that spirits are endowed, as my spirit father alleges, with a 'magic will,' capable of producing, as they allege, wonderful results within their own world, nevertheless that this will does not act by itself directly on mundane bodies. An inter-medium is found in the halo or aura within or without certain human organizations. The halos thus existing are not all similarly endowed; some having one, some another capability. Some are better for one object, some for another object. Again, the will-power varies as the sphere of the spirits is higher or lower, so that the medium suited for one is not suited for another.

“Thus the means by which they are capable of communicating are various, and moreover precarious, according to the health and equanimity of the mortal being under whose halo they may strive to act.

“Concerned in the processes of mediumship, it is manifest that there is none of that kind of electricity or magnetism of which the laws and phenomena have been the subject of Faraday’s researches and which are treated of in books, under the heads of frictional or mechanical electricity, galvanism, or electro-magnetism.

“Frictional electricity, such as produced usually by the friction of glass in an electrical machine, or of aqueous globules generated by steam escaping from a boiler, is always to be detected by electrometers, or the spark given to a conducting body when in communication with the earth; the human knuckle, for instance. When not sufficiently accumulated to produce these evidences of its presence, it must be in a very feeble state of excitement. But even in highest accumulation by human means, as in the discharge of a powerfully charged Leyden battery, it only acts for a time inconceivably brief, and does not move ponderable masses as they are moved in the instance of spiritual manifestation. It is only in transitu, that frictional electricity displays much power, and then its path is extremely narrow, and the duration of its influence inconceivably minute. According to Wheatstone’s experiments and calculations, it would go round the earth in the tenth part of a second.

“How infinitely small, then, the period required to go from one side of a room to another! Besides, there



are neither means of generating such electricity, nor of securing that insulation which must be an indispensable precursor of accumulation. Galvanic or voltaic electricity does not act at a distance so as to produce any recognized effects, except in the case of magnetic metals, or in the state of transition produced by an electric discharge. In these phenomena the potent effects are attainable only by means of perfect insulated conductors; as we see in the telegraphic apparatus. No reaction with imperfect conducting bodies competent to toss them to and fro, or up and down, can be accomplished. The decomposing influence, called electrolytic, is only exhibited at insensible distances, within a filament of the matter affected.

“It has appeared to me a great error on the part of spirits, as well as mortals, that they should make efforts to explain the phenomena of the spirit world by the ponderable or imponderable agents of the temporal world. The fact that the rays of our sun do not affect the spirit world, and that there is for that region an appropriate luminary whose rays we do not perceive (415), must demonstrate that the imponderable element to which they owe their peculiar light differs from the ethereal fluid which, according to the undulatory theory, is the means of producing light in the terrestrial creation.

“In one of the replies made by the convocation (571), the idea was sanctioned of the effulgence of the spirit being due to an appropriate ethereal fluid, analogous to that above alluded to. But it has, I think, been shown by me, that as light is due to the undulations of our ether, so electricity is due to waves polarization.

But if undulations produce light in the ether of the spiritual universe as well as in ours, why may not polarization produce in the ether of the spirit world an electricity analogous to ours? Thus, although in spiritual manifestations our electricity takes no part, their electricity may be the means by which their will is transmitted effectually in the phenomena which it controls.

“The words magnetism and magnetic are used in this world in two different senses. In one, it signifies the magnetism of magnets or electro-magnets; in the other, the animal magnetism of which the existence was suggested by Mesmer, and which is commonly called mesmerism.

“This mesmeric magnetism seems to be dependent rather on properties which we have as immortals encased in a corporeal clothing, than as mortals owing our mental faculties to that frame. If it be the spiritual portion of our organization which is operative in clairvoyancy, spiritual electricity may be the intermedium both of that faculty and of mesmeric influence.

“All spirits are clairvoyant more or less, and where this faculty is exercised it seems to be due to an unusual ascendancy of the spiritual powers over the corporeal, so that clairvoyants possess some of the faculties which every spirit, after shuffling off the mortal coil, must possess to a greater or less extent.

“The only explanation of which I can conceive is, that spirits, by volition, can deprive bodies of *vis inertiae* and move bodies, as they do themselves, by their will. But the necessity of the presence of a medium to the display of this power, granting its existence, is a mystery.

“That the spirit should, by its ‘magic’ will-power, take possession of the frame of a human being, so as to make use of its brain and nervous system, depriving its appropriate owner of control, is a wonderful fact sufficiently difficult to believe, yet, nevertheless, intelligible. The aura which surrounds a medium must be imponderable. No volition of the medium can, through its instrumentality, move ponderable bodies, nor cause raps or consequent vibrations in the wooden boards. Hence, the presence of a medium imparts power to spirits which the medium does not possess.

“The aura on the one side, and the spirit on the other, are inert unless associated. Thus the volition of the spirit gives activity to an effluvium, by itself, so devoid of efficacy that it wholly escapes the perception of the possessor or the observation of his mundane companions. It has been already alleged, that the usual reference to mundane electricity must be wholly unsatisfactory to all acquainted with the phenomena and laws associated under that name; since no such movements have ever been produced by such electrical means, nor is it consistent with these mundane electrical laws, nor the facts which electricians have noticed, that such movements should be produced. Those movements which have been produced by electricity have never been effected without surfaces oppositely charged, nor, of course, without the means of charging them. Neither are there associated with the spriritual manifestations means at hand of creating nor of holding charges either [even?] much more minute than those which display perceptible force or cause audible sound. Electro-magnetic phenomena require the use of power-

ful galvanic batteries or magnetic metals. Galvanic series, of the most powerful kind, do not act at the minutest distance without contact.

“Even lightning could not move a table backward and forward, though it might shatter it into pieces, if duly interposed in a circuit. Electrical sparks produce snapping sounds in the air, not knockings or rappings upon sonorous solids. An incredulity liable to be overcome by the reason by which it has been created does not form a bar; but where an impregnable bigotry has been introduced merely by education, so that the person under its influence would have been a Catholic, Calvinist, Unitarian, Jew, or Mohammedan by a change of parentage, cannot usually be changed by any evidence or argument. Spirits will not spend their time subjecting their manifestations to such impregnable bigotry, or to predetermined malevolence.

“On this account such persons find it hard to obtain the manifestations which they seek with ill-will to Spiritualism, and a predisposition to ridicule and pervert it.

“Besides this difficulty, there is no doubt a constitutional state, the inverse of that which creates a medium. The atmosphere of persons so constituted neutralizes that of those who are endowed with that of mediumship.

“It were impossible for any one to be more incredulous than I was when I commenced my investigations; but in the first place my recorded religious impressions, founded on more than a half century of intense reflection, in no respect conflicted with the belief which Spiritualism required. As I said to a clergyman, I

wish I knew as well what I ought to believe, as I can perceive what I ought not to believe. I was ardently desirous that the existence of a future state should be established in a way to conform to positive science, so that they might start together. This was perceived by my spirit friends, and that they had only to give me sufficient evidence of the existence of spirits and their world to make me lay down in the cause my comparatively worthless mortal life, could I be more useful to truth in dying than in living.

“Thus it appears that there is a mesmeric electricity, or spiritual electricity, which may be considered as appropriate to the spirit world as their vital air is; but which, like that air, may influence our spiritual bodies while in their mundane tenement. It may, as well as the vital air of the spirit world, belong in common to the inhabitants of that world, and to us as spirits, being a polarizing affection of the spiritual ethereal medium of which the undulations constitute the peculiar rays of their spiritual sun.

“That this spiritual or mesmeric electricity should be auxiliary to the efficacy of the magic will-power of spirits, is of course one of those mysteries which, like that of gravitation, may be ascertained to prevail, and yet be to spirits as well as mortals inexplicable.

“We live in a wonder-working universe, which becomes more and more wonderful as we learn more of it, instead of being brought more within our comprehension. When we compare what we know with the knowledge of savages, it may appear a mountain of learning and science; but this very learning and science only makes us see still more how great is our ignorance!”



Thus I have given you the philosophy of spiritual intercourse as understood by some of our most able, enlightened and scientific minds, as well as by myself; and if you feel but half the interest in it that you should, or that I feel, I advise you to obtain these works and study them, for their profound philosophy requires study; and not only them, but also procure others, both for and against the new philosophy, for we cannot arrive at truth on a controverted question without thorough investigation of both sides—though I confess, and I am proud I can in truth make the confession, that I have ever felt an intuition of the truth and sublimity of this philosophy. Now as to the information thus conveyed through this spiritual agency: First, that we are beyond incertitude or doubt immortal; that our immortality is demonstrated by ocular, tangible, positive proof; that this immortality consists of our very hæcceity, our real personal self, our loves, friendships, memories, knowledge, intelligence. And science proves that we must take these with us or we take nothing, for nothing of ourself remains more than seven years, except these moral memories, these spiritual principles. We retain them here through all our years—shall we lose them there? They constitute our personality, our hæcceity here; if we do not take them, what will constitute us there? That we shall recognize each other by physical features and form unchanged, but refined and improved by the shaking off of the old clay covering, and shall unerringly know each other by spirit acting direct upon spirit, without obstruction, or deception, of animal covering and deceitful flesh; hypocrisy will lose its mark. Second, that our present

plane of existence being one and the first of seven, there are six concentric circles, zones, or spheres around us, each rising higher above the other in the blue ether; the first commencing about fifty miles above us, where our atmosphere is supposed by some to cease, but which I suppose has no definitive bounds, but is gradually merged and lost in the bright circumambient realm of pure and spotless spirituality. That these spheres thus near and adjacent to us, with a connecting and continuous element of intercourse and intercommunication, are the bright abodes of our departed friends and all progressed excarnated men and women. That we enter those spheres just as we leave this plane, with our vices or virtues, ignorance or intelligence; with every feature and lineament of face and limb, as developed in the body; the same form and configuration in the spiritualized state, of which in fact the body was the mere visible representative, and from which took its form; with personal identity and individuality intact and uncharged. That the first of these spheres next adjoining our present rudimental plane is comparatively dark and imperfect, a Gehenna, Hades, Sheol, Tartarus, or Hell, in which all unprogressed, low, ignorant, vicious, wicked spirits of men congregate by a natural affinity or spiritual gravitation. That this region is thus dark—I give it as my philosophy of the fact—because intermediate from the earth plane where physical light is produced by atmospheric undulations, and the higher spheres where purer light is the result of a spiritual illumination. Beyond our atmosphere is probably no physical, but all spiritual light, increasing as we leave the earth's opaque surface. That the more

progressed and enlightened, the true and the good, with angelic aspirations, will be attracted to the second or higher spheres, suited to their tastes, capacities, congenialities and developments. That progress, universal progress, all working a perfect optimism, is God's grand, primordial, fundamental law, by which the wicked and low in the first sphere will gradually improve and unfold into higher spheres of intelligence and happiness; and that all will progress and develop into new beatitudes, new grandeurs and new glories, ever enjoying without satiety, ever ascending without exhaustion, forever fed and sustained by the all-prolific fountain of a'l spirit, the eternal Father. O, what a sublime philosophy is this for the vision of the soul! what a happy consolation, an ever-present bliss always welling up in the heart of the good and the true, the pure and the splendid and may be poor and despised in the view of the vain—and there are millions such in this death-drifting stream of time—to contemplate and hope for, aye, to feel an assurance of and to *know* this immortal heaven as the heritage of eternity. A home of happiness unalloyed, of purity unspotted, mind immaculate, and of eternal, expanding, progressive, boundless felicity. The bruised and broken heart healed and made whole; loved and long-lost friends regained; cherished friendships of the buried years of time reclaimed; sacred associations, hallowed memories revived to burn on imperishable altars; tender feelings, blasted hopes, deep devoted love of children, kindred, friends and families and all the splendid affections of the human soul divine, that glow like jewels in this dim old casket of earth, shall be restored, reunited,

gathered up to the fountains of the Father, and kindled with the new lustre of immortal glory. O, the rapturous, transporting joy of this heavenly reunion! Perhaps, when we leave our tenantless body and look back at our friends of earth weeping over the cold casket, the first to hail us at the portals of those blest abodes will be a cherub child, whose prattling ceased on earth ere it felt the stain of sin, or learned a sigh of sorrow; or a loved, adored, long-lost mother's voice that so often soothed our little storms of trouble, and who so many a time and oft, bedewed our infant pillow with tears that none but she could shed, will be the first to welcome and embrace in that radiant realm of love. These are some of the beatitudes of this heaven promised in this scientific revelation to the honest, and energetic, and true. And the unsullied atmosphere of intellect, unfettered from the flesh, intellect disencumbered and eliminated from the gross manacles of this animal world—to move in mind, mind mutually mirrored in its majesty—creation mapped before us with its myriad suns and systems that constitute the great dome of God's universe, all radiant with the luminous beams of infinite wisdom that pervade the outskirts of creation, and the whole a splendid panorama of enraptured vision: these are some of the privileges and pleasures which shall doubtless be fully realized by the exalted denizens of these glorious mansions of immortality.

I let imagination wing me down the distant stream of future time and through a vista of prophetic ken limn the lineaments of unborn centuries, and behold the august procession of the solemn centuries, the reti-

nue of time, by which we mark the circling cycles of duration. See again! the continents are reticulated with the electric telegraph and with a retiform network for the thoroughfare of thought it girdles the globe.

Aerial palaces, constructed of a new and burnished metal, aluminum, extracted everywhere from common clay, with the strength of iron, but small specific gravity and conducting powers, navigate the circumambient ocean of air, propelled by lightning. Palatial mansions made of the same universal and abundant material, free from oxydation and corrosion, and imperishable, stud the land like the stellar gems set around the sky. New and improved types of man inhabit the earth, and hold constant communion with the spirit spheres. The orbital eclipse of our earth has gradually lessened from its original cometic condition of extreme ellipticity, both orbicular and orbital, until it has become a perfect circle, and now the globe, like ripe fruit, glows in perennial spring; and the monthly revolution of the globe instead of diurnal, and the absence of physical light and heat from the contracted sun and spheres is succeeded by spiritual illumination and the normal mental and temperamental temperature of a perfect and permanent equilibration. The cessation of solar radiation, the result of completed contraction, equalises the seasons, and the poles, and the equator become isothermal. Under the talismanic touch of science and its magic ameliorations, in the process called death, in the dissolution from his second mother, like that from his first, man passes the portal without a pang. The Malthusian ideas promulged and little heeded in the 19th century, are proven both practical



and practicable, indeed are practicalized and practiced, for the philosophy of reproduction and science of generation are understood, controlled and adapted to earth's increased but crowded capacities. Men quietly and of choice, by mere will, leave their mortal tabernacles, or lie down and die like going to sleep. Under the mighty ameliorations of progressive science and the weird of spiritual inspiration, the personal equanimity and happiness of a perfect eupepsy, hath taken the place of the irritability and misery of old-time dyspepsia; and the political stability and felicity of a perfect eunomy and isonomy hath succeeded the turbulence and terror of old and obsolete dysnomy, the great principle of autonomy is vindicated, and despotism is unknown. The gallows and the jail, signs of antique civilization, have given place to the school-house and the lecture-room or lyceum. Nearly all our maladies are found to originate in the nervous system as being the most refined of all our organic elements, and therefore more liable to become deranged by contact with this rudimental corporeity, and magnetism or electricity, positive or negative, the remedy. Noxious plants and venomous reptiles have disappeared—mephitic exhalations have dried up—death-dealing drugs and drug doctors have died out, and are remembered only in the satire of song—the spouting politician and his loved acclamations and conclamations of the vulgar rabble have vanished in distant echo, and live only in the execrations of history—hotsam and jetsam, scutage and tithe, probation and purgation, legal, theological and medical, have grown grim in the dim distance of olden time—dogmatic dysnomy is swept away—pragmatic

preaching has played out—and faith is lost in philosophy. The hero-worship of unfeathered geese, and silly gallantry of gallinaceous cocks which spoil the women and hence also the men, have become antiquated customs of disgust. The “profession of arms,” which made machines of many men to bleed barbaric glory for the favored few, has now become a bloody barbarism of weak and vain ambition; and valor is a virtue only as moral heroism represses wrong and vindicates right by its own inherent, fearless fortitude—fearless of others’ opinions. The world is nationalized, and for local judicatories to adjudicate individual differences and vindicate personal rights, there are instituted by the people elective syndic councils, which also are the electors of a college from whom is selected and composed a grand ecumenical witenagemote or amphictyonic congress to determine the differences of State municipalities and national sovereignties.. Time was when a single individual murder was a crime and properly punished, but national wholesale slaughter, at the behests of ambitious political demagogues, and for the glory of diabolical despots, was legitimate and honorable; now the magnitude of these wholesale murders is comprehended, and popular intelligence has provided commensurate safeguards and universal protection against the unprogressed of any number. An ecumenic Crotona, a world-wide, an universal Utopia pictured by the splendid Pythagoras in the early annals of time, is now fully developed and realized. The early labors of Grotius and Vattel on the *Jus Gentium* have grown and culminated into an universal Crotona. Moore’s Utopian island has expanded and extended

until all national heterogeneities are harmonized into one universal happy homogeneity. With a spirit of emulation every municipal community studies electricity as the science of the soul and the philosophy of life. Ever and anon new truths are elicited, new grandeurs evolved, new lights leap forth to lend to love a higher hope and higher heaven. This science of the spirit, this philosophy of life—it has sounded a new harmony in the symphonies of creation and robed in radiance the dark old centuries. From its grand natal day in its native America, where magnetism has its strongest pole, where liberty is leagued with law, and science sways the trident of empire, it learned the lightning, and with electric keys unlocked the chambers of angelic life and spoke with the spirits of the spheres. It hath lettered the lightning's wing and bid it speed o'er the peopled earth that all may read the immortality of their love.

It has gilded the sea-girt isle of Britain and made her great pulsations beat the march of immortal life to the nations of men, through the vibrations of her great commercial arteries.

France, from the dark December of her destiny, has come forth clothed in the green garniture of this blooming Spring time; and the hope of life, like a bird of paradise, rises from the ruins of her Bastile.

Italy, the land of love, of liberty and of song, beholds a new lustre in her cerulean sky.

The Panhellenium of old Greece that used to ring with the thunders of Pericles, the eloquence of *Æschines* and the philipics of Demosthenes, has again quickened with a new vitality.

Cold, frigid, ice-bound, soul-bound Russia catches the faint echoes that reverberate from the mountains of her Caucasus and Obossia; and the mighty iceberg of her people has melted and become warm under the genial rays of the new dispensation.

The land of philosophy, mystic Germany, whose fertile mind gave birth to the mighty engine which gives wings to wisdom that it may fly to every home and hamlet on earth; makes knowledge public property that all may obtain, and renders her springs imperishable; a chariot whose wheels are winged with lightning that the revelation of a heaven may fly and spread over the earth like the electric clouds that mantle her canopy, and become as ubiquitous as its God—lives and feasts on this grand philosophy.

Continental Europe is vocal with the melodies and rings out the echoes of this spirit reveille from a thousand mountains and valleys; while her old desolated plains, erstwhile crimsoned with the gore of a thousand battles, are blooming all over with this rose of the celestial Sharon; and from her slain in battle, now im-paradised above, has sprung the spirit of peace to still the tocsin of war. The night has rolled away, the morning's broke and gilds the eastern hill-tops.

Poor, pitied, benighted Africa holds out her helpless hands, and lo! her native jungles resound with the shouts of her unfortunate children just stepping on this new threshold of life.

Old Asia has awakened from her deep sleep of centuries and looks with wonder on this shining morning.

The land of the Pyramids, with forty centuries upon her hoary brow, looks with love on this new era of human life.

The sealed casket of the Japanese heart is unlocked, and the mist of its mind rolls up and melts away before this bright star of eternity.

And the Celestial Empire, the land of Confucius, that busy hive of Sabian beings, so long the sealed cemetery of a moral death that felt not the ponderous tread of centuries, nor ever heard the drum-beat of revolution within her massive walls until now, is energized and quickened into life, and the heart of vitality now beats in the moss grown precincts of that ancient tomb.

In the bosom of the Southern ocean a continent had slumbered in the silence of centuries; but now this large, last discovered habitation of man teems with new types of his happy children. Nor creeds, nor cross, crescent or crucifix, church fashion, Sunday-sham, sacrament, baptism, nor eucharistic blessing, nor pontiff, nor caliph, nor prelate, nor preacher, with the "imposition of hands"—aye, the imposition of all—Demiurgic Druid, Dominican Friar, Carthusian Monk, and all the anointed saints of official benefice—had ever cursed with their direful dogmas this antarctic continent. No; all these had passed away to moulder among the dry bones of old superstitions, and are known only in the historic fables of earth's earlier ages. The life of true liberty and light, of philosophy, science and full freedom of conscience, is the native birth-right of this illumined and progressive people. The lettered lightning's wing of immortal life is full unfurled above her starry skies and voiced to happy millions the rapturous refrain of angelic anthems.

And everywhere, over all the gilded continents and jeweled isles, from the silvery-streamed sunrise to the



golden-gated sunset, from the torrid zaharas of the equator to the icy mountains of either pole, we hear the roll of revolution—not that revolution which slays its thousands that a Cæsar might be great—not the little drum-beat of bloody battle—but the full-toned thunder-roll of a revolution of the human soul, shaking off the shackles that bind it to the limits of earth, breaking loose the chains that drag it to the chariot wheels of death, asserting its divine fountain, claiming its divine destiny, laying its hold upon the pavilions of eternity and anchoring its hope within the storied temple of God's immortal heaven !

We leave the plane of earth and its mouldering urns—the sarcophagus and mausoleum of classic Greece and monumental Rome ; the catacombs of the Orientals and the tumuli of the Occidentals, and all this wide sepulchre of earth's ashes, every square foot of which has its silent dust of departed generations, which has mixed and intermixed, mingled and commingled, and fused and diffused and interfused into new animal organizations. Our own dust, erstwhile the proud habitations of ourselves, since wafted by wind and wave to diverse and distant points, now enters into the corporeal composition of other men and constitutes their living tenements. We leave these mouldering urns of mutation and transmutation, and sail the celestial ether of the spirit spheres. Where atmospheric air attenuant mingles into ether, we enter the first sphere of disembodied spirits. Here the low, the groveling and unprogressed, since their earthly elimination, begin to imbibe those angelic influences which are to unfold them into fairer fields. Do we here find our friends ?

No; they have progressed and gone on higher. Up and onward we soar, passing the second, the third, the fourth, and entering the fifth and sixth spheres we pause in our onward flight. O, the mighty outburst of magnificence that greets our dazzled vision! Throughout our spheral flight from the second upward, what seraphic melodies that pour upon the ravished ear, the anthemic raptures of immortal life and immortal love that gush from beatific millions imparadised in these radiant realms of love, with powers of progression expanding into new orders of being—as we rise from sphere to sphere—new developments of might and magnificence, new altitudes of intellect to soar up and on, and heights upon heights of mind ethereal, seraphic and sublime, as alps on alps arise, and new extensions of intelligences to tower anon and forever toward the Godhead; the full-toned chorus of enrapturing glory that rolls up and reverberates along the illimitable expanse of the celestial star-gemmed canopy; and the angelic hierarchies that rise higher and higher in boundless expansion, order upon order in endless succession as seraph realms around the eternal central throne; until at a far off epoch in future eternity the lower spheres appear as distant creations of dim splendor. In these blest abodes, in these vast elysian fields, among these angelic hosts, we see our friends of other years in the calendar of time. Long, long ago they passed the portals of earthly elimination, and have progressed from sphere to sphere in purity and perfection. Some yet linger in the second, some are in the third, others have attained the fourth, and a few bask in the beatific blaze of the fifth supernal sphere. Methinks I

see glorious old Secrates and just below him his faithful friend Crito. The immortal Milton, too, and Franklin, and Washington, and a countless host of earth's purest, best, spirits of power, purity and perfection. I think I see some of you, my best and truest friends of old earth, unfolding in this elysian eden with your fathers and families in full felicity. I also see, O happy vision! my long-lost mother, who never knew me on the earth plane but an infant; my revered father; and my loved babes whom I never knew but as babes, now full grown men and developed angels, with all their loved lineaments of feature and form unchanged, who have all gone before me, and all together now, living on love, and waiting patiently to welcome me to their full-flowing fountains of felicity. O, glorious God of creation! where is the bound to thy power, perfections and love? Would we on tireless wing assay to soar still higher in the bright ethereal blue? No; here is fullness enough, and overflowing beyond our capacities, expanded as they are; and the electro-ether beyond is too refined for the Icarian waxen wings of earth, and our pinions fail. The transcendent glories that gather there preclude all but archangels' highest development, and silence sits upon our tongues; our wild words fail, and language sinks without a syllable. The transcendent splendor, the supernal sublimity of mind, the grand galaxy of glories gathered in those central solar realms where the swift-winged comets, those fiery flambeaux, God's telegraphic messengers of the skies, receive their electro-magnetic charge to equalize the universe, and where the seraphim and archangel pluck the central suns to deck the diadem of Deity. But language sinks

powerless, and imagination overwhelmed, shrinks back exhausted, and returns again to its native tenement of old earth to take the dull realities as they are presented in our plodding plane of this nineteenth century, and wait impatiently till the stream of nature's destiny drifts us to those sublime scenes we have been viewing and depicting: Enough to startle into life the dull ear of death, and make vitality spring forth rejuvenated from the cold casket of the tomb; enough to voice in song all the tongues of nature, to make her mountains clap their hands in joy, and the grand organ of ocean hymn anthems of adoration !

Of the earth's internal ocean of molten matter we know little or nothing; and of life beyond the seventh spiritual sphere we are equally ignorant; but between these, positive science has taught us the philosophy of our life, which is the philosophy of nature. We learn that the concentric realms encircling round above us teem with the angelic life of all earth's past generations, as the earth below us in its every fluid, liquid and solid atoms teems with infusorial life—all tending to, people the spheres with spiritual intelligencies. From this internal central mass, constituting our globe or its crust, ascending outward, first comes the solid, hard primitive granite, the rocks; next the less hard iron, the metals; next the less solid mineral earths; next the still less solid soils; next the more fluid water; next the still more fluid atmosphere; and this becomes more attenuant and refined as we ascend, until lost in super-refined magnetic fluid and celestial ether: from original incondensed to solid, then liquid, æriform, and ethereal. And everything from the aboriginal

plutonic granite, is evolving something higher; and all ultimating in immortal man; thus the rocks into metals; the metals into mineral earths; these into soils; these into vegetation; vegetation into animal life; and this through various grades to its highest type, man, susceptible of this immortal principle of evolution into higher spiritual spheres—susceptible of those high principles of love and spiritual felicity that give him a desire for immortality and invest him with the nature and character of God and his children; and thus capacitated and endued we will live on in our loves as long as God shall live, through eternity, ever unfolding into new felicities. And all conscious mind or immortal spirit, by the same philosophy, rises into more rarified and ethereal regions, because more sublimated and ethereal itself than the grosser and more ponderous matter below it; and the altitude and purity of this region, in which it will locate under this same law, will be in proportion to its own ethereality and purity; and not stopping here, still under this unceasing philosophy and ever-working and universal law of evolution will become yet more sublimated, and rise and continue to rise to higher altitudes of ethereality, purity and ultimate perfection. What then? you may ask: finite knowledge cannot answer: perhaps absorbed in the Godhead. Then you may say our conscious individuality, our cherished hæcceity, will be lost. Not necessarily so: the God may be thus individualized and immortalized into His own hæcceity, from the multitude of spiritualities below Him, just as these were individualized into their hæcceity from the multitude of inorganic atoms below them: and all na-



ture thus ultimating in this grand Deific concentration and centralization of immortal hæcceities. But this is running into mere speculation beyond the philosophy of human science. This is the end and aim and object of our life, the grand purpose of this mundane nature, viz: to unfold higher forms and evolve higher principles into higher realms and altitudes of ethereality, spirituality, intellectuality, immortality and perfected felicity. From this primary and fundamental philosophy of our life we derive a supervenient philosophy of practical ethics for our every day feelings and personal deportment, viz: that we always preserve and maintain a perfect equanimity of temper and uniformity of character, because we should always feel a perfect composure and resignation, contentment and happiness; and we should ever thus feel, because we know that every seeming adversity, disappointment, suffering, or sorrow, is but transient, and will soon pass away; that they are but the earthly soil from which the rose of immortal life will spring and blossom forever; that all our sufferings can but end in dissolution, from which we shall rise in renewed vigor, purity, beauty and perfection, with all our loved lineaments and memories retained and improved and progressed into higher spheres of happiness. That we should live as we wish to die, in the sweet serenity and certainty of undying reunion; and not as Zeno lived, like a stoic, and met death like an animal or a stone; nor as Bolingbroke lived in doubt and, according to some biographers, died with frantic fear and remorse; nor the creed-cursed Christian with interminable hell and everlasting damnation before his tortured vision; nor as Cromwell

died, an angry ocean lashing in fury the shores of his sea-girt isle, while his stormy spirit stepped into eternity; nor as Napoleon lived in the storm of war, and on his rock-ribbed, ocean-bound prison of Helena, died in the delirium of battle, with nature's elements howling his dirge during his death, and singing a wild-wind requiem as his grand serenade out of time, with "*Tete de armee*" last upon his lips: For us, be our exit from these shores of sorrow, calm, tranquil and serene as the zephyrs of a spirit morn; if

"An angel's arm can't snatch us from the tomb,  
Legions of angels can't confine us there;"

that our friends behind may sing of us,

"Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,  
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft."

" 'Tis the last pang, he calmly said,  
To me, O death! thou hast no dread—  
Father I come!

Spread but thine arms on yonder shore—  
I see! ye waters bear me o'er:

There is my home!"

I speak of death—pardon me and pardon my thanatopsis—there is no such thing, no such principle, positive or negative, no such operation, active or passive, as death in its usual acceptation, throughout God's creation. Nothing can die but that which has personal consciousness, which is self-knowledge. All animal and vegetable creations undergo change, mutation, metamorphosis, continually, in the economy of nature; but this is not death to them, for they have not this personal consciousness or knowledge of life or death, though it appears so to us who have this knowledge. Man is the only creation of our principal plane of earth, capable of comprehending life and death, and if

he were to cease to exist, this would be death; but this very self-conscious personality with which he is endowed or endued is the principle of immortal life that assimilates him to the angels and connects him with the creator. The animal and the vegetable consist of certain combinations of certain elements in certain proportions which make certain forms of animal or vegetable; and this form of animal or vegetable is as unconscious of life, as a boon or principle of existence, as the elements were before their combination into the organic form. As chlorate of potash, fulminate of mercury, by percussion, or saltpetre, and sulphur and charcoal, or cotton steeped in nitric and sulphuric acids, by a spark of fire or electricity, will exert a pressure, the former of 1000 lbs. and the latter 800 lbs. per square inch; or chloride of nitrogen in another combination will explode by the application of a drop of oil, with a pressure not computed, so much greater than all others—all inert without the combination—and all vanish after their disposure. So the animal and vegetable after their ephemeral life in physiology, but not as evanescent in their action as the former in chemistry, dissolve away and back into their original elements which, as elementary principles, exist forever, and enter again into new organic combinations, but all unconscious of their metamorphoses: just as the physical constitution or organization of man is unconscious of its continual aggregation and segregation, integration and disintegration—unconscious of the constant destruction, counterbalanced by as constant construction, of every bone, blood, tissue and integument of his corporeal tenement. True the undeveloped infant is unconscious as the

brute, but the subnascent germ is there, as the germ of the oak is in the acorn, and will develop the tree of immortal life, independent of the bodily organism which may go to ruins, imbibing its vital principle of development from the spiritual ether above, just as the acorn will develop into the oak, independent of the body of the parent tree which may go to ruins, imbibing its vital, or rather organic principle from the earth of heat and moisture below. No; there is no death in nature: God has given unconscious organizations to unconsciously perish or again disorganize, for the purpose of ultimating a high and superior being of conscious life; but this conscious life He never gave for a conscious death. We must and shall be born again—a spiritual birth—and the parturition of this second birth, like the first, may under the meliorations of science now, and yet to come, be in comparative ease and quietude, or under ignorance in travail and agony. From the inexorable logic of science and all nature's analogies relative and correlative, we derive this lesson of surpassing comfort, that we shall not die, but shall be born again into a higher world of light, life and love. The moment of our dissolution is but the short midnight between the cloudy evening of our infantile earthly life, and the bright morning of our developed heavenly life. Silvered over with the lights of science is death's dark doorway which but opens into the lighted chambers of life in truth. We do not, as Bryant says, "wrap the drapery of our couch around us and lie down to dreams;" but we throw off the drapery of death, shake off the couch, and rise up to glorious reality.

"Is it his death-bed? No, it is his shrine:  
Behold him there just rising to a god."

Another very common, though less important error, I'll notice in this connection: It is generally believed that heat is the condition and even test of life, whereas the contrary is the real truth. Heat is the result of oxydation, or decay and decomposition; and where this oxydizing, dissolving process is not going on, no heat is evolved or perceived—the elements of heat, or whatever evolves it, for heat itself is not an element—may, in a dormant condition called latent heat, be there and everywhere for aught we know; but no heat is evolved or perceived, except in the process of oxydation. And beyond our atmosphere through which the rays or emissions of the physical sun undulate and produce or evolve heat, it must, according to my philosophy, be comparatively cold and of uniform temperature, not subject to the climatic fluctuations of our atmosphere; and the spiritual residents of those relatively cold and etherco-electric climes should also be cold, *i. e.*, evolve no heat to our present perceptions, as they are not subject to our material oxydation—if they were they could not be immortal. Now all those in this rudimental sphere of flesh who have touched and felt their excarnated spirit friends, invariably represent them as cold to their present feelings. Moreover, the estimated temperature of the planetary spaces is, 58° F., according to men of science. Our present normal temperature, be it remembered, is 98 F., 156° higher. Thus the uneducated medium announces and attests the truths of science. A profound philosophy is here.

As giving additional authority to this philosophy which I have but adumbrated, an extract from Herbert Spencer's "First Principles of a New Philosophy," just



published, is here inserted: "And here remains to be added the further corollary, that just as in the case of the smaller members of the solar system, the heat generated by concentration, long ago in great part radiated into space, has left only a central residue that now escapes but slowly; so in the case of that immensely larger mass forming the sun, the immensely greater quantity of heat generated and still in process of rapid diffusion, must, as the concentration approaches its limit, diminish in amount, and eventually leave only an inappreciable internal remnant. With or without the accompaniment of that hypothesis of nebular condensation, whence, as we see, it naturally follows, the doctrine that the sun is gradually losing his heat, has now gained considerable currency; and calculations have been made, both respecting the amount of heat and light already radiated, as compared with the amount that remains, and respecting the period during which active radiation is likely to continue. Prof. Helmholtz estimates, that since the time when, according to the nebular hypothesis, the matter composing the solar system extended to the orbit of Neptune, there has been evolved by the arrest of sensible motion, an amount of heat 454 times as great as that which the sun still has to give out. He also makes an approximate estimate of the rate at which this remaining  $\frac{1}{454}$ th is being diffused: showing that a diminution of the sun's diameter to the extent of 1-10,000, would produce heat, at the present rate, for more than 2000 years; or in other words, that a contraction of 1-20,000,000 of his diameter, suffices to generate the amount of light and heat annually emitted; and that thus, at the present rate of

expenditure, the sun's diameter will diminish by something like 1-20 in the lapse of the next million years.\* Of course these conclusions are not to be considered as more than rude approximations to the truth. Until quite recently, we have been totally ignorant of the sun's chemical composition; and even now have obtained but a superficial knowledge of it. We know nothing of his internal structure; and it is quite possible (probable, I believe,) that the assumptions respecting central density, made in the foregoing estimates, are wrong. But no uncertainty in the data on which these calculations proceed, and no consequent error in the inferred rate at which the sun is expending his reserve of force, militates against the general proposition that this reserve of force is being expended; and must in time be exhausted. Though the residue of undiffused motion in the sun may be much greater than is above concluded; though the rate of radiation cannot, as assumed, continue at a uniform rate, but must eventually go on with slowly decreasing rapidity; and though the period at which the sun will cease to afford us adequate light and heat, is very possibly far more distant than above implied; yet such a period must sometime be reached, and this is all which it here concerns us to observe."—"It has been contended, by Prof. Helmholtz, that inappreciable as may be its effect within known periods of time, the friction of the tidal wave must be slowly diminishing the earth's rotary motion, and must eventually destroy it. Now

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\*See paper "On the Inter-action Natural Forces," by Prof. Helmholtz, translated by Prof. Tyndall, and published in the *Philosophical Magazine*, supplement to Vol. XI, fourth series.

though it seems an oversight to say that the earth's rotation can thus be destroyed, since the extreme effect, to be reached only in infinite time by such a process, would be an extension of the earth's day to the length of a lunation; yet it seems clear that this friction of the tidal wave is a real cause of decreasing rotation. Slow as its action is, we must recognize it as exemplifying, under another form, the universal progress towards equilibrium."

Thus it is perceived the profound philosophy, the germ or shadow of which I foresaw, is evolved into plausible verisimilitude if not absolute verity, by cotemporaneous intellectual students of both celestial and terrestrial physics. Now, as this state of our planet is approached, without physical heat and physical light, its inhabitants, under the great law of evolution or progression, will attain that condition of spiritual differentiation and development as to require neither physical heat nor physical light—thus evincing the wonderful wisdom, power and beneficence of the universal God. As for the diminution in velocity of the earth's axial rotation, or the extension of our day of 24 hours into 30 days, it will amount to nothing for the same reasons just stated. Everything is elaborating mutual adaptation and will culminate in permanent equilibration.

But with the moral summary of our practical lesson, anon: That we should strive for improvement, moral, mental, physical, and be kind, charitable and sympathetic with each other, crushing every impulse of anger and cherishing every impulse of love; knowing that we all here inherit the same or equal frailties, and that

others too have their wrongs, which are parts of our patrimony we cannot help, nor the creator himself avoid, but which will all be ultimately purged off under His great law of progression; that those we hear of as so great and good become less so as intimate acquaintance discloses weakness and bad traits; and also those reputed as weak and bad improve as acquaintance discovers traits of goodness and mentality—in short, that none are so good and so great, or so bad and so simple as we hear; that intercourse tends to equalize, as also all knowledge and progression; that the bubble of popular reputation floats with fortuities and is quickened and sustained by adventitious circumstances; and that we shall yet all meet in realms unfringed with wrong, where we shall truly know each other by an unerring aro-mal emanation, or electric radiation, or magnetic effluxion, for mind will then act upon and perceive mind direct, unencumbered with gross intervening animal sensoria. And the anguish of parting from a loved friend—O, this is the bitterest word of my language, the bitterest moment of my life—parting, parting from my loved—forever!

Great God! who can stand it? No: thanks to His philosophy of our life; but for a few fleeting moments, mere dewdrops of time to the vast ocean of eternity, in which we will all meet and live in love where parting shall be known no more. For this, O Great Architect of creation's temple, I would send a shout of gratitude and glory to ring and echo along thy grand aisles and corridors through all the eternal world! I part from you to-morrow—leave a more congenial people for a more congenial climate—this my last speech is but a friend's farewell—Forever? Nay

“Congenial spirits part to meet again.”

Did Campbell comprehend the glorious truth he thus enunciated in his mellifluous verse? Yes, to meet again, to meet again! *friends forever!* O, the heavenly hallelujahs that reverberate along the vaulted spheres and peopled worlds, and echo from all the orbs of light that spangle this vast vault around us, teeming with intelligencies imparadised in eternity. Not an ecclesiastical *Jubilate Deo* for “the plan of salvation,” which is but a more pleasing term for the plan of damnation; but a grand gush of gratitude that swells the symphonies of all His immortal creations for the glorious plan of progression that leads us to the radiant realms of His own glory, the glory of universal and immortal love.

And yet this sublime science that thus traces our origin, and opens the portals of our glorious destiny of reunion, and gives us the cream of our conduct and daily happiness, is assailed and opposed with energy and malignity. This opposition consists of two classes and motives: those who really and ardently desire and believe it to be true, and fearing the wish is father to the thought, oppose it with the sole view of eliciting more light in order to have all their doubts dispelled to their entire satisfaction; and those who do not desire it to be true or to be accepted, because it will wofully interfere with the fleshpots that keep fat on their dogmas—it is this class that evince such malignity. As for the many articles published in the hebdomadal press of the day, casting odium or derision on spiritual mediums—many of whom also deserve it—it is generally done to please the people and pander to their ignorant prejudices, and thus promote the popularity of the



paper; often at the expense and sacrifice of truth. I know editors who do this and secretly laugh at the ignorance of their readers, and who believe in the truth and the science, and admire the grandeur of the philosophy. And so they praise a popular man with prestige and position, whom they heartily hate. They lack the nerve to stem the popular current, which it is the duty of every journalist to direct, and not float with it. There is another class who are totally indifferent, and are actuated by two different motives: first, because they have no higher aspirations than the prosperity of their potato patch, or cotton field, counter or card-table; second, those that have immortal longings, but fear "it is too good to be true," and being cold and calculating themselves they feel safe if it is true, and if not true had better stick to old faith as the safer course, ugly as it is, thus governed alone by the selfish impulse of fear, with no feeling of philanthropy to proclaim the glorious truth to their fellow men. For myself, true to my instincts, my inspirations and my impulses, I shall proclaim this glorious philosophy through print as well as speech to my fellow men. I'll make the paper speak, the silent types vocal with love, and every page eloquent of immortality. I have reached the time of life and amount of experience and misfortune, that my heart has become callous to the simple, silly sayings of those vain, unprogressed around and below me, regardless of all connections; my ambition has bounded beyond the reach of envious ignorance, and finds its gratulations among the intelligential and progressed my aspirations soar above the sounds of senseless, soulless gossip of human animals, and find a full fruition in

the fountains that flow through the realms of immortal mind. I have suffered so much unkindness, injustice and wrong, at the hands, too, most frequently, of such low, inferior beings, that I feel reckless of at least their approbation, and all their kith, so closely kin to the porcine species that know no gratitude, and are incapable of progress. They look up at me and think they are looking down; they know not the direction of up or down, and cannot apprehend, much less comprehend, and still less appreciate, the idea of moral altitude; they sprout, vegetate and rot where they were planted, or live, flourish and fall where they were born, morally. Swine will never exchange a wallow for a parlor—there it was raised and there it will remain; nor would the ignorant herd of biped genus homo exchange their finical parlors of animal gab and gossip for the cerebral halls of intellectual immortalities; there they were reared and there they would remain. Panoplied in truth and always a devoted worshipper at its altar, with all my faults and misfortunes, my sins and my sorrows, and they are not few; prompted in my every impulse by honesty and sincerity, and with such friends as you who know me well, I fear not the fumes of falsehood, or venomous vituperation, nor much regard popular opinion, public or private. Enough of this—I'm sorry for human nature. I cannot withhold this healing balm to the bleeding hearts of my friends, this ineffable comfort for the sorrowing souls of those who can appreciate and appropriate it, when by a little effort it is within my power to impart it. For even if it be false we are thus made happy here, and shall never wake up hereafter to know or realize its falsity. As for the

interminable hell, that old orthodoxy would have catch me for thus proclaiming this happy philosophy, I spurn the degrading idea that I should for a moment invest the character of my creator with the diabolic cruelty of thus punishing me forever for not believing in this very diabolism, or for believing in a philosophy that while it gives a glory to Him, also gives happiness to me. The fear of this interminable hell has crazed many a weak brain—and isn't it enough?—and poured bitterness in the fountains of many a life stream on earth. Many a pitied parent has poured out a life in sorrow over the premature death of an adult unconverted child. What would heaven be, what *could* it be to such a parent with such a child in such a hell? Let not this dread chimera disturb you, my friends: DO RIGHT AND FEAR NOTHING; our God never made His children to be victims of fear, nor stamped eternity on misery: nor do His works tend downwards; and if your wicked child reach Gehenna, he will soon be lifted hence, and by the help of your own hands. So cheer thee, bleeding mother, devoted father! thy loved child is *not* lost, *nor can be*, while God and His philosophy endure. We shall all soon fall into the embraces of a sweet sleep and serene slumber, from which nothing will ever disturb us; or we shall wake up to meet our friends again in higher and happier realms of life and love. And let us fear not that this incessant stream from God's vast empire of life, forever pouring into those higher spheres, will at some period in future eternity, howsoever remote, ultimately fill them beyond capacity for more: for be it remembered, His infinity of domain is equal to His eternity of dura-

tion: one is co-extensive with the other, and both illimitable. And though we follow science as the footsteps of God, and would analyze the higher heavens, and anatomize archangel life, and analyze the deep arcana of all hereafter, we yet must know that mystery and wonder will ever rise above and hover around our heads as the sunlight dazzles our physical eyes. This is enough for the philosophic mind.

Among the many theories invented to crush out this sublime science by which every man can learn and see for himself the positive demonstration of his own immortality with all his loved, independent of hierophantic officiation, was first, that it was produced—I mean the physical manifestations—by the snapping of the knee and toe joints. This was ridiculous. Then next came the theory that it was all produced by the brain centres and nerve centres of minds in the body. This was more philosophical; but they were both soon abandoned. Next came the “pine table” epoch, originating in the puritanical, fanatical, hypocritical, diabolical, for they are all inseparable if not synonyms, New York Tribune and its kindred sheets; but the “pine table” did more than was contracted for—it proved too much—it turned to talking: it was dropped as a child drops hot iron, instantaneously, and without being told. The “intellectual giant,” Rev. Mahan, then entered the ring, but he was soon ruled out as doing the opposition mischief, for he acknowledged the facts but failed to explain them. The learned Faraday spoke from across the water, and pronounced it the “involuntary contraction and motion of the muscles of the medium”—weak indeed for a savan; but his theory, too, soon ex-

pired. Anon appeared the great Bovee Dods, with his psychological theory, the "front brain, back brain," etc.—the only rational theory yet presented: indeed it is through the principles of psychology that spirit intercourse is effected, the excarnated being one party and the incarnated the other, instead of both parties being incarnated; and it requires discrimination to know when the manifestations are really from the excarnated spirits instead of being a mere reflection of, or reflected image, or idea existing in some other mind present in the flesh. I now refer to the higher mental manifestations, not the physical. But Dods himself has surrendered his theory and embraced spiritual agency; for he has witnessed a number of communications that precluded any and every other hypothesis, and established in his opinion excarnated spirit intercourse.

It is remarkable how rapidly all these various theories in opposition to spirit agency have disappeared; and how, soon as one theory was advanced, the manifestations immediately ceased in that way and assumed another form; and so throughout, as fast as new theories were devised for their explanation, so fast they assumed new phases, as if to refute them.

It is now styled, I believe, by its opposers, an inexplicable intellectual epidemic—being inexplicable to them, it must be incredible to all. Now to the followers of the Bible, of whatever name or creed, I will prove in few words and by the Bible itself, that modern Spiritualism is true: The wise man of the Bible in Ecclesiastes, the Preacher, says "What has been is what shall be; what has been done shall be done again."



But many and divers manifestations of angels, disembodied spirits of men, have been made to men in the flesh through all the ages, according to Bible record; therefore these manifestations must be made again, and modern Spiritualism is true—or *the Bible is false*. This is conclusive, for it is evident the rule was intended as general for all time, and not restricted to the apostolic or any other age. Again: its disciples say I must take the Bible and believe it all as I find it, and not believe a part only, else I am no believer of the Bible. I contend that I may be a believer and yet reject those portions which are evidently false, as the dogmatic creeds.

Now I ask them if they believe Joshua really stopped the sun or the world; they answer no. Hence, by their own rule, they are not Bible believers, but by my rule I am a believer in its cardinal truths founded in philosophy.

To my Christian friends of open hearts and liberal minds—not those who draw their heads like the tortoise within their own chelonian shells, afraid to feel or face the light; not those whose highest ambition is to attend the fashionable church, whose highest piety is to take the sacrament, be baptized and *pay the preacher*; not those of vindictive cruel religion who are ever ready to shout, “hang him, kill him, crucify him,” for every little human weakness or peccadillo of which themselves are the very impersonation and embodiment; not those whose credenda are their consistories, the sacrament their shibboleth of faith, their faith the foundation of their hope, and this hope their only comfort, linked as it is with hell on one hand—I would say that the evidence in favor of this religion of philosophy is

greatly more powerful and conclusive in character, kind and amount than that in favor of the religion of faith. In character, because of its direct living witnesses of the most intelligent and estimable men, instead of deceased, hearsay, traditional testimony of ignorant men; in kind, because of the scientific facts, instead of the old mythic fables of miracles against known laws of nature; and in amount, because of the living millions among us and everywhere all attesting of their personal knowledge of the *res gestæ* to the same thing. You believe twelve men or twelve hundred men if you please, and ignorant men, too, 1800 years ago, whose testimony is contrary to all our experience and to nature's eternal laws; but you would disbelieve twelve thousand men now living, and enlightened men, too, whose testimony is in accordance with known laws of nature, and well understood in modern science. You say those twelve apostles of the old religion had no motive to mislead, but only incurred obloquy by their course. Now I ask what motive have these twelve thousand living apostles of the new philosophy, and don't you heap equal obloquy and opprobrium upon them? Answer this to your own conscience. Is this intelligence, or is it common honesty? You thus strain at the gnat of philosophy, and swallow the camel of faith. Every principle of evidence and rule of judicial practice, Greenleaf to the contrary notwithstanding, would, if strictly applied, invalidate popular theology and establish Spiritual philosophy. It is not the amount of human testimony we rely upon in favor of this philosophy, nor should you, my Christian friends, thus rely, for we are both greatly overpowered by the

Heathen and the Mohammedan in numbers, and fully equalled if not excelled in devotion; it is the irrefragible demonstrative evidence, independent of human feelings, human fears, or human numbers—immutable and immaculate. The character of this evidence is a stranger to all other religions, and makes this the religion of philosophy. As the cross is the symbol of faith, Christian, and the crescent the symbol of sensuality, Moslem, I would have the scroll as concinnous, consensaneous and significant the symbol of the Spiritual religion. As man's life spirally unfolds from a central cell, and thence unfurls and expands and enlarges his lightning-lettered life; so the scroll unfolds from a central point and thence unfurls and expands and enlarges its lettered intelligence. It is also peculiarly appropriate in other respects for an emblem of the Spiritual religion: as the scroll of life, the scroll of fame, the scroll of the heavens, the scroll of philosophy, the scroll of immortality, the scroll of science. It is likewise significant of intelligence and of letters.

The typic cross, the crescent, and the scroll,  
 Symbols of faith, of passion, and of soul:—  
 Unfurl the lettered scroll! angel emblem  
 Of the grand Spiritual philosophy;  
 Unrolling life around the starry spheres,  
 Unfolding angels of immortal life,  
 And op'ning the destinies of heaven.

And as supersecular and supervenient to all others, this new philosophical religion has its own inherent evidence which every one can see and witness for himself, for all may obtain or witness by proper effort these spiritual manifestations.

But, says the Christian of miraculous faith, we feel and witness a like internal evidence, and know whereof

we speak. Now, right here we open an interesting metaphysical, pneumatological, psychical question, illustrated and displayed to a great degree at popular camp meetings and other religious revivals. This phenomenon is scientifically known as pathetism. I wish my time could admit a full exposition of its philosophy, for my present argument depends upon its elucidation. I have witnessed and experienced it myself in its most wonderful displays. We have seen proud, strong men fall in fear and trembling under its mighty influence; and young, guileless girls of sixteen summers, cry in the most piteous accents of deep agony and travail of soul, and pour out their tender hearts in tears, for mercy, from sure, sudden and impending doom. Mercy for what? Had they ever sinned, these guileless girls? Aye, and we have seen them rise in renewed strength, suddenly energized from an unseen source, and heard shouts of happiness ring out from their little temples like echoes of immortal melodies, while bright effulgence gleamed through their glistening tears like the play of sparkling sunlight through pearly rain-drops. Now whence and wherefore is this? You affirm it to be "conversion" by the direct action of God. I aver it is not "conversion," for their after lives, soon as the transient influence is over, proves no change of heart, or change of life, or permanent conversion of any kind. Neither is it the direct action of the great God, for He cannot thus contravene His own character and immutable laws by working a miracle in a human "conversion" to be immediately set aside, frustrated and falsified. The true philosophy of pathetism as evinced in revivals is, first, a great many minds

are so constituted that they may persuade themselves by constant assiduous effort to believe anything they have an intense will and desire to believe; hence, by this intense will and effort they believe they are converted, which cannot be retorted on the evidence of science; or, second, the well known mesmeric sympathy epidemic in a crowd of high wrought feeling; or, third the psychological power of the operator (preacher) over the congregation; or, fourth, the actual presence of angelic or spirit friends blessing them in their then peculiar condition of receptivity, which is the true condition and result of sincere prayer—and which, when kept up and persevered in, as is the case in a few instances, the “conversion” will continue and be permanent to this extent, no more.

All these wonderful manifestations and mysterious phenomena we witness at large revivals, are wrought by and through some or all of these means, the natural operations of causes well known and understood by the scientific philosopher. The great differences and variations in the act and process of “conversion,” according to the different characters and temperaments of the various subjects, some requiring long continued and persistent efforts, others proving of ready facility, comport with the same differences in mesmeric subjects and spiritual mediums, all under the same principles and laws, some requiring long laborious efforts, others evincing a ready aptitude to this peculiar influence under the control of mind or spirit whether in or out of the flesh: they are mutually corroborative and expository. This likewise accounts for the otherwise unaccountable and anomalous fact that the most wicked



and hardened sinners are often the easiest of conversion, and the most upright and exemplary characters the most difficult of conversion. And this philosophy also explains the otherwise inexplicable mystery of some preachers, like Caughey and Spurgeon, for examples, being so successful in revivals, for it cannot be attributed to extra piety, as it is well known that they are frequently vain and vindictive—unless this be considered extra piety, which indeed is according to the principles and practices of some religionists. While on the other hand some of the most humble, honest, pious and self-denying preachers are the least successful in the cause of revivals and conversions. Everybody has this element in greater or less degree, susceptible of mesmeric influence or spiritual control, called “conversion.” But while you assert in those phenomena of revivals, a supernal and supernatural agency, you deny it in all others. You aver all other modern spiritual manifestations are not preternatural or supernal, but the result of deception, delusion, an intellectual epidemic, or some mysterious unknown incarnated agency of mundane nature; while I affirm them to be demonstrations of spiritual or supernal agency. In the case of revivals you assert them to be due to supernal agency, and I to well known causes and elements existing in the human mind while incarnated as well as excarnated. The difference is, I can account for and explain my opinions on principles of natural philosophy; but you cannot account for or explain yours on any known principles whatever—unless you claim mere faith as the principle, which is accepting my philosophy of the delusion. Spirit intercourse you reject through

blind ignorance; revival conversion you accept through blind faith: when here we have a philosophy which explains both on scientific principles of demonstration. Will you plunge the abysmal Seylla and Charybdis of faith and ignorance, on the one hand; or on the other, climb the clear mountain of philosophy and truth, around whose summit play the selectest lights of science. Nor can it be retorted on Spiritualists that they are liable to delusion in believing in spiritual inspiration as the old religionists in believing in conversion by the Holy Ghost, or the special pardon of sins by the direct act of God. We have the natural laws of a natural philosophy to explain and vindicate ours, while they have no law and no philosophy to account for theirs, but all in contravention: all known laws of nature and philosophy refute their faith as futile and delusive, but not detrimental or pernicious to a large portion of the human family. In short and pithy anecdote, "conversion" frequently amounts to this: "Parson ——, have you noticed any change in B. since he was converted and joined the church?" "O yes, very great; before, when he went out to mend his fences on Sunday, he carried his axe on his shoulder, but now he carries it under his overcoat."

A great many Protestant Christians, especially of the Episcopalians, deny this sudden change of heart, or change of life called conversion; but St. Paul is generally cited and urged as a case in point and proof of instantaneous conversion. This case of St. Paul, however, is not one of miracle, but of philosophy just stated like all others of the same analogy. I would like to argue this question at some length, but must

desist. Nevertheless, as I condemn dogmatics in others I must not be guilty myself of dogmatism; therefore I feel bound to say that while this "conversion" by the direct act of God Himself or His Holy Ghost, as claimed by the orthodox, may be within the bounds of possibility, it is certainly much more rational and reasonable and natural to believe it effected as I have said, in accordance with known laws of nature and a beautiful philosophy, which indeed detracts nothing from its intrinsic value, but rather adds to its comforts to know that our angel friends are ever round and near to hear and heed and help us. And whether the influence be the direct action of our Father God, or of a vicarious Christ, or of a mysterious Holy Ghost, or of our progressed excarnated and spiritualized friends in the form of angels, it is hallowed and happy, purifying and felicitous, and should be encouraged, cultivated and cherished; not merely embraced during temporary popular excitement, to be immediately disregarded and derided as popular illusion—all puerile excitement may be thus derided, but not these true, splendid spiritual manifestations and happy impartations of the heavenly world, called by some "conversion," or any other name. This rational and natural philosophy—rational because natural, and natural because rational—also explains and clears the mystery from the condition of trance, so frequent, particularly in revival excitements. St. Paul's celebrated trance, as well as his conversion, all come within the sphere and purview of this splendid philosophy of spirit power and angelic influence and intercourse. It likewise explicates the otherwise strange medical fact, that persons in this condition of trance,

or in any under the control of spirit power, invariably recover after remaining for hours pulseless and apparently lifeless, as for instance the case recorded by Dr. Chegne of Col. Townshend, of Scotland, whose heart ceased to beat, no pulse, no respiration, his entire frame cold and rigid, features shrunk and colorless, all to such extent that three medical men pronounced him dead. Now we know that this condition of the physical system, originating from functional, structural, or any other cause than spiritual, is certain dissolution. Spiritual mediums are thus controlled for hours, and we have seen persons at revival meetings in the same condition, with their vital energies prostrated and physical functions almost, some entirely, suspended, and wondered at their easy and perfect recovery without injury, when they are, as most frequently, of fragile frames and feeble vitality, and much weaker cause and less excitement otherwise would prove fatal. This philosophy of modern science explains it all satisfactorily and consolitorily.

But you may ask, if this Spiritualism be true—this philosophy of God—why was it not discovered and promulgated sooner? Why is it that man has lived 6000 years in ignorance of this great truth? In answer, I ask, why is it that electricity has not been known until now? why its discovery so neoteric? The lightning through which we communicate and which speaks for us, is the same lightning that flashed o'er Grecian glory or Roman ruin, aye, that played upon the peaks of Sinai. Science had not then shed its scintillations in the mind of Moses, Servius, or Lycurgus; nor is it a gratuity of nature or gift of Provi-

dence: it has to be learned, culled, collected, collated, and appropriated by our honest efforts, from which we may weave the philosophy of our life. Like our daily bread and the glittering jewel, it is by honest effort alone that truth is evolved, and our progression developed. As your religion of faith professes to have been heralded by a grand providential speciality, and could, of course, have been thus promulgated early as well as late, why was it not heralded with the birth of man? and why its evulgation so imperfect in extent as well as time? But man has to labor for the bread of his body, and so he has to labor for the philosophy of his life—and this is his true religion.

You may again object that these new revelations abound in platitudes, inconsistencies and contradictions. Granted: But does not your old Revelation still more abound in absurdities, inconsistencies and contradictions, as I have already shown? Your Great Master tells you in one breath to “seek your salvation;” and in the next, “he that seeks to save his life shall lose it.” My religion of philosophy explains these discrepancies, and thus can reconcile the contradictions, or their causes, of your master, Jesus Christ, as where your Bible says, “believe not every spirit,” etc. (1 John, iv, and Jer. 29); but your religion of faith cannot explain them, and they must, consequently, forever remain irreconcilable, and believed by none but those who have no eyes and follow faith through fear and feeling. And through this feeling of fear many pretend to ridicule the religion of philosophy, because their religion of faith holds over their heads, in terror, a devil and damnation; for does it not tell them



if they believe anything else they believe a lie, and shall be damned? We carry no such scorpion lash of terror for the timid—philosophy has no horrors for the honest, enlightened and true. When we think of the low, very low condition of the human family in this our first sphere of life, especially in the splendid principle of truth that assimilates the angels to the Deity—for truth compels me to say that mankind is, as the general rule, a race of liars, the men of truth only form the exceptions, who become such more from the progressive development of moral effort than original, native inheritance—when we consider man as yet but a higher order of animal in whom the germ exists, and from whom it will spring into immortality—when we see his resemblance to the lower animals in so many traits, as striking and not very refined instances, a certain large, sluggish, carnivorous and voracious bird of the *buteotic* species or genus, when he finds his dainty repast, with great gravity raises his arms or wings and says “grace,” or “holds pra’rs,” like the church dignitaries, big and little, looking as saintly, sanctified and sanctimonious as a Puritan psalm-singer; and the great gallantry of the gaudy and gallinaceous cock, which no doubt brought the observation of Plato, that the “fashionable urban *cocks-comb* is but a biped without feathers;” and still more striking, the desperately contested battle between two heroes of the anserine tribe, which couldn’t hurt an infant, and then the flattering greetings and fulsome adulations bestowed upon the victor by the applauding tribe, and his proud bearing and vain conceit upon his brilliant victory. What a burlesque upon human nature, and especially woman na-

ture (glorious, heavenly exceptions, of course), for it is she mainly who incites men to battle, and showers her smiles upon the bloody hero, just as the females of the goose tribe, just mentioned, cackle their encomiums on the gallant gander. Woman often starts the burning besom of war, as black-eyed Helen, of Troy, and then always waters the ashes of its sweeping desolations with the free torrents of her tears. She who loves less her son, her husband, father, or brother, than her vanity or ambition, under the specious guise of patriotism, or any other ism, is not the woman with woman's warm heart gushing with tenderness and love. But to return from this subsecutive train. Viewing this phase of human nature, I say, how can we wonder at the discordant and contradictory revelations or statements from spirits who have perhaps just entered the spheres, and have made little progress in wisdom, love and truth? This alone is enough to explain all our discrepancies; and the fallibility of the spirit communicator, the imperfection of the media, and the liability to other impressions pre-existing of the recipient, fully explicate all mysterious discordancies: and this is philosophy. But you reject fact, explanation, philosophy, everything but—faith. Faith, my friends, cannot bring bread for the body, nor salvation for the soul. This word, “faith,” however, has no well-defined meaning. According to its common acceptation by strict orthodoxy, it is a mere myth of superstition and ignorance; but if it means intense energy and inexorable resolution, with unswerving confidence in them, it then becomes at once a truth and a philosophy. The answer of the Baptist preacher to the question, “Are you not afraid your prose-

lytes will take cold, immersing them in mid-winter?" "No danger of catching cold, if they've got faith enough." —has a truth which he knew, and a philosophy which he knew not. It is well known to scientific physicians that this is a potent principle in the human mind to keep off and cure disease. This determined WILL can take a man unscathed through a pestilence. There is no more truthful and philosophical saying than "where there's a will there's a way." By nature's general laws, everything accomplishes its purpose, and this positive, well-defined, intelligent, earnest, aspiring, devout *will*, will accomplish its purpose. It is well said by Emerson, "*The will, that is the man.*" So much and no more of faith and will. And right here, though somewhat abrupt, I'll add some eloquent extracts from a good little book just published, under the unpretending title of "*Plain Guide to Spiritualism,*" by Uriah Clark, who writes like one fully endued with the heavenly dews: "For more than a quarter of a century the Christian press and church were filled with prayers and predictions that God would open the heavens anew, that the Holy Ghost would come down with power, that Jesus Christ would descend in glory and majesty, that angel armies would marshal themselves for fresh battles with earth and hell, that some mighty manifestation would be made from the skies to flood earth with overwhelming showers and flame, like tongues of fire, and thunder with vibrations to quake the dead souls of the apathetic masses, and jar from their centre the very walls and foundations where multitudes congregated. But the very first faint sound coming in response to these prayers and predictions

sent terror into the heart of modern Christendom. While in the very act of praying and predicting that some celestial manifestations of power and majesty might be made, lo, a feeble sound was heard on the altar floor or pulpit case, and priest and people were seized with alarm; they turn pale with affright; their prayers shake them, and they take them back; they pray God to forgive them for asking more than they were prepared to receive; Catholics cross themselves and Protestants beg to be absolved; through the blue goggles of their dogmas they see "hydras, gargons, chimeras dire," pale phantoms of alarm, shrieking ghosts, wandering wild in the midnight air, and weird hags like those mumbling in Macbeth; and they cry out, Delusion, Beelzebub! Back, demons damned, ye legioned throngs clothed in the alluring light of the spheres.

"Practical Spiritualism is summed up in one word—Love; love to God, manifest in love to humanity. While Spiritualists seek no central creed, no fixed platform of intellectual opinion, no rigid system of theology, binding the conscience and trammeling freedom, they are united in the one grand, central element of fraternal love encircling the family of earth and heaven. We can all agree, without controversy, in regard to this central principle, for there is one common chord of benevolence running through the great heart of humanity, which needs only to be touched aright to vibrate in harmony with the angel world. But men may quarrel everlastingly about abstract creeds and systems addressed to the head alone, without coming to any uniform opinion, while their hearts are rent

with discord, or left cold, desolate, untouched. The religious world for ages has endeavored to unite in creeds and forms to save humanity; but with what lamentable results! It has not saved even itself, and to-day the churches are found waning and powerless; and while they are contending over the "dry bones" of old faiths and formulas past all resurrection, millions of the ignorant, erring, fallen, and unbelieving are left to pine and perish outside the pale of redemption.

"In this emergency Spiritualism makes its advent. It is scouted by sectarians and would-be philosophers, because it begins with no rigid creed or system, but leaves each individual conscience and intellect free to seek and decide for itself, while it first aims to reach the heart and awaken those divine religious affections paramount over every other department of human nature. We thank God and the angel world that Spiritualism comes as a religion of the affections. It embraces all science, philosophy, reason, intellect; but its angel hands reach down through all these and first seek to lay hold of the slumbering chords of the human heart. 'He that loveth, is born of God, and knoweth God; for God is love.'

"John goes on to say, in substance, that divine love was manifest in Jesus; that men may know whether they have this love by the spiritual witness within them, and that no man can love God without loving his brother man. 1 John iv. Recognizing God as the Father Spirit of all souls, whose essence is love, every spirit or angel commissioned of God to visit humanity must come on errands of love, and is a manifestation of the Christ-principle, the Holy Ghost, or the Holy



Host of heaven, whether that spirit or angel be one of the departed saints of sacred history or a little child just gone from the humblest home below. There is no small or great in the spiritual kingdom now being inaugurated on earth, no high or low, no rich or poor, but all are one in the fellowship of love engirthing the universe. Could we take some lofty stand-point in the spirit world, and gaze down through all the transient grades and conditions of humanity, seeing as angels see, we should discover one central element of love more or less pervading all souls, and learn that most of the evils, errors, and differences existing among the millions below were less than our false judgment had apprehended, while every being would reveal a germ of divinity destined to mount and burn with glory among the celestial hosts of eternal progress. The rapidity with which manifestations have spread, and the avidity with which they are believed, together with the fact that all past ages have demonstrated something similar, suggest to us, that man has a spiritual nature which cannot be satisfied without a belief in Spiritualism. This belief expands his soul with all the great hopes and aspirations which leap beyond the skies, and is the citadel on which he stands when all other foundations are swept away on the winds and waves of time. Without a consciousness of something within him which shall survive the mutations of time, something allied to God and another realm of higher intelligences, what were this life to the suffering millions? And it is to this consciousness we must appeal, if we would have Spiritualism reach the hearts of the people. You go to your skeptical brother, and tell him of the wonder-

ful manifestations you have seen and which he may see; but perhaps he treats your story with levity. But you then appeal to his own interior nature; you ask if he has not some hopes, some desires, some affections which reach beyond the grave; if some dear one has not gone before him, with whom he would like to commune, and if he would not feel happier and better to know all this. And he will cease his levity, and perchance, while his bosom heaves, a tear will steal into his eyes; and he will turn away, resolved to seek for light, and to search his own soul. O, could we but touch the right chord in the hearts of our brothers and sisters, we should no longer suffer their railery, but feel their hands grasped in warm fellowship and see their faces wet with streams of joy and love! The dull multitudes plodding along life as though there were nought to do but eat, drink and die, are startled with new views of the mission of man, and begin to feel there is a divinity within allied to God, and destined to walk eternity in the companionship of angels. The poor, the lowly, the lost are lifted up in communion with worlds and beings of kingly glory and grandeur, and no longer feel they are the reprobates of God and the offcasts of creation. This gospel equalizes all grades and conditions in one band of fraternity, and makes the rich and the poor sit down together as common guests at the board around which angels minister celestial messages. No lines are drawn in the kingdom of spiritual love and truth. The opening heavens shine down as brightly through lowly hamlets and dingy dungeons, as on gilded palaces and proud spires piercing the clouds; and with noiseless flight the spirit-

bands wing their way down over the wide planes of humanity, whispering the music of the spheres to attune our souls in harmony with the sons of God shouting their anthems amid the melody of the morning stars of primeval creation. And they come with light to shine along the darkest path of life, and with beacons to point our way over the billows which shall soon waft our spirits whither the generations of the past have gone before us. No Sinai shall quake, no Olympus shall thunder, no Jerusalem shall be clothed in the tragic drapery of Calvary, no war gods shall rattle their fiery chariots over continents deluged in blood, no dogmas of human terror, like volcanic flames, shall heave forth edicts of damnation on trembling millions; but the mountain-tops of the century shall gleam with the sunlight of angel faces, and echo the harmonic songs of the empyrean. Tidings already break from the myriad lips of the beloved and beautified bending with benedictions over the hearts and homes of humanity. Fear not! Hells may clang with alarms, and millions turn pale amid revolutions threatening thrones and republics, but the guardians of the Eternal sit calm in the council-chambers of heaven, and over the turbulent sea of human discord breathe the air and pour the oil of celestial harmony. Sit calm in the temple of thine own soul amid the din and jar of the outer world and thou shalt hear cadences echoing down from the grand anthem ever more sounding through the corridors of the upper world. Scenes shall soon unfold to human vision transcending what olden seers and sages longed to behold. Millions of mortals shall bathe in the coming Pentecost of ages. Arise, priests, rulers,

and people, arise! Gird on your sandals anew, and catch the mantles of the ascended as they come back in chariots of lightning with the flames of living inspiration. Dash each tear from thine eye, stifle each fear, fling thy sighs to the winds, walk forth with the tread of a god in thy footstep, fighting life's battles side by side with that celestial army 'whose white tents are already struck for the morning march of eternity.' The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! The council-chambers of the eternal world stand open, and the congresses of celestial empires are seeking to guide the destiny of nations. The ascended saints, sages, and patriots of America, the heroes and victors of battle-fields once red with blood and glorious with the trophies of freedom, and all the armies bearing palms on the plains of immortal life, now bend with wisdom over the conflict rending your continent, bidding you still remember the brotherhood of the race; and above the clamor of belligerent hosts, the clash of arms and thunder of artillery, listen once more to angel anthems of peace and good will."

But, quoth the fossiliferous remains of the ox-cart ages, Newton, Washington, our fathers, all believed; hence we, too, ought to believe and follow them as they followed their fathers, back to Jacob, Isaac and Noah. This proves too much, if it proves anything. We ought now to be wearing sandals instead of shoes, buskins instead of boots, fig leaves and bearskins instead of silk dresses and broadcloth; should live in rustic idyllic tents instead of marble modish residences, to practice the primitive art of castrametation instead of the elegant arts of palatial refinement; should cultivate

the soil and carry on commerce with the ox instead of steam, viewing this last scientific innovation as a satanic device to subvert the providence of God; should offer sacrifices of he-goats and bullocks to appease the Deity, who might be wrathful with us; should say our prayers to priests and worship images of the Virgin Mary, who *lived a mother and died a virgin*(?). But we have deviated and departed from the path of our fathers in everything, even the most sacred symbols and religious rites; for instance—before those great iconoclastic innovators, Luther and Calvin, the bread and wine of the eucharist, were viewed as the veritable body and blood of Christ; now they are viewed by Protestants as merely typical, and the old sacred transubstantiation is utterly rejected—just as all the old sacred superstitions will ultimately be rejected by future Protestants under the light of progressive science. And if your old Revelation is from the omniscient God, as it professes and you believe, why should it, how can it, have the least inconsistency, to say nothing of contradiction and absurdity? Evidently impossible. I tell you, my Christian friends, the Bible and Spiritualism must stand or fall together; rather Spiritualism may stand, *can* stand, *WILL* stand, independent of the Bible; but the Bible cannot stand amid the bright blaze of modern science, without the support of Spiritualism. If Moses and Isaiah, Paul and Peter, of the prophets and apostles, were spiritually inspired in the olden time, so are Davis and Harris, Hume and Gordon, to a less or greater extent, mediums of the present day, spiritually inspired; or, if the mediums of the present day are not thus inspired, neither were the



prophets and apostles, for the same philosophy runs through and underlies it all from the Hindu Rama to John on Patmos, as well as all the ancient sybils, oracles and college of augurs, of which Cato and Cicero were members. The present generation of Edmunds and Talmadge is as much spiritually inspired *de facto* and *de jure*, as were the generations of John, of Isaiah, of Zoroaster, or of Budha, Brahma, and much more intelligibly, as modern science lends its light to illumine the midnight mysteries enveloping them. The same elements or media of communication exist now that existed then, and science is evolving the philosophy, and building a pillar of support that will sustain the truths of these revelations when all the churches, with their creeds, their canons, and consistories, and conventionalisms will fall into ruins, like Herculaneum and Pompeii, Persepolis and Palmyra, under the earthquake tread of moral revolutions.

Says Rev. Charles Beecher, a very different man from Henry Ward—this fanatic buffoon and pulpit braggart will not attain in a life-time this side his fluvial Jordan the learning and honor of the former—in his official report on the new spiritual revelations: “Whenever odylic conditions are right, spirits can no more be repressed from communicating than water from jetting through the crevices of a dyke.

“Whatever physiological law accounts for odylic phenomena in all ages, will, in the end, inevitably carry itself through the Bible. Its prophecies, ecstasies, visions, trances, theophanies, angelophanies, physiology and anthropology, are highly odylic, and must be studied as such. As such it will be found to har-

monize with the general principles of human experience in such matters in all ages. If a theory be adapted everywhere else but in the Bible, excluding spiritual intervention by odyllic channels in toto, and accounting for everything physically, then will the covers of the Bible prove but pasteboard barriers. Such a theory will sweep its way through the Bible and its authority; its plenary inspirations will be annihilated."

In the language of another, "Is it likely that one who has seen doors open and shut, heavy substances moved about, and a human body upborne and without mortal contrivance or effort, will believe less that Christ walked on the water; that an angel rolled away a great stone from the sepulchre; or that Peter was released from prison by a spirit? Because one has seen lights and appearances of flame, caused as he verily believes by spirits, will he have less faith that the angel of God manifested himself to Moses in a burning bush, or that tongues of fire sat on the apostles at the great spiritual manifestation of Pentecost? Shall one hear all manner of sounds, caused by spiritual agency, even to a thundering roar, which shakes the whole house, and therefore grow more skeptical about the thunders of Sinai, or the 'great noise as of a mighty rushing wind,' and shaking of the house where the apostles prayed? Shall one be convinced that spirits actually write on paper, wood and stone, with pencil, pen, etc., with their own visible hands, and therefore have less faith that a mighty angelic spirit inscribed the decalogue on tables of stone and reached them forth out of a thick cloud to Moses? or grow more skeptical at the reality of the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast?

“Will men who are sure they have conversed with the spirits of departed friends for hours, therefore doubt whether Moses and Elias conversed with Jesus on the mount? Anti-Bible skepticism does not thrive on such nourishment, neither does irreligion or immorality gain strength by the moral and reformatory communications made in connection with these manifestations.”

For these extracts I am indebted to a little tract called “What’s O’clock,” by a New Orleans merchant, to whom I personally expressed my gratitude—from which tract I derived more comfort in the midst of affliction on the loss of a little child, than from any preaching, profession, or philosophy I had ever heard, read, or studied; and I recommend this little pamphlet as not only interesting but unanswerable, humble as it may be. Rev. Mr. Ferguson, Protestant, of Nashville, says—and I give it but as an example of many others—“I believe, I *know*, that I have held, and now frequently hold, communion intelligible and improving, with kindred and elevated spirits who have passed from fleshly sight.”

The Catholic church acknowledges the verity of spiritual communications, but ascribes them to the devil or diabolical agency. (The Lord send us more of these devils with their pure preceptions and lights of immortality!) *E contrario*, the Abbot Almignana, Doctor of the Canon Law, etc., writes: “Having witnessed some extraordinary phenomena, and desiring to assure myself as to the presence of a diabolical agency in these manifestations, as I had been persuaded to believe—profiting by the opportunity offered by some mediums magnetized by others and not by myself, I was induced

to pray, to invoke the sacred names of God and Jesus, to make the sign of the cross on the subjects, and went so far as to sprinkle them with holy water, with the design of driving out the Devil should he have taken possession of them." [You must remember, according to the Catholic ritual, *sublata causa tollitur effectus*, remove the cause and the effect ceases; the names of Jesus, holy water, etc., will drive off the evil one.] "However, as not one of these mediums lost in my presence, the smallest part of their powers, I was led to infer that the Devil had nothing to do with the phenomena." In another instance he says, "the medium, instead of repelling the cross as he expected, seized it, and smiling, pressed it to his lips in the most affectionate manner," etc. Again, the eloquent prelate, Lacordaire, proclaims from the pulpit in the church of Notre Dame, of Paris, that "this phenomenon belonged to the order of prophecy, and that it was a provision of the divinity to humble the pride of materialism."

Thus you see the enlightened and honest of the preachers and priests investigate and attest the truth of these new scientific revelations. But to the captious, cavilous clergy, of whatever creed, caste, or clan, for they are generally clanish and gregarious, one clinching, comprehensive question: Do the facts and philosophy claimed for Spiritualism tend to confirm and substantiate the similar facts and revelations of Brahma in the Rug Vedas, Boodh in the Bedagat, Zoroaster in the Zend-Avesta, of Isaiah in the Hebrew Talmud, of Mohammed in the Koran, of John in the New Testament, and all the past revelations of excarnated to

incarnated man, attesting human immortality? Or do they tend to render them all incredible and impossible? Spare us the senseless, satanic hue and howl of humbug, delusion, deception, insanity, profanity, infidelity, free-love, etc., which is irrelevant as the cry of steam-boat, small-pox, earthquake, comet; but plead to the issue and give a sensible, honest answer, if you can, and demean yourselves accordingly. And while, in the plentitude of your piety, you roll up the whites of your eyes in holy horror of my "blasphemy," for not believing Christ to be *the* God of creation, and for my honesty and independence in avowing it, I warn you to take care that you do not commit the "unpardonable sin" in denying the holy spiritual agency of my philosophy, and which Christ claimed and proclaimed. This is sacred soil, hallowed ground: tread lightly, softly. Now to men of science, those philosophical minds who float with fate and drift with destiny, seeing no certain light, but uncertain hope, whose faint effulgence only leads their ardent aspirations to disappointment and despair; to the rationalistic infidel and scientific materialist I would specially address myself, and with the deepest sympathies of my soul. You are free from partiality and prejudice, untrammelled with sects and sectaries, untinged with sacramental symbols, above the narrow bounds of bigotry, and seek truth, free, untarnished truth, as it beams from the burnished throne through all the works of nature's grand economy. I give you cordial greeting on this splendid tribune of truth, where science gathers her jewels, and from her starry wings sheds them on her votaries. You are disgusted with human nature—sick of the



world and its ways, and turn from the follies brought on the new philosophy by human weakness and depravity. We should not wonder at the huge humbuggery and charlatanism, the jugglers and tricksters that have gathered around these glorious revelations, for such has been the case with all the simpler and less alluring or less inviting apocalypses of all past time, of all the Bibles from Brahma to Mohammed, and especially with the Jewish Bible and Christian revelations. See what stupendous fabrics of superstition have been reared and perpetuated on this simple revelation. It is all poor human nature. Let us independently investigate the credibility and philosophy of the phenomena, and not abjectly submit to the forged formularies of a paid priesthood; otherwise we never shall be free; for it is still poor human nature we have to deal with. If thousands profess to be called of God specially to preach, we should not wonder at other thousands professing to be inspired and communicated with by angels of their own ilk, for certainly it is greatly less pretentious to hold communion with our own kith and kin excarnated, than with the great God and creator, whom no man hath seen, or can see, or hear. Your towering aspirations have soared in vain to find an exalted home of purity, permanence and peace beyond the hazy horizon of mundane mutations. You have seen the utter inadequacy, the futility, the absurdity and the falsity of all the revelations as expounded and proclaimed by pontiff and preacher, calif and clergy. Science has lighted up to you the dark vaults of their superstitions, and exposed their corruptions to your enlightened view. *You can have no hope here.* And even discard-

ing the disgusting dogmas interpolated in the Christian Bible and embracing its fundamental enunciations as of divine origination, as interpreted by its official dignitaries, the diabolical anathemas of hell and damnation without end to his children, invest the character of our creator with an attribute of cruelty and malignity which, coupled with His omnipotence, would transform His whole universe into a boundless and illimitable hell, without a pulse of pleasure to beat to the dead march of mourning millions unnumbered. *No hope here.* And even its heaven in the dim and uncertain distance of hereafter, so loudly glorified; and the plan of salvation so much lauded as the paragon of perfection in divine wisdom and love, indeed as the mount on which mercy and justice kissed each other, fail, utterly fail to still the troubled throbbings of the enlightened human heart that beats with philanthropy and philosophy in unison with the angels. Only a modicum of earth's millions ever hear an echo of this salvation, and but a fraction of this modicum ever reach the portals of that distant heaven, dismal in the distance. But of those favored few that do pass within its pearly portals—their memories—where are they? The cherished endearments of time—do they live forever? Our memories are either taken with us after death and retained in heaven, or they are not. If retained, the recollections of loved and lost friends, now in a hopeless hell of eternal damnation, must wake an echo to mar the music of that celestial sphere, and inflict an anguish to throb in the very bosom of bliss; aye, will wake a wail of woe that shall sound upon the long roll of eternal years, as ever and anon the constant

cry of "he cometh not, he cometh not," shall ring out upon the cycles of eternity! But if our memories are not retained, then the hallowed associations, the sacred friendships and loves, our foretaste of heaven, nay, our very hæcceity, must die out with death, and this heaven is no reunion of kindred spirits; the pure emotions of earth that assimilate us to the angel life, are not to be rekindled in the Christian heaven. Will death roll a lethean stream over all earth's love, and the wave of oblivion bury forever the cherished reminiscences of time? Here the vortices of Scylla and Charybdis open before us. *No hope here.* In agony and despair you leave all the miraculous revelations and look to science. She was teaching you that spirit is but the result of physical organism, and must perish with the dissolution of the material organization—that we have no undying nature.

In despair again, but not in agony, you seek the solace of oblivion, and suck sweetness from the cup of nothing—nepenthe from oblivion—you claim and court the Brahminical privilege of *Nirvana*, and implore the great Baldeva to still your throbbing heart, and cool your fevered brow in Lethe's turbid wave; for is not this eternal sleep a sweet repose in comparison with the bitter life of all these old revelations?

You draw a virtue from this stern necessity and call on the grave to cover you forever with its cold clods, and extinguish, O death, this little lamp of life, that it may flicker no more amid the damps of death, where the oxygen of hope only buds out the blossoms of the human heart for the nitrogen of death to blast and wither. O put out this little light that only illumines

the wrecks of hope and the ruins of love. The ruins of love! who can picture them? Who paint the human hopes that bud out like blossoms of the human heart—for what? to fruit a heritage of hereafter? No; to be crushed and consigned to the ruins of love! The ruins of love! beside which Volney's ruins are the playthings of children. Imagine the pillared universe dissolving, the throne of Deity crumbling, the seraphim, and cherubim, and all the archangel host, falling and tumbling from their high-sphered beatitudes in undistinguishable ruin, and you may then conceive the mighty meaning and significance of the ruins of love.

You look to science and this is the lesson she taught you. That all your hopes will fall in wrecks, and all your loves dissolve in ruins, and the silence of sleep enwrap you forever in the shroud of oblivion. No hope, no hope! You would sink under your iliad of woes. But stay yet longer with me on this favored tribune of truth, where science drops her gems and sheds her sweetest rays serene. Know ye not she's culled another, and her highest truth, to crown the character of mankind? Know ye not her last and mightiest truth, that unlocks the chambers of angelic life, and opens portals of immortality for the aspirations of the true? And against this grand and mightiest truth of science, which connects its electric wires of mind to spheres where the wrecks of hope and ruins of love are unfear'd and unknown, beyond the regions of convolving vapor, charged with unequal lightning and muttering thunder—against this sweet serene of science are hurled the shafts of bitter invective and cruel calumny by those for whom it weaves a mantle of undy-

ing love and charity—some who look to science, but fear opinion.

This bright luminary that science has unfolded in the firmament is inveighed against, barked at and assailed by the poor canine kindred of the human family, who follow science less than fear and prejudice. Just so, you know, was the great Watt opposed, and his great labor-saving discovery, because it would supplant and save human labor, just as this will supplant prelatic officiation and save human sorrow; and so the mighty man of Wirtemberg was maligned and menaced because he lettered the language for earth's pitied children, and the printing press was ascribed to diabolism. And so the opposition to the establishment of the Royal Society, because it was asserted that the experimental philosophy was subversive of the Christian faith; and the readers of D'Israeli will remember the telescope and microscope were stigmatized as atheistical inventions, which perverted our organ of sight and made everything appear in a false light. So late as 1806 the Anti-Vaccination Society denounced the discovery of vaccination as a gross violation of religion, morality, law and humanity. It was denounced from the pulpit as diabolical, tempting of God's providence, an invention of Satan, a wresting out of the hands of the Almighty the divine dispensation of Providence, and its abettors were charged with sorcery and atheism. When fanning machines were first introduced to winnow the chaff from the wheat by producing an artificial current of air, it was argued that winds were raised by God alone, and it was irreligious in man to attempt to raise wind for himself and by efforts of his own; and



one Scottish clergyman refused the holy communion to those of his parishioners who thus irreverently raised the Devil's wind.

You remember how the innocent recreation of dancing is denounced by the puritanical pious—"that the dance is the Devil's procession—the woman that singeth in the dance is the prioress of the Devil, and those that answer are his clerks, and the beholders are his parishioners, and the music are the bells, and the fiddlers are the ministers of the Devil," etc. (often better ministers than some others of greater pretensions we wot of). The great Kepler, for his grand astro-nomic revelations, was accused of conjuration with the Devil; and see how were treated Gallileo, Faust, So-crates and a host of other moral luminaries, representative men—no, not all—for some lived in supernal spheres, many centuries beyond their age and generation. And Jesus Christ, who preached peace and charity on earth, and happiness and immortality in heaven, to the good, was crucified because he claimed to be a son of our common Father. What boots it, then, if we, too, be contemned and ostracised? Let the old theologue plod the path that pays, the rampant preacher valiantly demolish the man of straw he builds; and let the wrangling politician intrigue and trade for the spoils of office, or labor for the ephemeral glory of a momentary notoriety: be it our mission, both humble and proud, or public or private, to trace the glimmering threads of light that reach us from a higher world, investigate the organon of nature, teach charity and truth, inculcate love as the element of im-mortality, and claim, and cherish, and cultivate kin-

dred with the angel world. This world of fools may call us infatuated, mad, crazy. Did they not call the great Chatham mad because he denounced the Crown and declared Britain "never could conquer America, never, never!" Then call us mad because we denounce the crown of popular prejudice, and declare death and hell never can conquer our loves, never, never! Did they not call the great orator and scientific statesman and philosopher, Edmund Burke, whose name illuminates Irish and British history, mad, because he foretold the unhappy results of the French Revolution, and in fiery denunciations of the Ministry, thundered to the Chair of the Commons the words of St. Paul, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak the words of truth and soberness," and predicted that in twenty years the world would call his accusers mad; and also, because in his tender and affectionate memory for his deceased son, whom he feared, and perhaps believed, he would never meet again, for the world then had no proof to satisfy his philosophic mind of immortality—because he would embrace and caress in the most touching manner his son's favorite horse! I, too, have done the same thing, and do now caress and pet the favorite horse of my son—lost and loved—so like his young master, so spirited and yet so gentle; and so, likewise, does his sister, so devoted to his memory; indeed, his memory is now our family shrine. Am I and my artless, innocent and affectionate daughter, then—aye, and everybody who has this deep devotion of love, this idiocy, or idiocrasy, or idiosyncrasy, as the callous brute might call it—infatuated, mad? Aye, we would indeed be mad if that noble son and brother, though

“unconverted,” were consigned by God to an endless hell, or endless nihility, that we never more should meet his manly form, nor share his genial sympathies, or meet ’mong devils damned. Is this quenchless love unfolded from our life like the unconscious flower from the earth, a pretty principle to fade forever after a fleeting hour? Or is it an infant attribute, an emanation of the eternal God, to light our life forever, quenchless as yon fires that light the firmament? Even now, while inditing this brief and fitting addendum, I look out through the windows of my country cottage and see the faithful animal contentedly grazing in the green pastures of my rural home. Is he who hath left our carnal sight contentedly, happily ranging the spirit pastures of the angel home? O, for an evidential view of that spirit home, that happy home in the bright blue ether that enzones us in a circean cincture, like a girdle of glory! All the fauna and flora of our earth have country, climate, seasons and even colors, with natures, desires and dispositions, mutually adapted one for the other. Shall the horse, conscious of nothing but his pasture and our kindness, be fully gratified; while he, with his superb soul and aspiring spirit, and we, with undying hope to meet him, are thus endued and endowed to be tantalized with the merest mockery and direst cruelty? And would a wise Creator have a great globe, with a surrounding and encompassing space of vast extent, for nothing but the single surface? Not so: these circumjacent realms are to be peopled with those for whom they are mutually adapted, one for the other, as in the fauna and flora of this sphere. Yet, notwithstanding this and other illative arguments of

inductive analogy proving immortality, apart from the demonstrations of spiritual science, I, nevertheless, like Burke, sometimes doubt; even with these demonstrations I doubt, and yet I believe; I believe, and yet I doubt; doubting, I believe, and believing, I doubt. When I witness the innocent suffering and death around me, I doubt demonstration itself of immortality. What a glorious, unspeakable blessing these spiritual demonstrations would have been to such a mind as Burke's! The celebrated philosophical historian, David Hume, of whom Adam Smith observed that "he approached as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as the nature of human frailty will permit," says "doubt irremediable is the sole inheritance of our race." I have inherited my full share of this universal patrimony, to the extent that it frequently shakes my philosophy (I have no faith) and mars the happiness of my anticipations. For this frank avowal I may be called skeptic, infidel. I am willing, and can afford to be called skeptic, deluded, infatuated, mad, to be derided, ridiculed, but never insulted. Let us investigate and be patient, trusting to the goodness of that God who has planted our path with the myrtle and the rose, and strewed our bed with flowers to gratify our love for the pure and the beautiful with which He hath endowed us, that He will yet gratify all our loves, and plant us, too, among the fadeless flowers of the spheres where love immortal blooms! You will recollect how Franklin, and Fulton, and Fitch were derided, and the greatest and best men of the world ridiculed and insulted. But all this is passing away before the march of mind, and will not deter your honest and fearless

spirits of moral heroism. "The world moves for all that." Science marches on, and destiny develops, and philosophy unfolds, silent as the circle of the sun, steady as the travel of a star, and sure as the annals of eternity.

I ask you to investigate this philosophy—for it is open to all, and specially invites you philomathic men of wisdom—examine its records, inspect its muniments, *test its truth*, and appropriate the precious, priceless pearl, to glitter in the galaxy of your loves. Study well this mysterious and hitherto unknown principle of the human mind and of nature, which, as Dr. Franklin informed Cabanis, "frequently unfolded to him in his dreams the bearings and issue of political events which had puzzled him when awake;" that presented to Condorcet, in his visions, the conclusions of the most abstruse calculations, which he could not arrive at when awake; the dream of Lord Bacon, in France, of the death of his father, in England, which he afterwards found realized to the letter and the moment; the mysterious female spectre that appeared both day and night to Cromwell, and his strange presentiment and demeanor on the bloody fields of Dunbar and Naseby; the mysteries of the Seeress of Provorst; the vaticinations of Nostradamus, which were bitterly fulfilled several centuries after their utterance; and the distinguished lawyer of Edinburgh, who had been consulted in a most difficult case of great importance, and had been studying it with intense anxiety and attention. After several days had been occupied in this manner, he was observed by his wife to rise from his bed in the night and go to a writing desk which stood in the bed-



room. He then sat down and wrote a long paper, which he put carefully by in the desk, and returned to bed. The following morning he told his wife that he had a most interesting dream ; that he had dreamed of delivering a clear and luminous opinion respecting a case which had exceedingly perplexed him ; and that he would give anything to recover the train of thought which had passed before him in his dream. She then directed him to the writing desk, where he found the opinion clearly and fully written out, and which was afterwards found to be perfectly correct. And most especially I entreat you to analyze the wonderful mysteries of modern contemporaneous record ; search the secret of the startling phenomena of daily development and occurrence around us, as chronicled in the periodical press of Spiritual literature, so accessible to all ; the thrilling incidents and startling intelligence in the youth and early years of deceased friends, intelligence long forgotten or entirely unknown, contrary to the impressions and opinions of all in carnal connection, but afterwards found to be true, and which could have been communicated by none but those who thus avow themselves, we know to be deceased ; also, of ponderous bodies moving about like feathers, beyond the power of all human effort, and many and divers manifestations of supernal spirit power ; as illustrative instance, a piano will give forth the most rapt and ravishing music unknown to all in the room, by the medium simply laying her hands upon it, even on the opposite side (most generally female, as in the days of Spiritual power recorded in the Bible, because more negative, and receptive, and susceptible, and impressible, spiritually as

well as physically, than the other and more positive sex); the speaking of a young, guileless girl of superior sentiments and in tongues unknown to her; the minute and specific description of form, feature, peculiarities of character, constitution, dress, etc., of some near relative long since deceased and when a child, unknown to the medium and all present, but afterwards, upon inquiry, found to be correct; the announcement of new scientific truths and their philosophy, at the time totally unknown, but ascertained and established by subsequent investigation.

As simple and touching examples, a spirit, through the medium, communicates: We ask, "What is your name?" Answer—"John Doe." We question—"Where did you die?" Answer—"I am not dead; I left the form at Petersburg." Question—"How long have you been in the spirit world?" Answer—"Three months." Question—"Did you know us while in the flesh?" Answer—"No." Question—"Have you anything to communicate?" Answer—"Yes; I want you to write to my dear wife and tell her that I am not in the cold, dark grave. My spirit is free. I am with her often, and try to impress her with my presence. Our two little children, Ann and Charlie, are with me, and we are happy." Question—"What is your wife's name?" Answer—"Jane Doe." We write to Petersburg and find all true.

Again: A young lady is engaged to be married to a gentleman who is a fine musician, particularly on the piano, and the day and hour set. Before the appointed time of their nuptial consummation, he is accidentally killed. At her house grief takes the place of joy.

When the appointed day arrives, and the clock strikes the hour when hilarity and happiness momentary should have reigned supreme, alas! gloom, grief and woe usurp their place; tears flow instead of smiles, and the mansion is draped in mourning. But hark! From the neglected piano, on which the lost intended had so often performed, in the deserted parlor, suddenly come ravishing strains of gushing music and melody. The startled family rush into the parlor and find the instrument pouring forth his favorite piece, which it had so often discoursed under his magic touch, and not a person in contact or present.

And again: Rev. T. L. Harris, author of "Lyric of the Golden Age," a poem about the size of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and which, if not equal to the latter in fertility of invention, as it is not an epic, has more than Miltonic grandeur and sublimity, and which was composed and dictated in ninety-four hours, under an inspirational influence transcending in correctness and stateliness of style, and beauty and sublimity of sentiment, everything uttered by Valmika, or Homer, or Zoroaster, or Solomon, or David, or Isaiah, or Paul, or John, or Mahomet, or any and all Biblical writers and inspired men of other days; of whom "it is alleged that when spirits enter his sphere they become visible to others; that persons of refined habits and acute sensation both see and hear them; that the spirits are able to cause atmospheric undulations, and to produce the most delicate chemical combinations and sensational impressions—all made manifest to the outer senses of men by distinct vibrations, concussions, vocal and instrumental music, and also by the diffusion of delight-

ful aromas, like the perfume of jessamine flowers, etc., through the common atmosphere, which is not intrinsically improbable, since all the simple elements of which the aromas consist are everywhere diffused in the earth and atmosphere, and it needs but the subtile chemism of the spirit to so combine them as to render their presence manifest to the senses; was called upon in December, 1852, by Mrs. C., in the hope of obtaining some evidence of immortality which might afford her the consolation she needed in a season of deep affliction. Her husband had departed this life, and her spirit yearned for the assurance that life was renewed and love immortal beyond the grave. Mr. Harris knew nothing of her history, and had no external perception of the object of her visit, but becoming entranced in her presence, all was revealed to him. He informed the lady that her husband was an United States officer, described his mental and physical peculiarities, his dress, a scar on his face, and said that he carried a repeater watch, and was in the frequent habit of applying it to his ear and striking the hour. The father of Mrs. C., an eminent divine, was also described on the same occasion, and the lady declared that the delineations were in every essential particular true to nature and the facts.

During the same month another interesting illustration of the author's (Harris) mediumship occurred. A professional gentleman at the South was invited to hear Mr. Harris lecture on Spiritualism, but declined, having no faith in the alleged manifestations from spirits. On being requested to make a personal visit to Mr. H., he consented, at the same time affirming that no spirit

could reveal the facts in the life of the person that purported to communicate, in such a manner as to insure identification, as all the phenomena were mere psychological hallucinations, which he himself could produce at pleasure. This gentleman was accordingly introduced to Mr. Harris, and after a brief interview, the latter—being under the magnetic influence of some spirit—retired to his interior plane of observation. The visitor was informed that the spirit of a young female attended him as a guardian. Her personal appearance, costume, and other things connected with the life on earth, were described; the relation which had previously existed between the gentleman and his spirit-guardian was intimated; the nature of her life, and the circumstances of her death, were referred to; the spirit also gave him an impressive communication, indicating her condition in the spirit-world, the habits of her earthly friend, and concluded by admonishing him to reform. At the close of this interview the gentleman went away, but not long after called on Mr. Harris again, and related the story of the life and death of the young girl whose spirit had so unexpectedly addressed him, affirming, at the same time, that he was fully satisfied of the truth of Spiritualism, from the astonishing accuracy of the disclosures made through Mr. H. The gentleman also expressed his conviction that the medium could not have derived his impressions by psychological process from his own mind, and that this was rendered evident to him from the statement of an important fact respecting the spirit, which, until that hour, was neither known nor conceived of by himself. Since the first interview a personal inves-



tigation had fully established, in his mind, the truth of the statement."

For this I'm indebted to Brittan's superb and splendid Introduction to the "Lyric of the Golden Age."

And yet again: The most splendid and perfect oil pictures of deceased children and friends are often produced in less than an hour by mediums who knew nothing of them—entire strangers—to the unbounded delight and joy of living parents and friends. And sometimes the very air is vocal with the choral melodies of these angelic spirits who formerly wore the flesh of men. These facts and millions more, occurring in all ages and generations, and in our own age and in our own midst, as well avouched and authenticated as any other facts not within our personal cognition, and which urgently invite personal cognizance, certainly challenge and should command your most devoted investigation. Is it psychometry? If so, how could the psychometer perceive them, unless they or their representatives were somewhere and accessible where in actual existence? Then it must be ocular demonstration of immortality. Is it psychologic illusion? If so, whence come the facts unknown to all at the time? Is it due to an abnormal excitation, or mysterious mental exuberation? If so, whence the cause of this condition, when in a state of perfect passivity? and whence the source of the great truths uttered? I call upon the learned to explicate these occult elements, unfold the latent agencies of these potent phenomena, under test conditions that admit of no collusion or deception, if they be not, as invariably claimed, messages of immortality from our friends who have passed the mystic portal. Hear the

burning words through the mouth of a medium, from the great Greek whose fame like him of Latium two centuries later, fills the spheres of our world ; a fame that has no ensanguined track of victims to deplore, no writhing desolation to bewail like Titus and Vespasian over Jerusalem in ruins, with its bleeding sons, and famishing mother devouring her child ; no weltering Waterloo to weep over, like Wellington when his melting eyes surveyed the bloody carnage he had wrought ; whose escutcheon is untarnished with a tear and unstained with a drop of human blood ; whose melody is unmarred with the widow's moan or an orphan's sigh, pure and spotless as the cerulean ether that poured its inspirations into his great soul : “ Had you asked me concerning God a thousand years ago, I could have told you all about him—but now, after I have walked the highway of celestial worlds for more than two thousand years, I am so far lost and overpowered amid the splendors of infinitude I can say nothing. Height on height beyond the penetration of finite vision, I see the dim outlines of a deitific universe ; I feel the flood-tides of Divinity flowing down through all the avenues of my immortal being ; I hear peal after peal of archangel eloquence ringing through the endless archways of the empyrean, evermore sounding into my ears the name of God, God, God ! I'm silent, dumb.” Isn't this Demosthenaic, and is it his inspiration, or is it due to the genius of the medium ? Suppose the medium youthful, artless and without genius, and pouring forth such eloquent thoughts as is frequently, or at least sometimes, the case, then whence the source and what the philosophy, if it be not as invariably avowed from

present immortals of the spirit world? The theory of a diseased or morbid or abnormal condition of the brain, will not, can not, explain the unknown intelligence. This new science of Psychometry deserves more than a passing notice. As recorded in the "Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature," taken from "Weldon's Register"—Prof. Hitchcock in his well known book, "The Religion of Geology," speaking of the influence of light upon bodies, and of the formation of pictures upon them by means of it, says: "It seems, then, that this photographic influence pervades all nature, nor can we say where it stops. We do not know but it may imprint upon the world around us our features as they are modified by various passions, and thus fill nature with daguerreotype impressions of all our actions that are performed in daylight. It may be, too, that there are tests by which nature, more skillful than any human photographer, can bring out and fix these portraits, so that acuter senses than ours shall see them as on a great canvass spread over the material universe. Perhaps, too, they may never fade from that canvass, but become specimens in the great picture gallery of eternity." One Dr. Denton and his wife Elizabeth—that they are Americans need scarcely be said—have just published a book, called "The Soul of Things; or, Psychometric Researches and Discoveries," in which they assert that what Prof. Hitchcock thus says "perhaps may be," really *is*. They say that radiant faces are passing from all objects to all objects, every moment of time, and photographing the appearances of each upon the other, every action, every movement being thus infalibly registered for coming ages. "The pane of

glass in the window, the brick in the wall, and the paving-stone in the streets catch the pictures of all passers-by and carefully preserve them. Not a leaf waves, not an insect crawls, but each motion is recorded by a thousand faithful scribes, in infalible and indelible scriptures." This having always been so, there is thus stored up in nature the most faithful memorials of the entire past—of the early world and its tides of liquid fire, its rushing floods and steaming vapors; of every plant, from the club-moss to the tree-fern; of every animal, from the polyp to the pachyderm; and of every tribe and nation and race of man. All have set for their portraits, and "there the portraits all are faithfully daguerretyped in this divine picture-gallery for all time." And it is not sights alone that are registered, but *sounds* as well. Nature is not only a picture-gallery, but a whispering-gallery, too. As no scene is ever effaced, so no sound ever dies out. "The lullaby sung by our cradle, the patter of the rain upon the roof, the sighing of the winds, the roll of the thunder, the dash of falling waters, the murmur of affection, the oath of the inebriate, the hymn at the church, the song at the concert, the words of wisdom and folly, the whisper of love—all are faithfully registered." "All sounds record themselves on all objects within their influence, and these phonotypes, as they may be termed, are almost, if not entirely, as enduring as the objects themselves." Neither the "phonotypes" nor the "portraits" may be brought out, or "developed," by any known chemical application, but in some individuals the brain is sufficiently sensitive to perceive them when it is brought into proximity with the objects on

which they are impressed." Persons thus sensitive are called "Psychometers," and of the sights which such persons have seen, and of the sounds which they have heard, when exercising their peculiar faculty, this book sets forth one hundred and fourteen instances, all of which are indeed "wonderful, if true." A piece of brick or stone from an ancient city has enabled them to see and hear all that was ever done or uttered in its vicinity ; a piece of fossil animal has taken them back to the world in which that animal lived and moved and had its being, and enabled them to observe minutely its physical condition, and all characteristics alike of its vegetable productions and of its brute inhabitants ; a bit of granite has made them spectators of the primeval chaos, amid whose throes the mountain whence it was taken had its birth, and a fragment of an ærolite has given them wings on which to travel through the limitless fields of space. It is obvious that, if "Psychometry" be true, nature will no longer have "mysteries," nor history "secrets ;" we shall no longer be puzzled by theories as to the origin of the antiquity of man, or as to the methods by which the infinite variety of complicated results which we see in the three kingdoms of nature have been produced. All the processes which are going on, or ever have gone on, in nature, will be unveiled to the gaze of the "Psychometer," and all that man, in any age or country, have said or done, will be similarly present to his eye and ear. So far the latest development of American psychology. Well may we ask Mr. Cobden's question, "What next—and next?" Now that the phenomena of spiritualism are true, you will not, can not deny ; but the question to



investigate is, are they the result of supernal spiritual agency, or of some other occult philosophy? I have said psychology furnishes a rational though not satisfactory explanation—indeed spiritualism is psychology extended to the spirit world; and I now assert psychometry to be a rational theory of explanation for the spiritual phenomena; but this, like the other, fails in practice under strict test conditions and trials. Can psychometry or psychology as confined to flesh, or can any degree of mental excitation, independent of supernal spiritual inspiration, account for and explain how Apollonius, when discoursing at Ephesus, suddenly exclaimed, “Strike, strike the tyrant! courage, my friends, for at this very moment the tyrant is slain,”—and subsequent intelligence proved that the reigning tyrant Domitian was assassinated at that very hour; and how the preacher, among the grampian hills of Scotland, when in the midst of his prayer, he suddenly stopped, and trembling with peculiar nervous emotion, exclaimed: “rejoice my people, we are free; Charles Stuart speaks no more, his tongue hangs out and they can never get it back again”—became impressed with this idea, and was so suddenly and unexpectedly informed of this fact, which was totally unknown, and indeed only transpired at that very moment, hundreds of miles distant, and precisely as he was impressed and expressed it—his tongue protruding immediately after death, and his attendants unsuccessfully striving to replace it? Can any conceived or conceivable philosophy explicate these cases, other than that of spiritual influence, as avowed by the authors themselves in spirit life? In this case just referred to, there can be no psychometric

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picture of the sensitive brain of the preacher, for the subject of the picture had not existed until now; nor could human psychology have operated, for the fact was unknown at the time outside of the immediate circle who witnessed it. And if mind itself is capable of this mighty expansion, why does it not perceive human mortality or death, if such be fact, or why, if this last be the philosophy, does it always perceive human immortality, if such be not the fact? And I ask this question of all these and all other philosophies and theories that have been, or may be put forth, to explain these spiritual phenomena, why is it that they all, invariably, point to spiritual philosophy or reveal spirit life and spirit form—human immortality or superior, if not ubiquitous, intelligence? This is very significant. And yet again: Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, whom I've been religiously reared to hate, who was sincere and devout in his religious lustrations notwithstanding the atrocities of his later sectators, was frequently, as it is related, taken up bodily during his religious exercise. Prior to the modern philosophy of spirit, I would have rejected this and all kindred stories, as fabulous; but now I am prepared to believe it and receive as true, these marvelous histories of the past, because we have them enacted now, at the present day, and have found a philosophy for them. Mr. Home is frequently taken up, without visable agency, and carried around in a room near the ceiling. Now what operation of physical science or principle of physical philosophy, does all this? We know not, and no body knows a physical element or combination of such elements, adequate to this phenomenon, beyond our

detection. The only solution is mental or spiritual, and whence, and who, and where the mind or spirit, if it be not our excarnated friends, now immortal angels, in contiguous spheres near to and communicating with us? Then ye men of science fully unfold this mighty philosophy of a new element in human nature, a potent principle for no good, no purpose, to the creator or the creature, unless it reaches to a kindred spirit land whose love attractions draw us to those sweet shores of spirit empire, where we shall drink from near the fountain and imbibe the vitalizing azure air that develop angelic intelligencies—the mighty multitude of happy life that God is gathering around him, as a father gathers his children and binds their brows with garlands of beauty and love.

Let not the follies, falsities and fatuities of charlatans, for they swarm everywhere, so disgust you as to turn you from the transcendent splendor of the philosophy.

Trace those “strings, or threads of distant contact” by which the blind man perceived and recognised others, of which Abercrombie speaks, before the spiritual philosophy was known; or “the fine thread of light which moves the medium,” as a spirit lately spoke; and see if they don’t draw you to those spheres where flows the ambrosial nectar of the gods. O my coevals and co-equals in philanthropy, philosophy and science! You whose aspirations thrill responsive to my own! I ask you, I urge you, to come up closer to this warm sun of the soul and receive new life, and relume your love where ruin is unknown, and warm your hearts so chilled by the cold creeds of old theology. Come, let us worship at the shrine of philosophy, for

this is the true worship of the true God. Listen, listen to this new, near music of the circumambient spheres.

Hear the harmonies that thrill these near concentric realms of pure and spotless spirituality. March to the music of those melodies that roll and reverberate anthemic raptures along the grand corridors of all eternity. Awake, ye who shall awake while the centuries sleep! You shall be my kindred and my colleagues and co-laborers in this glorious path of progress that leads us to higher life, and points to the portals of immortal love, where ambrosial dews and theobromal streams permeate the azure ether and fertilize immortal mind.

Arouse the dormant energies of your universal love, and shake off the apathy of ignorance and the bigotry of blind education that invest our fellow men as vestures of triple steel.

If our determined will has the power to control nature, why not control human destiny, for what is destiny but nature? What is any thing, or every thing, known and unknown, but nature? Then let us determine by a pure, resolute and honest will, to live like philosophers and die like gods, or the sons of God—die but to put on immortal mantles and claim the legitimate legacy of our Father.

Let us spurn the sneers of the ignorant but self-wise scoffer, pity the poor pulings of the soulless slave to gross matter; rise in the true majesty of developed man; vindicate the true magnificence of our destiny; assert the divinity within us; exalt our love; expand our thoughts; unfurl the latent pinions of our immortal being and soar amid the radiant realms of a spiritual universe for those splendid pavilions encircling the sky of science and the shrine of philosophy!

## THE ETERNITY OF TRUTH.

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DEDICATED TO THE TRUE.

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The God is Truth : and long ere earth sprung forth,  
Or sun streamed light 'pon orbs just emerging  
Into life, Truth was. Away back upon  
The distant pathway of the past, before  
The first anthem startled sleeping spirits  
Of immortality—before the first  
Music of a sphere thrilled melody on  
The infant ears of a new creation—  
Truth sat enthroned in the heaven of its  
Own eternity. Pavilioned in light,  
Enrobed in radiance of glory there,  
It burned and beamed upon an universe  
Slumb'ring in the dark midnight of chaos,  
Without a pulse to strike the lyre of life,  
Or ear to catch echo of existence ;  
Until the co-eternal Father, big  
With love, upon the vast void around Him  
Poured forth His all-prolific beam, and breathed  
Vital energy into creation.  
In all the bright effulgent realms of light  
Truth rules and gilds the glory of its God ;  
And he who worships Truth becomes its child,  
Invested with its own eternity,  
And clothes himself in immortality.  
As floating clouds obscure the light of day,  
Or intervening orbs eclipse the sun,  
Or thunders break the silence of the earth,  
Or mars the harmonies of the heaven,  
The veil of sin may dim a transient hour,



And hand in hand with hate, may weave a woe ;  
 Falsehood's forked tongue may pierce night's dull ear,  
 And make music to its mongrel minions ;  
 Slander's seared soul may slime the tracks of Truth,  
 And strew her peaceful paths with thorny shafts ;  
 Envy's ever-eating, insatiate maw  
 May strike its tooth into the tender heart  
 Of injured innocence and purity ;  
 Diabolic hatred's hell-heated heart.  
 Whose best and warmest bosom 's in the church,  
 May throb and thrill its bitter poison  
 Into the veins of virtuous innocence,  
 And true high-hearted, manly misfortune ;  
 Parasitic knavery may beg a smile,  
 And venal voracity bark for more ;  
 Sacerdotal sanctity may hurl its hell  
 'Gainst aberrations of erratic love ;  
 And clerical hypocrisy may scowl  
 A lurid glare in truth's transient eclipse,  
 And hold high carnival of crime in night  
 Hid'ous with satanic saturnalia ;  
 And all the canine kindred of mankind  
 And moral vipers of the human race  
 That glory in the midnight of character,  
 That ever in their own pollutions prowl,  
 May fasten their fangs in the victim of chance,  
 And weave a web of woe to fringe a face,  
 And fain to cast a shadow o'er its shining —  
 Yet ever and anon Truth shall triumph  
 In its own illustrious eternity,  
 And with a radiance of celestial hue,  
 Shall bend the brow of all her votaries.  
 There is an immaculate chancery  
 In the jurisprudence of the Heavens,  
 And on its ermine Truth sits chancellor,  
 Whose decrees, pure and unappellatory,  
 Vindicate the true slander-stricken soul,  
 And eternise beauty of right.  
 And all who Truth truly embrace and wed  
 Become invested in eternity,

Splendid denizens of infinitude,  
Robed in mantles of immortality !  
The murky night shall melt to dewy morn,  
And transient twilight twinkle into day,  
With time the serfs of sin shall pass away :  
Falsehood's fumes, rumor's tongues and slander's spleen,  
And envy's hate, deceit and ignorance,  
And all the dire satanic train of time  
Shall die, and, confined in oblivion,  
Cease to shadow life's cerulean sun.  
Old earth itself, sin-scarred and seared with crime,  
May lapse again to second night chaotic,  
Nor longer murmur her children's miseries :  
Aye, nature's grand gigantic frame may fail,  
Its deep foundations shake, its columns crack,  
The stary arches crumble into ruin,  
The pillared universe dissolve in flame  
And creation uncreated nothing ;  
Yet truth shall rise and rule triumphant o'er  
All its wrecks, its riots and its ruins,  
A principle immutable, divine,  
And robed in light, wing'd with immortality  
And gilded in its chariot of glory,  
'Mid the whirlwind ashes of second chaos  
Chant the dirge o'er nature's vast mausoleum.  
Yes, shall live on when nature sinks in years,  
The honor of man, the glory of God,  
Pierian fount of seraph minstrelsy,  
Supernal nectar of immortal gods ;  
And wide athwart the circumambient air,  
And over all the blest abodes of bliss,  
Shall beam around the brow of Deity,  
Undimed, imperishable, eternal.

## THE HIGH RESOLVE.

---

FOR THE RESOLUTE.

---

I'll plume again my eagle heart on high,  
To claim the kindred lightnings as they fly,  
And every thunder roll that rends the sky  
Shall echo immortality to die.

I'll wing me through creation like a bee,  
And sip the flowers of life's immortal tree ;  
I'll taste the spheres and join the jubilee  
Of all the angels grand eternity.

In this luxurious faith I'll wrap my soul  
As in a robe, nor heed earth's idle roll ;  
I'll bask in bliss and range from pole to pole;  
And drink truth's stream, the nectar of the soul.

With eagle eye and nature of the dove,  
I'll soar amid the sunlit realms above,  
Beyond the bounds where sin and sorrow rove,  
And live and lave in everlasting love.

---

"OTHERS AND I"--ORIGINAL ENERGY.

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FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

---

As the spheres their regular circuits run,  
And rise and roll around their central sun,  
Nor stops, nor start, nor fly to wander far  
From orbits old of ev'ry central star ;  
So other men their settled circles keep,  
Nor turn to penetrate the outer deep  
Of nature's dark and deep unseen domain,  
But, content, live o'er other's lives again.

As the comet cleaves nature's unknown night,  
 For future worlds, the pioneer, and light—  
 Now bathed in heat intense of solar ray ;  
 Then shooting out beyond the skirts of day :  
 So I, no well-worn pathway to pursue,  
 But launching through the deep ether'eal blue,  
 Now soar 'mong suns and then anon away,  
 Where morning never blushed into the day.

Independent Energy is the fire  
 That survives human nature's funeral pyre,  
 Where virtue, truth and love immortal gleam  
 Around enraptured life's eternal stream.  
 The deep impulsions of the ardent soul,  
 The fiery flashings that intensely roll  
 In beams that burn, seraphic and sublime,  
 But symbolize the high impyreal clime,  
 Where MIND, upon its altar and its shrine  
 Shall glow undimmed, immortal and divine.

---

## OUR CHILDREN GONE BEFORE.

---

DEDICATED TO THEIR MOTHER, MRS. ANN REMBERT.

---

Our children gone before  
 To that celestial shore  
 Where life is all immortal and divine,  
 Will meet us at the door  
 With fountains running o'er  
 Of loves that flow forever round their shrine.

Our little Andrew first  
 Who never felt the thirst  
 That burns our brains and heaves the bitter sigh ;  
 Next Lizzie, cherub child ;  
 Then gentle Mary mild ;  
 And sprightly Nannie, of the bright blue eye ;

Then George, the manly boy,  
His mother's brightest joy ;  
Next Andrew, the noble man of noble fame,  
His father's hope and pride,  
His pillar and his guide,  
Image of my noble sire with his name ;

And Andrew, third and last,  
Whose infant life but passed  
Into the pearly portals of the sky ;—  
Mother, they've gone ahead,  
Not lying with the dead,  
But living the elysian life on high.

Or else they sweetly sleep,  
While we their vigils keep,  
Nor ought allow their slumbers to disturb ;  
And we shall join their rest  
With nothing to molest  
And nothing e'er our spirits to perturb.

In that sweet summer land,  
On that bright starry strand,  
Where winters never chill the azure air ;  
And on that shining shore  
With all our children o'er,  
O mother ! when shall we be gathered there ?

Before us they are born,  
And we are left forlorn—  
O mother, when shall we be born again ?  
Our angels at their home,  
May greet us when we come  
To join their happy life and sweet refrain.

Let us banish sadness,  
Sing for very gladness,  
Our loved ones gone before are angels grown ;  
Come, wipe away your tears,  
And vanish all our fears,  
For we shall know them all as we are known.



## MY BROTHER.

Improvise on hearing my youthful and devoted daughter, Margaret Rembert—so like her brother, the noblest Roman of us all—play on the piano and sing, “Bring my Brother Back to me,” and dedicated to her by her father.

Don't bring my brother back again,  
O don't disturb his sweet repose ;  
Don't bring him to this world of pain,  
Of sighs, of sorrows and of woes.  
From bloody battle fields afar,  
From death, from carnage and from crime,  
Beyond the glare and gloom of war,  
Beyond the toil and strife of time ;  
In the bright ethereal blue,  
The air of the angels above,  
The home of the good and the true,  
The cerulean realms of love.  
My noble brother's now at home,  
The angels' home of peace and love,  
God's bright benignant spherul dome,  
Prepared for all the pure above ;  
Where seraphs sing and angels hymn  
Harmonious in the azure air ;  
Up there in perennial spring,  
My happy brother lives up there.  
Some loved ones too, who've gone before,  
Are with him on that other shore  
Where life's full springs are running o'er,  
Flowing with joys for ever more.  
Then bring not back my brother here,  
Return him not to earth again ;  
I'll go to him and meet him there,  
Where love and life immortal reign.  
'Tis well, the time and way he died,  
His fame so full, his death so bright ;  
For future strife might turn aside  
And cloud his fame and dim his light.  
His memory is now our shrine ;

His spirit presence fills our fane ;  
 His youthful life has grown divine—  
 O incarnate him not again.  
 Maternal is his mother's love,  
 Paternal is his father's heart,  
 Fraternal thoughts his brothers move,  
*Eternal* love his sister's part.  
 Soon all these loves again will meet,  
 And foremost in the happy throng,  
 My angel brother blest I'll greet  
 With my true and triumphant song!

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## INVOCATION.

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[IN ACATALECTIC LINE—FOR THE PHILOSOPHIC.]

---

Thou great Creator of the elements,  
 Sire of nature and God of creation !  
 Mighty Majesty of the Universe,  
 And Father of all the heavens and earths !  
 Seated in centre of the central sun,  
 Around which revolve the myriad suns  
 With their circling systems of peopled worlds !  
 To whom the suns with their circlets of light  
 Beside Thy spiritual effulgence,  
 Are but the dark draperies of thy robes.  
 Thou whose presence permeates the planets  
 And the distant planetary spaces !  
 Whose omniscient vision views infinitude  
 Of limitless domain, the happy home  
 Of all Thy limitless developments  
 Of endlessly recurring processes,  
 Of interminable immortalities  
 Throughout interminable duration :

Thy profound infinity of domain  
And vast eternity of duration  
Are co-equal and illimitable !  
O, Thou, Father! canst Thou see, wilt Thou hear,  
Thy child of sorrow in this distant earth,  
Born in ign'rance and panting for knowledge;  
Abounding in kindness and affection,  
And surrounded in selfishness and hate;  
Rapt in hope and warm with heavenly love  
Amid human icebergs of frozen hearts;  
Feeding on the memories of the dead,  
And on the hopes of the unknown future;  
On the urns of other generations  
Walking and weeping in a world of graves;  
Like him on the eve of death-dealing battle,  
Should I pray "O God, if there be a God,  
Save my soul, if I have a soul?" What more?  
O Creator, what more can Thy creature?  
Or another Gallic soldier, full of faith:  
"O God, if in battle I forget Thee,  
Do not Thou forget me!" Dost Thou thus mind?  
Dost heed the futile faith of feeble man?  
Or, as Trismegistus expressed of Thee  
On Egyptian temples, ere Plato spoke:  
"I am all that was, or is, or shall be;"  
Or, the Russian in Miltonic measure:  
"I am, O God, and surely Thou must be."  
And shall this "I am" ever cease to be?  
Or should I pray like Socrates of old,  
Not presuming to the gods to dictate,  
Nor knowing what to ask, but only good.  
Thee we pray, Eternal God, our Father,  
And all Thy agents and Thy elements.  
Like the ancient Hindoo philosopher,  
Weeping, I entered life while others smiled;  
Direct me so to live that when I die,  
Smiling I'll leave the world while others weep.

Let no vengeful Nemesis arraign me  
With unrelenting, ruthless retribution,  
Or I sink like Cæsar, and forever.  
O help, Thy child of sorrow help, Father !

Illustrious Christ and gentle Jesus !  
The Christian's hope, Redeemer, God ;  
And one of the regal Tiberian gods ;  
Contemned by men and honored by angels ;  
Who marked, and led, and died the way to life,  
And from highest heav'n looks with love on man :  
O, to my troubled elements of life,  
And to my fiery nature, speak peace,  
And inspire me with thy philosophy.  
Endue me with thy love and charity,  
Thy long-suffering and philanthropy,  
That illustrated sociology,  
During thy incarnated life 'mong men.

Ye swift-winged winds that round me roar and sweep  
This little earth, or in gentle zephyrs,  
Like an infant's kiss, cool my fevered brow ;  
Come waft away my sorrows and my sighs,  
And wing my spirit to a port of peace.

Ye wild waters, that roll from pole to pole,  
Largest part of my body and the globe,  
Nature's solvent ; wash all my sins away,  
And on your bosom bear me to a shore  
Where curse of crime and dirge of death are not.

Ye elements of nature and of life,  
That elaborate my hæcceity ;  
O, fulfill your mission, complete your task,  
And in your current drift me home to truth.

And thou, consuming fire, invisible,  
That segregates again the elements  
Of corpore'ty to cineration ;

O, purify and prepare my spirit  
For the high and pure electric ether:

Supernal ether of the angel realms,  
Celestial sunshine of immortal gods,  
That develops all immortalities ;  
Pour thy fountains in my thirsty spirit,  
And ripen me for thy radiant realms.

And music, music of the spheres sublime,  
That hailed an infant universe at birth,  
And hymns forever its immortal march ;  
Reverberating now from world to world  
Anthemic raptures through the vocal voids,  
And angel anthems of eternal love ;  
Sweet minstrelsy and melody of heav'n,  
Flowing fore'er unheard by carnal man ;  
Grand oratorio of creation :  
Roll your harmonies, sound your symphonies,  
On the dull tympanum of my spirit,  
That I may thrill responsive to the spheres.  
Me from discord and dissonance relieve,  
Or from dismal death's sepulchral silence ;  
Give me concord and consonance instead,  
With cheerful life's angelic melodies.  
Let soothing sounds and ravishing refrains  
In rapturous floods wake my solitude.  
O, that I may hear the hymns of heaven,  
And catch an echo of that angel band  
That serenade the suns and fill the spheres !

And thou, too, O Time, infinite presence,  
Embryo of eternity begun !  
That covers all worlds and between pervades,  
That silent sits and broods from nature's birth,  
From nature's earliest morn of life to noon,  
Eternal noon, without an eve or night,  
Reaching back from first forever forward,



From everlasting to everlasting ;  
That bears us on buoyant, boundless bosom  
Along thy ceaseless, overflowing stream,  
From life's bright morning to death's dismal chasm—  
On this side to view so dark and dismal,  
On the other, bright and pearly portal ;  
Great cyclic chronicler of creation :  
Remember me ! and in thy ceaseless flow,  
Forever flowing and without a shore,  
Buoy me from the mud and mire of nature  
Into her clear air of angelic life.

Ye loved ones gone before me—angels now—  
Who linger round my silent couch at night,  
Minist'ring spirits of my daily walks,  
Breathing the ether of the spirit spheres  
And imbibing from deific fountains  
That fertilize the realms of life and love !  
O, who'll first hail me at your happy home ?  
What shall I do, what *can* I do but wait,  
To inherit your legacy of life,  
To realize my heritage of hope ?  
Then patience teach and twine around my heart.  
Stimulate all indolent apathy,  
Regulate my redundant energy ;  
Surround me with all those influences,  
Whether of penal fear or grateful love,  
That will restrain the evil of my flesh,  
And help my feeble, fluttering spirit,  
Struggling ever for the good and the true.  
Still my tongue ere it shall utter error,  
Hold my hand ere it indite delusion ;  
But endue them with Promethean fire  
To proclaim the truth of life, and if true,  
To herald the soul's immortal heaven.  
O, give to me an evidential view  
To know you live, and love and linger round me !  
Reach forth your hands and hold my aching head,  
And bear me to your bright and blest abodes  
Where life and truth and love immortal blooms.

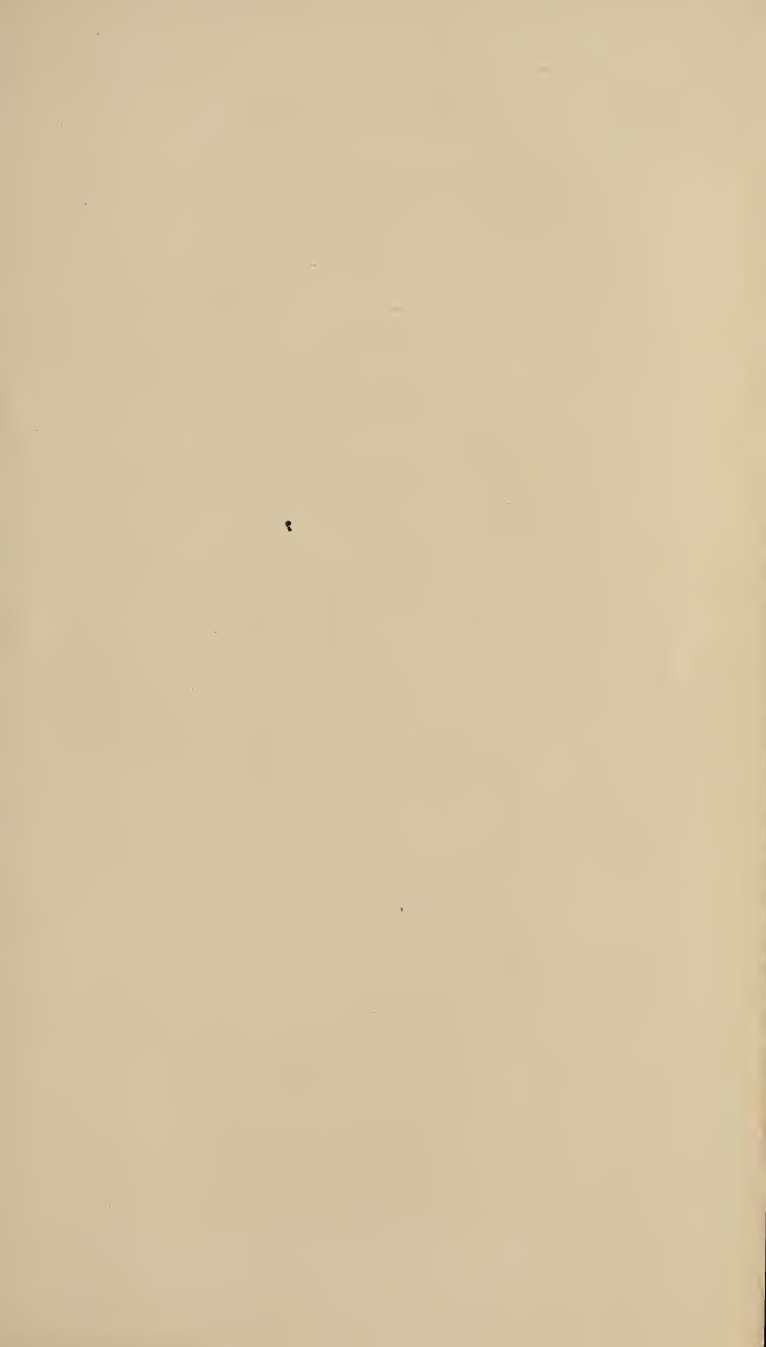
Ye spirits pure, who ride on rays of light,

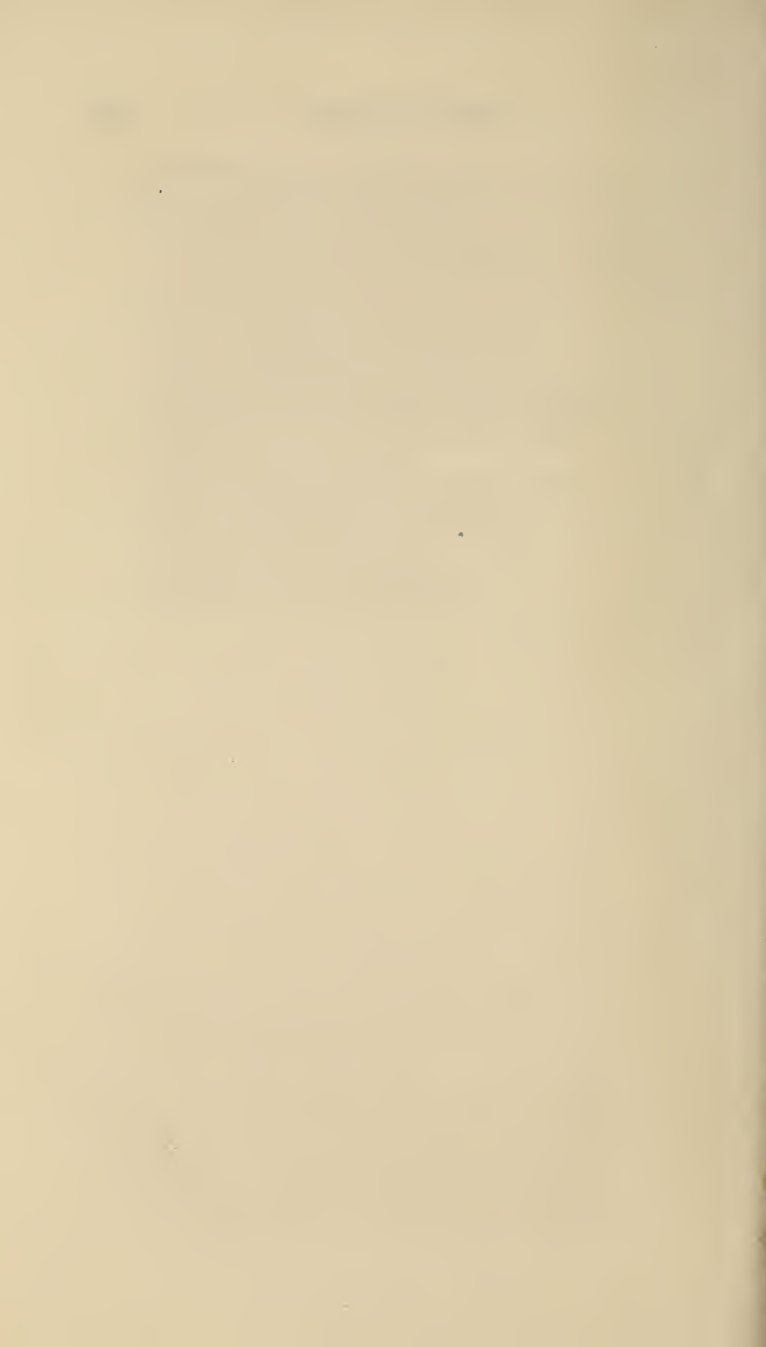
Intermediaries of God and men,  
Coparcenaries of enlightened minds  
In estates eternal and elysian !  
Relume my love, rekindle all anew  
On your own bright shores of seraphic life,  
The flame that erstwhile burned so brightly here,  
To burn forever in your vestal fanes !  
Give me to drink of your ambrosial draughts,  
Nectar'ous streams and theobromal dews  
That breed your divinity and your gods,  
And fructify your apotheosis.

And all ye winds, and waves, and starry spheres ;  
And ye elements of immortal life ;  
And choral anthems of angel orchestras ;  
And Time's ubiquitous infinitude ;  
And Christ-anointed truth and charity ;  
And winged spirits of celestial air ;  
Dear friends of former days, all angels now,  
Developed denizens of Paradise ;  
And Thou, loved God, and Father of us all—  
Fan this feeble, flickering flame into  
A meteor of immortality !  
Fit me for the spheres, ripen and pluck me !  
And all earth's pitied children gather up,  
For happy homes of purity fit them ;  
And bind us all in bands of love and truth  
That shall break never, and live forever !

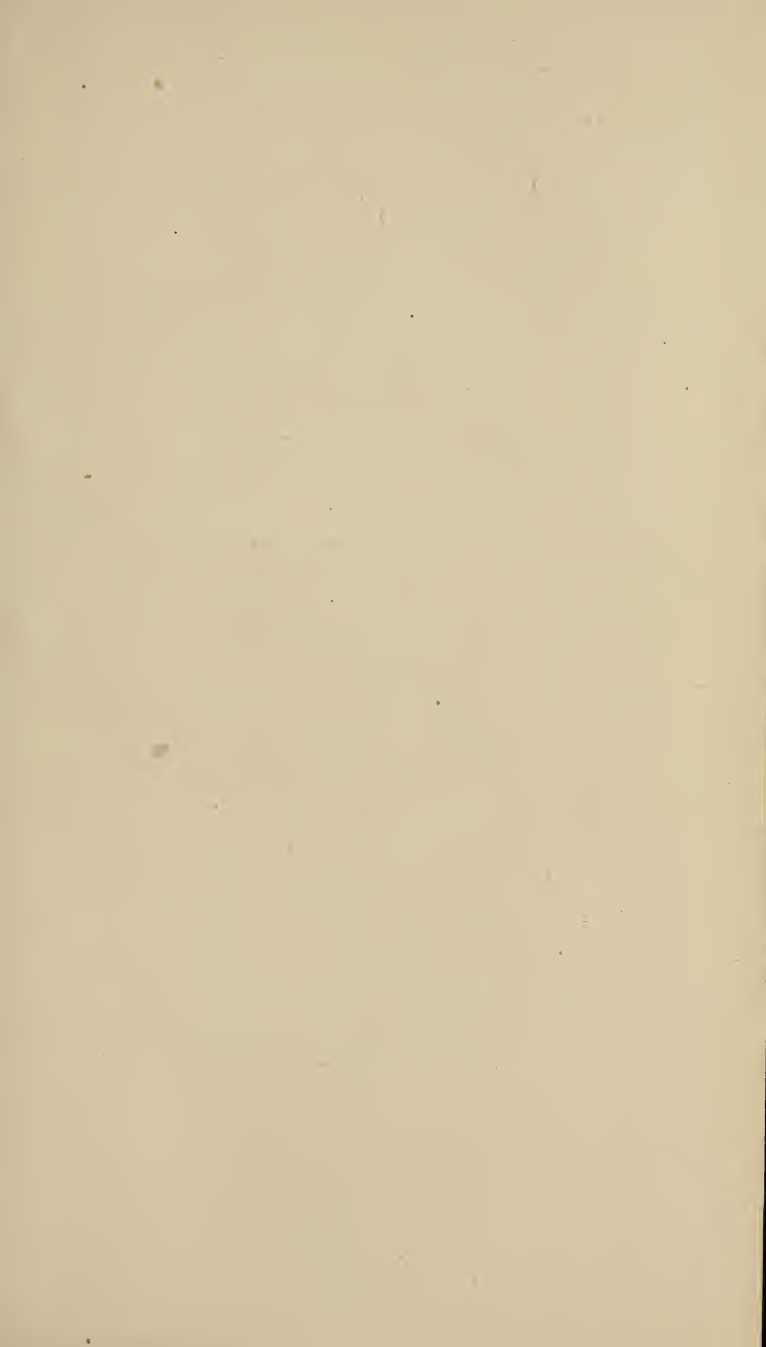
O, all ye agencies and elements  
That evoke, evolve and evolute us  
To unfold forever into higher,  
Higher harmonies and greater glories,  
For ye all perform your parts appointed ;  
And Thou, Jehovah, universal god !  
Prepare, fit us, poor children of the earth,  
So strangely mixed of angel and devil,  
Enlightened love and dark diabolism,  
Peaceful Ariels and bloody Molochs,  
To become members of that vast family  
From our neighbors Mercury to Neptune,

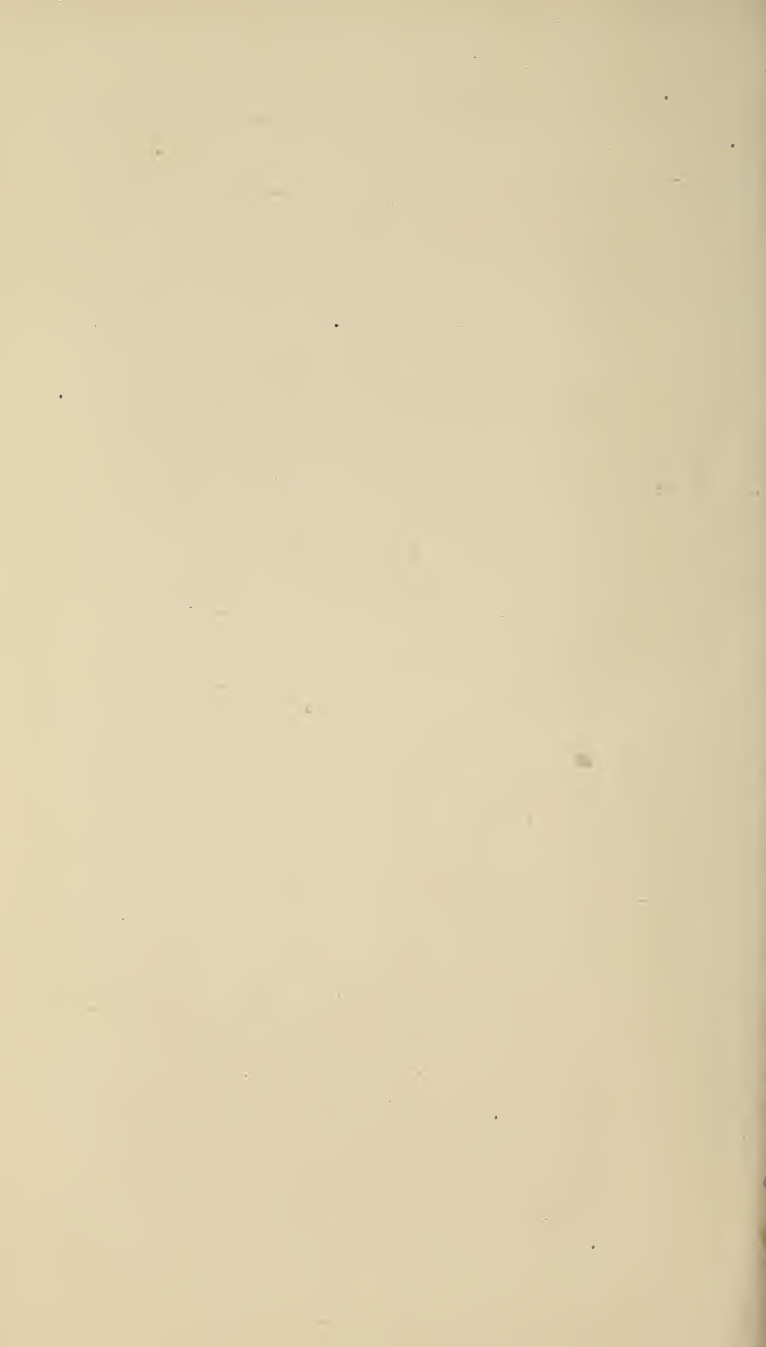
And distant Arcturus and Orion,  
Still more remote where telescopic ken  
Ne'er penetrated their deep arcana,  
To be fit members of that countless host ;  
That mighty multitude of angel life  
That throng round ev'ry sky of ev'ry world,  
And read the letters of the distant spheres.  
Their ev'ry leaf of sky and starry type,  
Bright and beaming, sheets lettered with the stars,  
The stellar page and lightning—lettered scroll ;  
That vocalize with love immortal and divine  
The corridors of all eternity,  
And ring round the pillars of all the worlds,  
Or echo 'long the aisles of all the orbs,  
Or so and among the arches of the suns,  
And fill with universal melody  
The dome of the universal heaven !













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